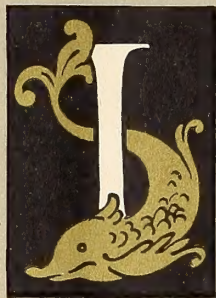
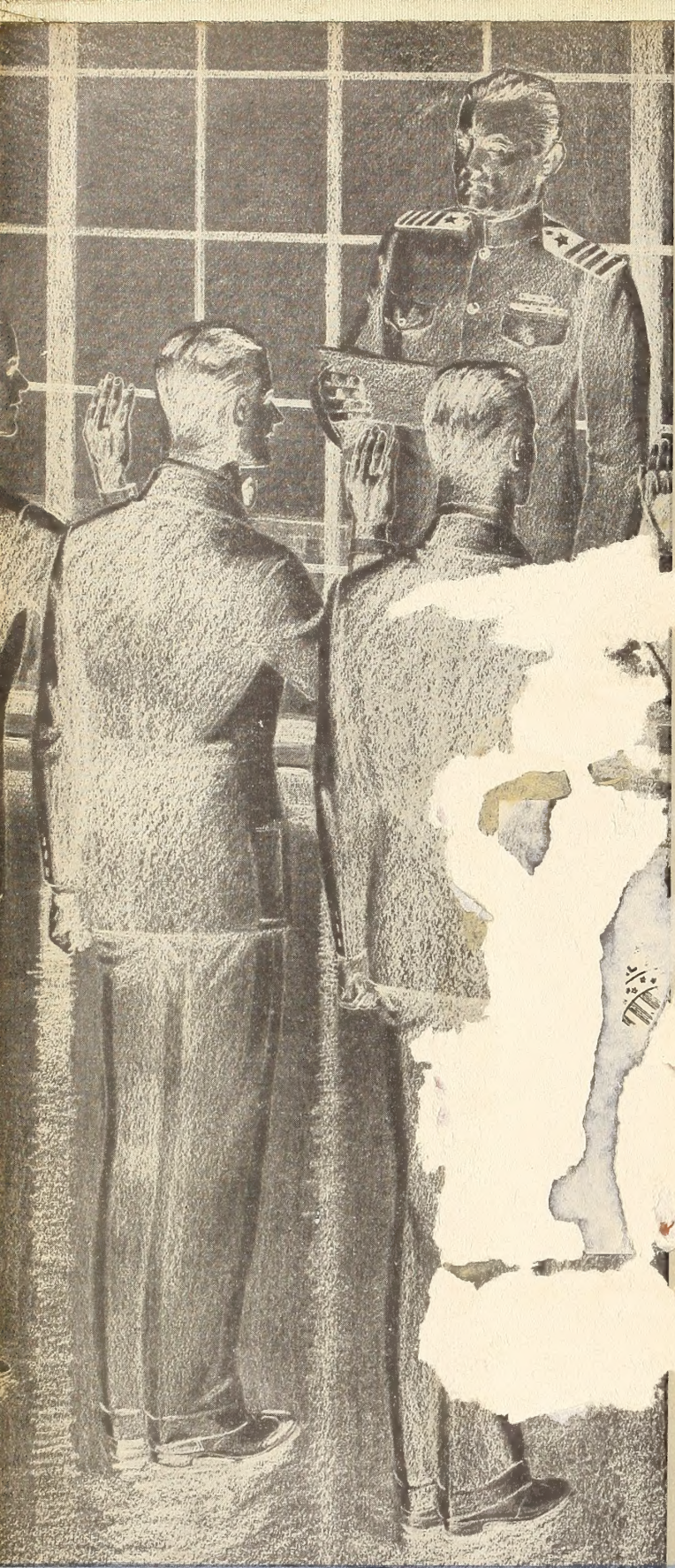


THE
LUCKY
BAG
•
1939





Thirty

AGED 18 YEARS

UNITED STATES NAVY, D

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTI

THE SAME; THAT I TAKE

TION PURPOSE OF EV

THE DUTIES OF THE OFFI

1 JULY, 1935



Nine OF THE STATE OF *At Large*

HAVING BEEN APPOINTED A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE
SOLEMNLY SWEAR (OR AFFIRM) THAT I WILL SUPPORT
HONOR AND DEFENSE OF THE UNITED STATES AGAINST ALL ENEMIES,
AND THAT I WILL BEAR TRUE FAITH AND ALLEGIANCE TO
THE CONSTITUTION FREELY, WITHOUT ANY MENTAL RESERVA-
TION, AND THAT I WILL WELL AND FAITHFULLY DISCHARGE
THE DUTY IN WHICH I AM ABOUT TO ENTER: SO HELP ME GOD.

Thos Lee Nine



Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

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THE LUCKY BAG 1939

Of this edition four thousand copies were printed in the month of May, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine. It was set in Italian Old Style type and was printed at the plant of The Schilling Press, Inc., New York, from original plates made by the Jahn & Ollier Engraving Company, Chicago. The paper is S. D. Warren & Company's Lustro Gloss. The covers are by Kingscraft, and the binding is by the J. F. Tapley Company.

THE
LUCKY BAG

19



39





NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND THIRTY NINE

LUCKY

THE ANNUAL OF
OF MID

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E. F. KORB...BUSINESS MANAGER



BAG

THE REGIMENT
OF SEAFARERS

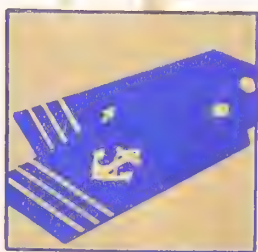


UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
ANNAPOLIS MARYLAND



INVOCATION

"ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO
SAVE * WHOSE ARM HATH BOUND
THE RESTLESS WAVE * WHO BIDS
THE MIGHTY OCEAN DEEP * ITS
OWN APPOINTED LIMITS KEEP
* OH HEAR US WHEN WE CRY TO
THEE * FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA"







A Few Words of
INTRODUCTION

"WHAT ABOUT THIRTY-NINE?"
HEREIN LIES OUR ANSWER
TO THAT FAMOUS QUESTION.
WE GIVE YOU THIRTY-NINE—
NOT MERELY WHO THEY WERE,
BUT ALSO WHAT THEY DID—





The Chapters
IN THIS BOOK

OUR YARD

OUR ACADEMY

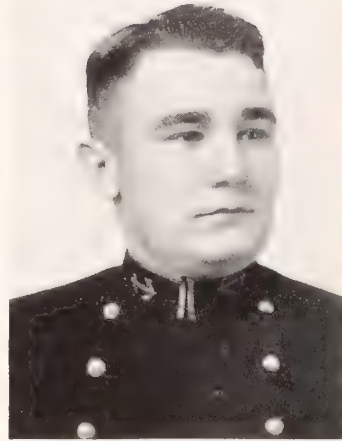
OUR REGIMENT

OUR STORY

OUR ACTIVITIES

OUR TEAMS





GEORGE ALANSON WATSON

SIDNEY PRESTON SMITH, JR.

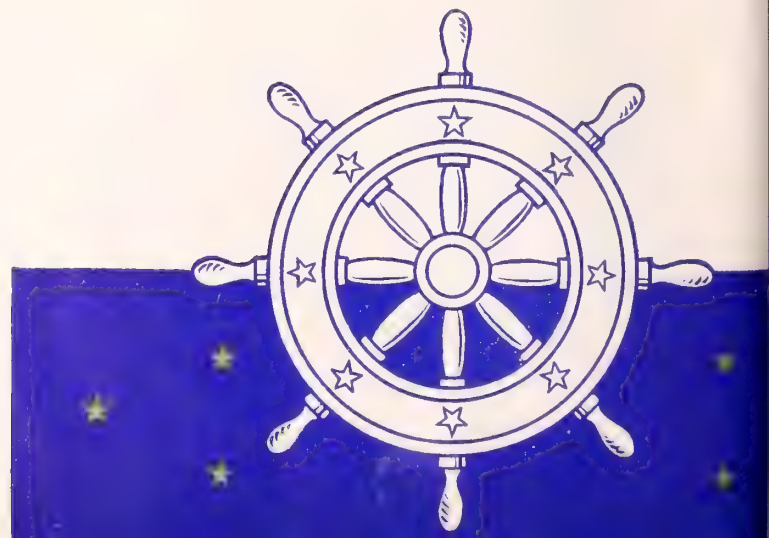
BAXTER FRANKLIN McLENDON, JR.

I N M E M O R I A M



O U R Y A R D

THE BEAUTY AND TRADITION OF OUR YARD HAS BROUGHT TO EACH OF US MUCH OF THE FINENESS, STRENGTH AND HISTORY OF THE NAVAL SERVICE. ITS BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS, ITS COLOR AND INTIMACY, ITS ACTIVITIES AND MEMORIES, WILL REMAIN WITH US LONG AFTER WE PASS THROUGH THIS GATEWAY TO A CAREER. AS THE COMMON HOME OF EVERY OFFICER, IT WILL REMAIN IN EACH OF OUR LIVES AS A BINDING TIE OF A GREAT BROTHERHOOD.





Mexican Monument and Chapel



Mahan Hall



Dewey Basin



The Colonnades



Bancroft Hall and Smoke Park



Santee Basin



Isherwood Hall







OUR ACADEMY

“EX SCIENTIA TRIDENS”—IN THIS MOTTO OUR EXECUTIVES AND INSTRUCTORS FIND THEIR OBJECTIVE. WE DEDICATE THIS PORTION OF OUR BOOK IN APPRECIATION AND RESPECT TO THEM—THAT THEIR LEADERSHIP AND KNOWLEDGE MAY GIVE US POWER TO INCREASE THE FIGHTING STRENGTH OF THE FLEET—THAT OUR COMMANDS MAY BE THE BETTER FOR THEIR GUIDANCE.

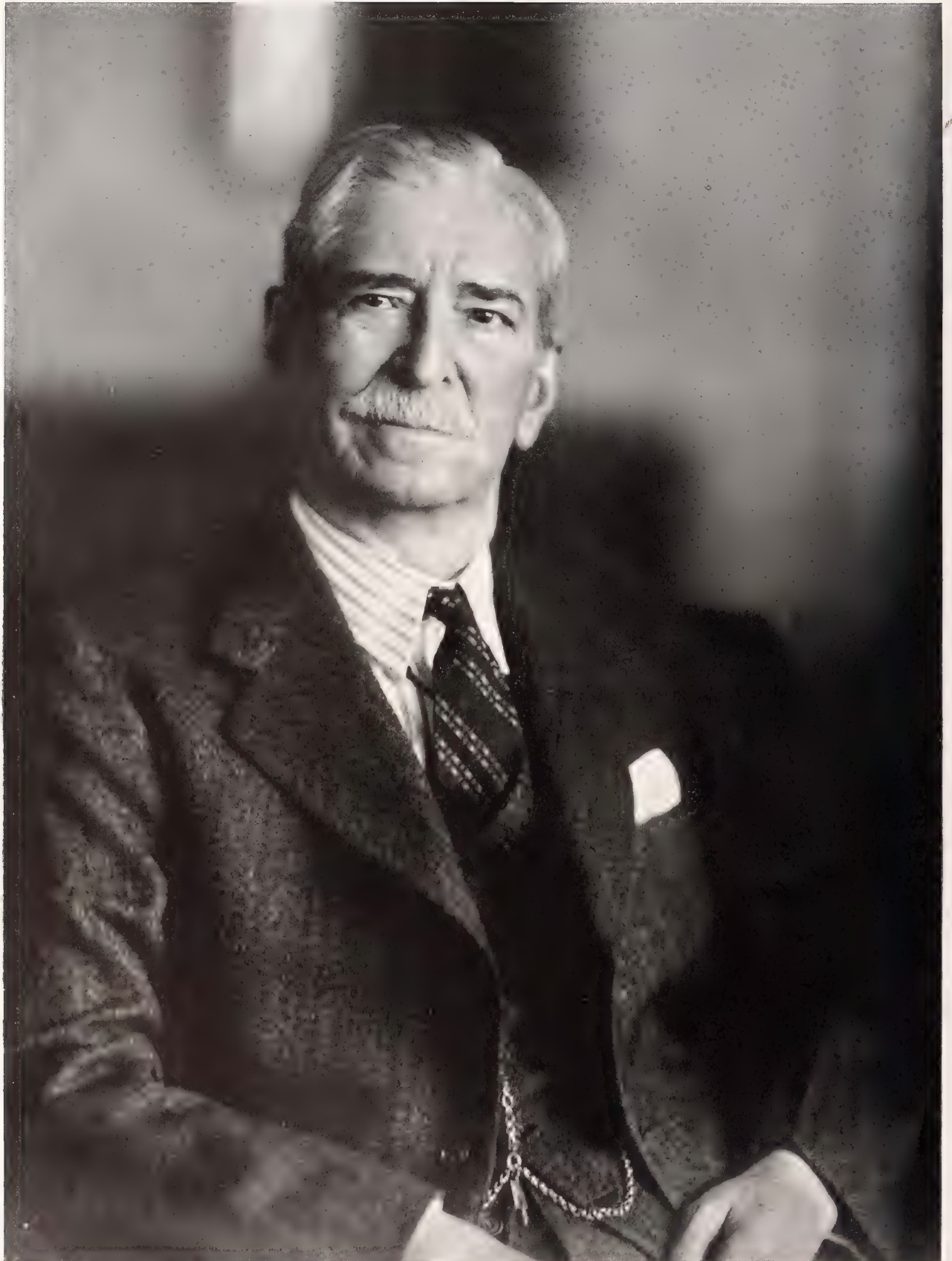








THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
CLAUDE AUGUSTUS SWANSON



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY
REAR ADMIRAL WILSON BROWN



THE COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN
CAPTAIN MILO FREDERICK DRAEMEL



THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER
COMMANDER HEWLETT THEBAUD



Assistant to the Commandant
COMMANDER BARRINGER



Assistant to the Executive Officer
LT. COMMANDER NIELSON

Personal Finance Adviser

First Lieutenant

Officer Inspector of Uniforms



COMMANDER TOBIN



COMMANDER LUKER



LT. LOVELL

*The
Chaplains*



COMMANDER THOMAS

LT. HAMILTON

Superintendent and Staff



COMMANDER LARSON

LT. BROWNLEE

LT. COMMANDER MINCKLER

ADMIRAL BROWN



Captain Draemel

The Executive Department

A SMALL, gray destroyer cruises swiftly on the flank of the battle line—the captain is on the bridge. The enemy is being engaged. Suddenly, the signal is received to attack with torpedoes. The captain calmly, but decisively, gives the necessary orders. All hands leap to obey. Although each man realizes that the chances of returning are small, there is no hesitation—his leader has spoken!

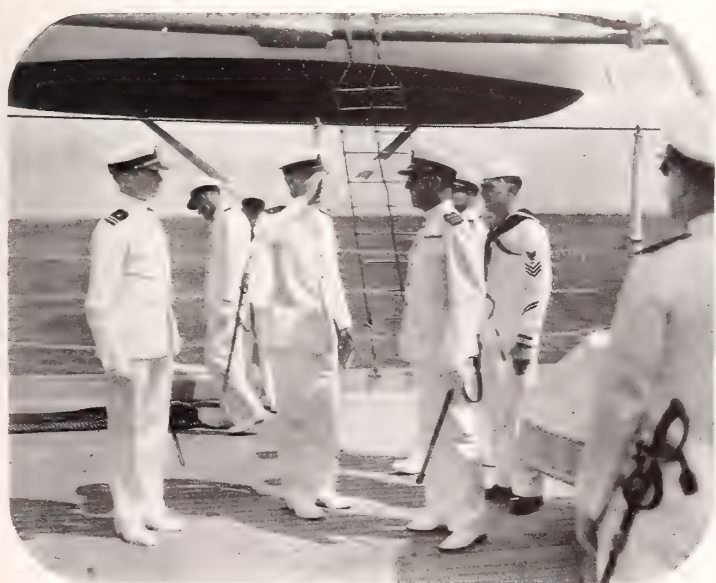
What is this power that compels men to carry out orders? Is it the fear of punishment? How could it be when the ship is heading towards almost certain destruction? Is it hope of reward? Hardly, since no special attention awaits those who survive. No, it is neither of

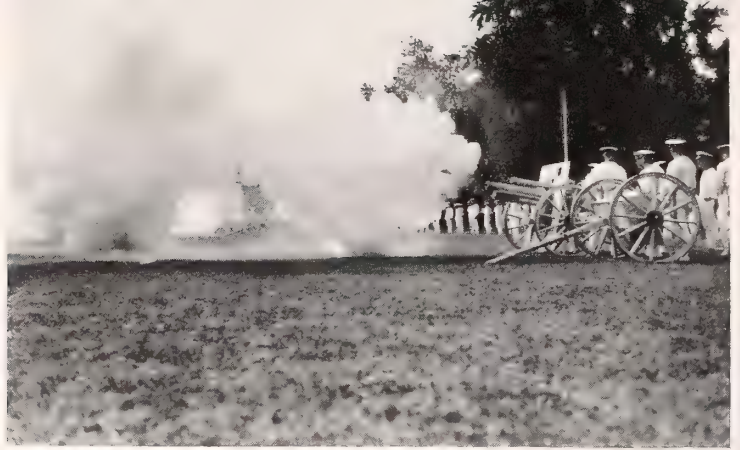


these reasons. It is the quality of the captain's voice, his bearing, his decision. It is that indefinable quality known as "leadership" combined with its ever constant running mate, "discipline."

Yet it was only twenty years before that this same captain received his first taste of discipline and felt the driving force of leadership. Yes, it occurred during his plebe summer at the Naval Academy, and the maestro who taught him was none other than our old friend, the Executive Department. For four years this department watched the man's every move; its regulations were many; its punishments severe, but just. In return for following its leadership, the department offered a man's life—not easy, but satisfying.

The man followed, but in so doing he absorbed the qualities of his superiors. Today he stands erect, he walks with a military stride, his voice is strong and sure. He is a man's man and those under him are proud to call him their LEADER.





Captain Robertson

The Department of Ordnance and Gunnery

IT has been said that modern naval warfare is fought by machines directed by engineers. The naval officer is the engineer who does the directing. His job embraces one of the most technical of all technical subjects—that of Ordnance and Gunnery. Where does he get his training and how does he use it?

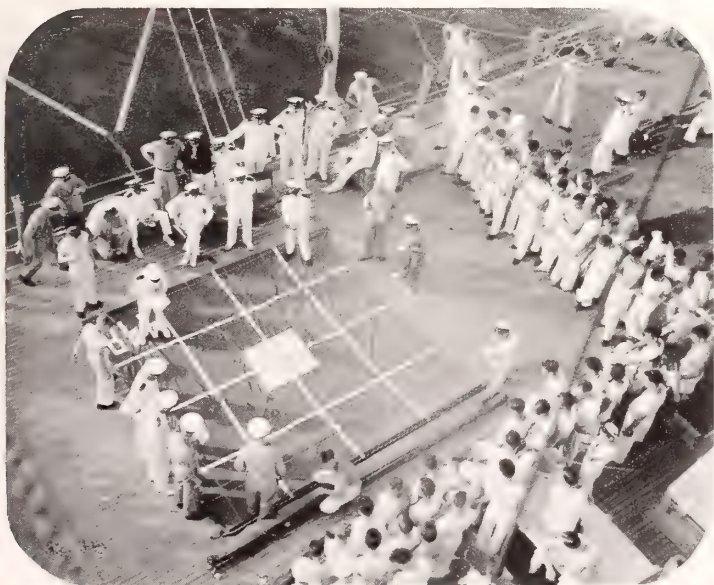
Visualize this situation. The enemy battle line has been sighted and the two lines are drawing together. On board all useless noise has been eliminated. Every man has his own particular job and is ready to do it. The gun directors and rangefinders are trained on the enemy ships. Estimates of enemy course and speed are made by observ-



ers and the data sent to the plotting room. There the information is set up in the range-keepers and the completed gun elevation and gun train orders are transmitted to the turrets. The huge guns are then trained and elevated, and all is in readiness to hurl those tons of destruction which will annihilate the enemy if hits are made.

There we have a picture of the Ordnance and Gunnery Department's mission—to lay the groundwork in theoretical and practical fire control so that those salvos will be hits. The gunnery officer afloat must know all there is to know about his material—its care and upkeep, its use, and the necessary safety precautions.

From our first plebe summer rifle range drill to those last fire control drills of first class year, we have learned to handle rifles, pistols, machine guns, and large caliber guns. We have wheezed and coughed from the effects of gas, and we have pondered over the use of torpedoes and mines. Yes, thanks to the Ordnance and Gunnery Department, we have achieved mastery of a subject which few men know.





Captain Bowman

The Department of Seamanship and Navigation

FEW MEN in civilian life, regardless of age or experience, find themselves charged with the responsibility that faces the young naval officer when he becomes Officer of the Deck on a 35,000 ton battleship—a floating city in itself, costing \$60,000,000 and quartering 1600 officers and men. It must be a tremendous trust that these men place in the young officer that they can sleep soundly in the fiercest of storms, in the most crowded harbors and in the blackest of nights.

It is a trust well placed! In his embryonic stage this confident officer on the bridge began by rowing a cutter or whaleboat. As he progressed, he was permitted to

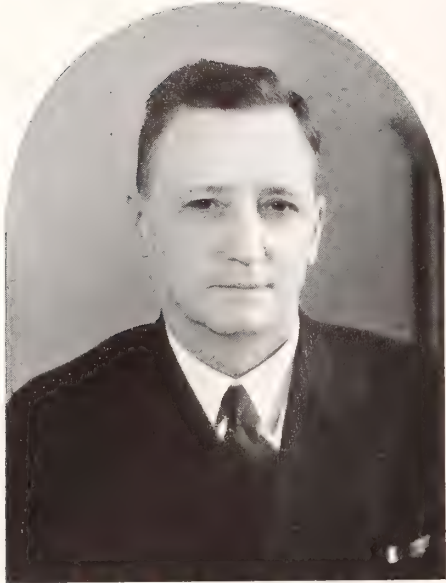
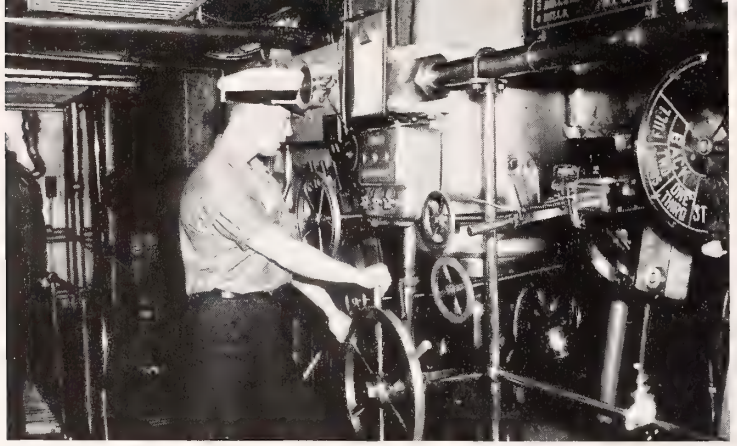


practice landing a fifty-foot motor launch. Then an antiquated sub-chaser was the subject of his experiments with twin-screwed vessels. On two foreign cruises he absorbed a great deal of information on how to handle and navigate a battleship. A month's coast-wise destroyer cruise second class summer provided a taste of piloting, anchoring, mooring, and tactical problems. His abilities were further tested in the fast little YP's during first class year.

This practical instruction, coupled with the theoretical knowledge of Nautical Astronomy, Rules of the Road, signaling, and piloting, developed a skeletonized technique upon which the naval officer builds day by day from his experience at sea.

By the Department of Seamanship and Navigation we have been introduced to the Universe. Hundreds of miles from land, with only his compass, sextant, chronometer, and the stars, the mariner finds his way home without the aid of road maps and well marked roads. More difficult? Of course, but also more adventurous and gratifying.





Captain Kelcher

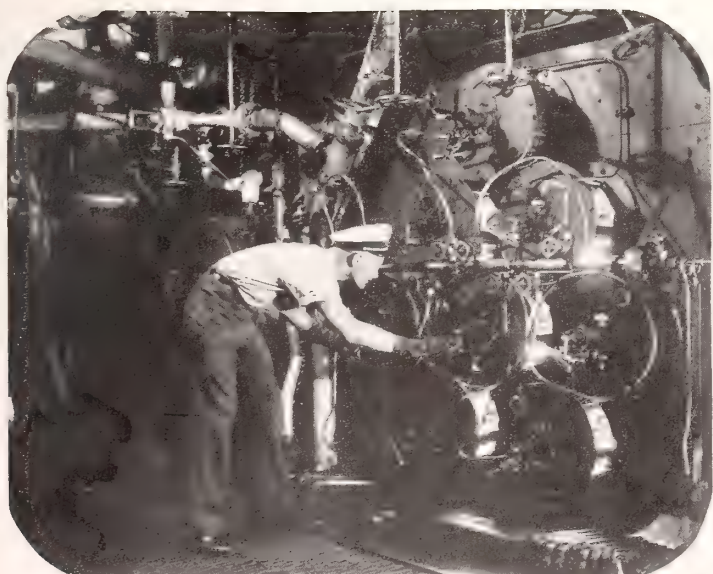
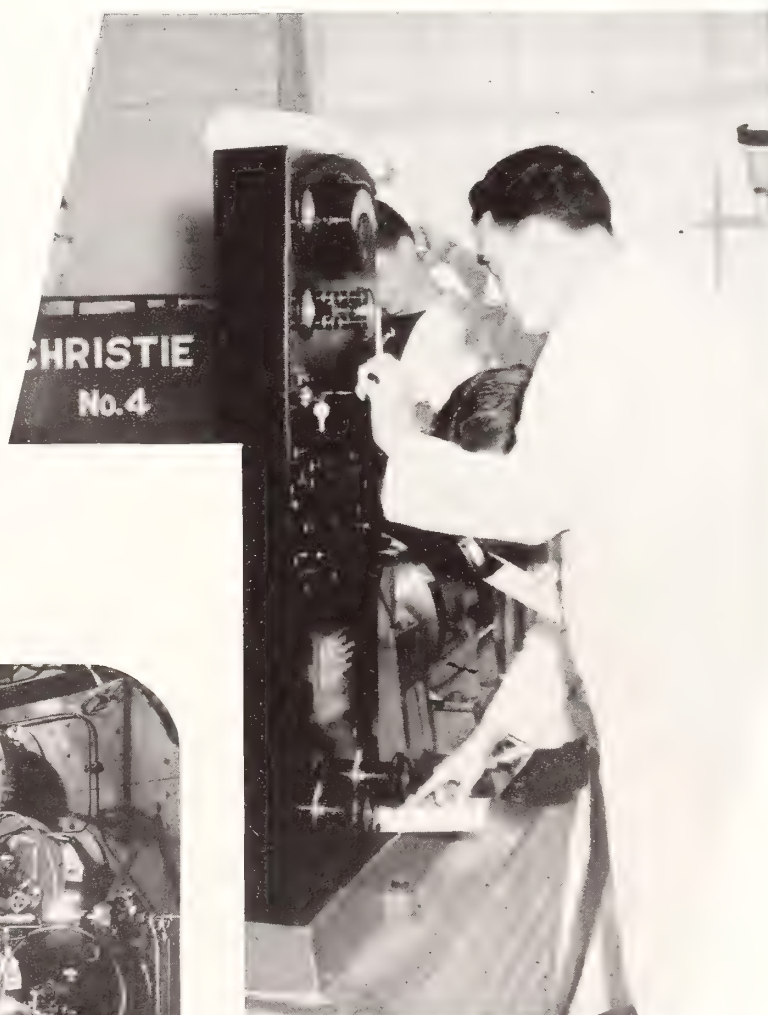
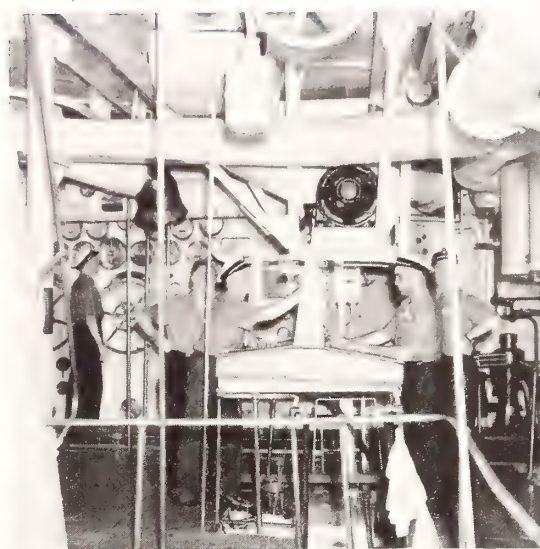
The Department of Marine Engineering

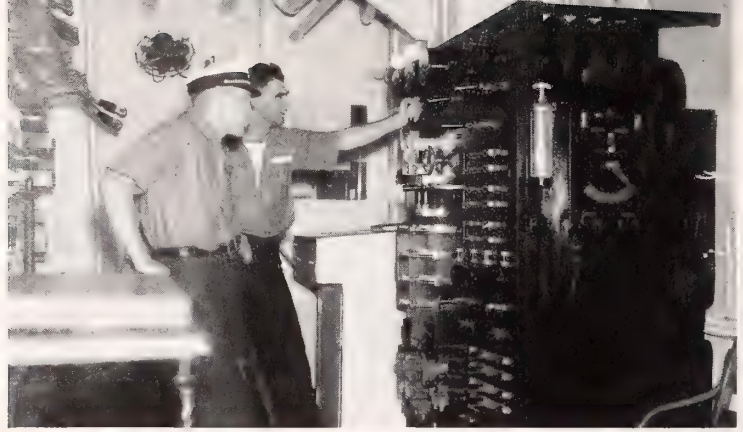
NOT the least important of the requirements of a good naval officer is a sound knowledge of engineering. Too often navies are compared solely upon the number, size, and speed of their ships, or upon the number and size of their guns. Granted that these are important, there remains an equally important factor to consider—the engineering force. In any modern naval battle the efficiency of the engineering force will prove an extremely important, if not decisive, factor. The responsibility for this efficiency rests upon the officers who are charged with the maintenance of the plant and the training of the men. So along with his other duties, the naval officer must be a marine engineer and a teacher.



The basic knowledge for performing this duty is obtained during the four years at the Naval Academy under the surveillance of the Department of Marine Engineering. The subjects covered are numerous, yet the time allotted is relatively short so that each midshipman must lend his best efforts to the task. In rapid succession the subjects of Mechanical Drawing, which is really the basis for all engineering knowledge, Naval Machinery, Basic Mechanisms, Thermodynamics, Internal Combustion Engines, Metallurgy, and Ship Damage Control are studied. The theory of the classroom is supplemented by frequent experiments and exercises in the machine shop, model room, and laboratory. In addition, about one-third of each of the three midshipmen's cruises is devoted to engineering duty. Observation of the operation and upkeep of the machinery is of great practical value.

With such a program the Department of Marine Engineering has certainly fulfilled its mission of "laying a groundwork of educational fundamentals."





Captain Dessez

The Department of Electrical Engineering

SINCE Benjamin Franklin's experiment with the kite and key, electricity has played an ever-increasing part in the life of humanity. Its particular interest for the naval officer lies in the need for illumination aboard ship, for transmission of fire control information, for communication, for radio, for auxiliaries, and, in some cases, for main drive. With all these uses a clear understanding of electrical engineering by every officer is a requirement which cannot be slighted.

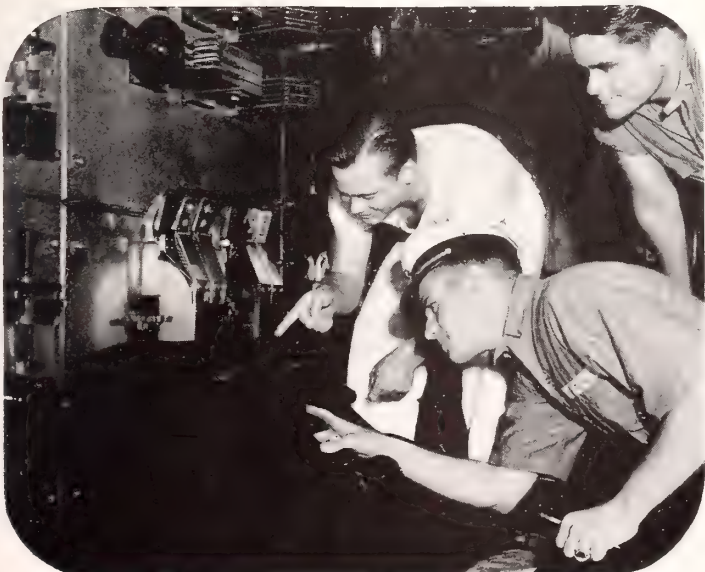
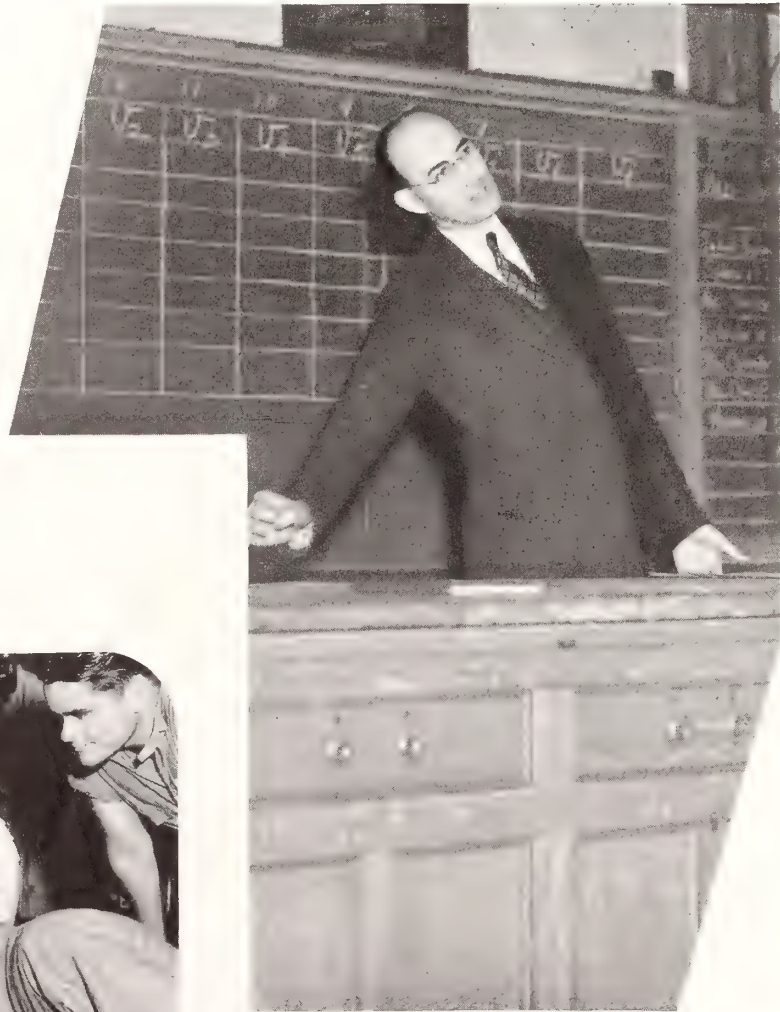
The Department of Electrical Engineering affords the means for obtaining this understanding. The study of chemistry during plebe year is the origin of the attack



upon the complicated subject of electricity. Physics next occupies the attention of the bewildered youngster. And few there are who are not bewildered by the complicated problems of heat, light, sound, and electricity. But the lectures of "Slipstick Willie" with his jokes, wisecracks, and illustrations, serve to clear up much of the mystery. Chemistry and physics are, however, only a preparation for what is to follow.

With the start of second class summer the study of electricity begins in earnest. Practical work in the laboratory offers some of the most interesting and amusing afternoons that can be found at the Academy. This practical work affords the means for witnessing the phenomena whose theory is studied in the classroom and thereby a well-rounded knowledge of the subject is obtained.

With the increasing development of the induction motor it is possible that electric drive may replace the troublesome reduction gears and become the chief means of propulsion in the navy. At any rate the extensive use of electricity aboard ship today makes the work of the Department of Electrical Engineering of utmost importance.





Captain Smith

The Department of Mathematics

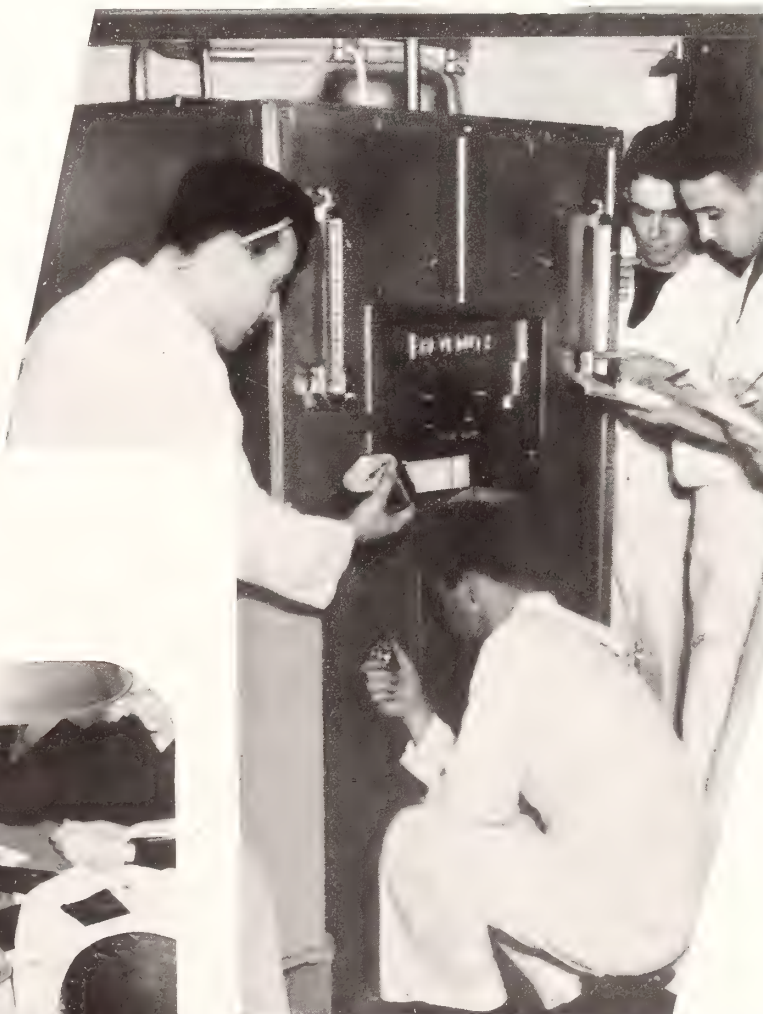
THE Department of Mathematics stands out as the greatest bugaboo of all as far as midshipmen are concerned, and apparently with good reason, too, when it is realized that math, in two years accounts for almost one-fourth of the total class mortality. It is small wonder then that after the last math exam of Youngster year the midshipmen momentarily cast off their restrictions—and many of their clothes—and joyfully proceed with the traditional “Burial of Math.” Actually, they are only burying their relations with the Department of Mathematics, for math, itself, goes on forever. Its presence is felt in Ordnance, in Nav, in Juice, and in Steam throughout the



four years at the Naval Academy; and, if we can believe those who preceded us, graduation, itself, is only the beginning of our use of math.

Although math is only a two year course at the Naval Academy, the subjects covered during that time would provide a suitable major for our college brethren. Plebe year introduced us to the slide-rule and it has been a constant companion ever since. The formulas of Calculus, the log tables of Trig, and the stress - strain diagrams of Mechanics caused many to tear their hair.

But who can deny the absolute necessity for a firm foundation in mathematics when its many applications ashore and afloat are realized? Mathematics plays a stellar role in preparing the midshipmen to be of service in the Construction Corps, or in the line as a navigator, an engineer, or an ordnance officer. It is the basis for all his technical education, and as such, is indispensable.





Professor Alden

The Department of English, History, and Government

ALMOST all of the subjects studied at the Naval Academy are technical subjects having as their objective the development of an officer capable of handling a vessel of the navy. They deal, in general, with mathematical calculations and mechanical objects. However, a man thoroughly educated in these subjects would be an unsuccessful naval officer if his education in the more cultural subjects had been neglected.

Perhaps more than any other professional group do naval officers have to combine their actual work with a knowledge of their country's language, its history, and its type of government, for not only is it imperative that they



be able to carry on an interesting and intelligent conversation with their own countrymen, but also it is imperative that they make a good impression upon the people of the foreign lands which are visited by ships of our navy. It is necessary that they be ambassadors of goodwill from the United States, combining in themselves good manners, tact, and all the other qualities which go towards the making of gentlemen, for it is likely that the opinion a foreigner will have of the American people will be that which he has formed from his observation of a few.

The Department of English, History, and Government attempts to indoctrinate the midshipmen with those characteristics which belong to a gentleman, namely, an effective and intelligent use of words, a knowledge of the best literature, a knowledge of the history and the government of the United States and foreign countries, and the ability to speak before an audience. That this task is accomplished by the Department is evidenced by the fact that naval officers are welcomed in any society.





Captain Ware



The Department of Languages

WHILE it is essential that certain naval officers be able to speak and write in a foreign language during peace time, it is even more mandatory that a selected few be very well versed in languages other than our own during war. The intelligence branch performs a very important mission during a war in that its operatives must obtain the necessary information from the enemy. To do this a naval officer might conceivably have to disguise himself as a Spaniard, a German, a Frenchman, or an Italian. Although very few midshipmen become at all proficient in "Dago," there are a few who qualify as interpreters and might, with a little training, become good intelligence agents.



However, the chief aim of the Department of Languages is to provide each graduate of the Naval Academy with a working knowledge of some foreign language which may be of use when visiting any port where that language is spoken.

The Language Department is the only one which permits of any choice in the subject to be studied. Four modern languages are offered—French, Spanish, German, and Italian. Alternate written and oral recitations place an equal emphasis upon correctness and fluency so that a naval officer is qualified both to converse with and to write to his friends in foreign lands using their native language. The dire necessity for this is painfully brought out on Youngster cruise when it becomes necessary to ask or give directions, or order a meal. Such an experience never fails to make one work much harder on Dago during the next two years. The Department of Languages serves an important duty in preparing our officers to meet foreign naval officers and officials on common ground.





Captain McKee

The Department of Physical Education

THE Department of Physical Education has almost exclusive jurisdiction over that portion of the mission of the Academy which states that "healthy minds in healthy bodies are necessities for the fulfillment of the individual missions of the graduates." To insure the success of this objective certain minimum requirements must be fulfilled by the midshipmen each year. Such requirements are the various strength tests, gym tests, and swimming tests. Failure to pass these tests results in corrective measures until the midshipman is able to pass them. Then there are those whose posture is not satisfactory from a military point of view. These men are



offered special types of exercise which are designed for their special case.

Although the Department of Physical Training gives special attention to those who are physically deficient, it does not neglect the others. Frequent drills, which include instruction in boxing, wrestling, fencing, swimming, and golf, are held to guarantee that the Radiator Club members keep fit. In addition the gymnasium, natatorium, and athletic fields are filled each afternoon by intramural, as well as varsity, teams of all sports. Administration and supervision of intramural sports are extremely beneficial contributions of the Physical Education instructors because this system provides an outlet for the energies of those midshipmen who are not quite good enough for varsity sports, and thus it stimulates interest in keeping in good physical condition. This latter habit is a very important one for naval officers because life on board a ship is not very strenuous and, unless some sort of exercise is habitually taken, an officer's physical condition will very likely suffer.





Captain Hayden

The Department of Hygiene

THE course in Hygiene is the shortest one offered at the Naval Academy and, in addition, is the only complete lecture course. However, it should not be inferred from these facts that Hygiene is of little importance to the naval officer for it is probably more important to him than to anyone else, excepting doctors. This is true for several reasons. In the first place, the living conditions on board a man-of-war, especially during war times, are of extreme importance. Actual records from past wars show that nearly as many deaths and permanent disabilities result from unsanitary conditions as result from battle. It should be the duty of every officer to see that living



conditions on board naval vessels are kept as sanitary as possible. It is the purpose of the Department of Hygiene to make certain that every midshipman knows about modern sanitation.

Another phase of Hygiene would perhaps better come under the classification of First Aid. A knowledge of what to do in the event of injury to another officer or to a member of the crew is absolutely essential. It must be remembered that quite often the smaller vessels are acting alone and in many cases the nearest medical officer is miles away. Under such conditions the importance of knowing just what first aid to resort to in emergencies is greatly magnified. This is a responsibility which officers cannot afford to overlook. For contributing to this important part of his education as well as for treating his ills at the Academy, every midshipman owes the Medical Officers a sincere vote of thanks.





Captain Crosse

The Department of Buildings and Grounds

THE Department of Buildings and Grounds is, of course, not one with which midshipmen have very intimate contact. However, during the past few years its work has been so conspicuous as to deserve attention. For example, the Naval Academy Museum, the new and modern messhall, the extension to the Chapel, Melville Hall and the new laundry have all been constructed under the supervision of the officers of this department. These additions are decided improvements and the Regiment should be very grateful to the Department of Buildings and Grounds.

The department is also responsible for the care and upkeep of the Yard and here again a vote of thanks is due it. For few are the visitors who are not impressed by the beauty of the Naval Academy grounds. The work of the officers in the Department of Buildings and Grounds shows again the variety of tasks to which a naval officer may be assigned.



The Naval Hospital

DO YOU have a temperature? If so, you probably have "cat" fever and are eligible for a few days rest at the Naval Hospital. Or perhaps you have a stomach ache from too many chocolate eclairs. In that case, the diagnosis is appendicitis and a free operation with two weeks vacation from academics is yours for the asking. Or if you have had a minor operation hanging over your head, right after mid-year exams is a good time to visit the Naval Hospital.

Seriously, though, the doctors and surgeons attached to the Naval Hospital are not excelled at any of the civilian hospitals. The necessity for a hospital which serves the exclusive needs of the Regiment is obvious when one considers how positive is the demand that the midshipmen keep up in their studies. The scarcity of serious illnesses proves that the Naval Hospital corps performs its work efficiently and well.



Captain Woods







OUR REGIMENT

OUR CLASSMATES HAVE BEEN OUR GREATEST PLEASURE AND OUR GREATEST STRENGTH. THEIR PERSONALITIES ARE RECORDED HERE AS WE HAVE KNOWN THEM—BOTH AS A RECORD OF THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS AND AS A STIMULUS FOR OUR OWN CROWDED MEMORIES. THOSE WHO WILL CONTACT THEM WITHIN OR BEYOND THE SERVICE WILL FIND THEIR CHARACTERS, THEIR AMBITIONS AND THEIR INTERESTS, REVEALED IN THESE PAGES AS ONLY WE, THEIR INTIMATE ASSOCIATES, ARE COMPETENT TO DISCLOSE.







Pass in Review!

TO the thousands of "taxpayers" that throng the Naval Academy Grounds each spring, the color and pageantry of a full dress parade is the high-spot of the visit. From the time when the first staff sets foot on the green turf of Worden Field until the last platoon has executed "Squads Left-Double Time," every pair of eyes is focussed on the boys in blue and gold. Here in the following pages, are the men who make up those parades, as we, their comrades-in-arms, see them. From the five-striper down through the ratiest Two-P-O to the lowliest plebe, they are all here. Naturally we have given more prominence to Thirty-Nine—first, because the Regiment belongs to Thirty-Nine, they are the leaders and second because this *Lucky Bag* is our book. Each man has written a biography (necessarily limited and inadequate) of his roommate. Here, then, are the men behind the brass buttons, surprisingly not so much alike after all. In the words of the five-striper—"Pass in Review."



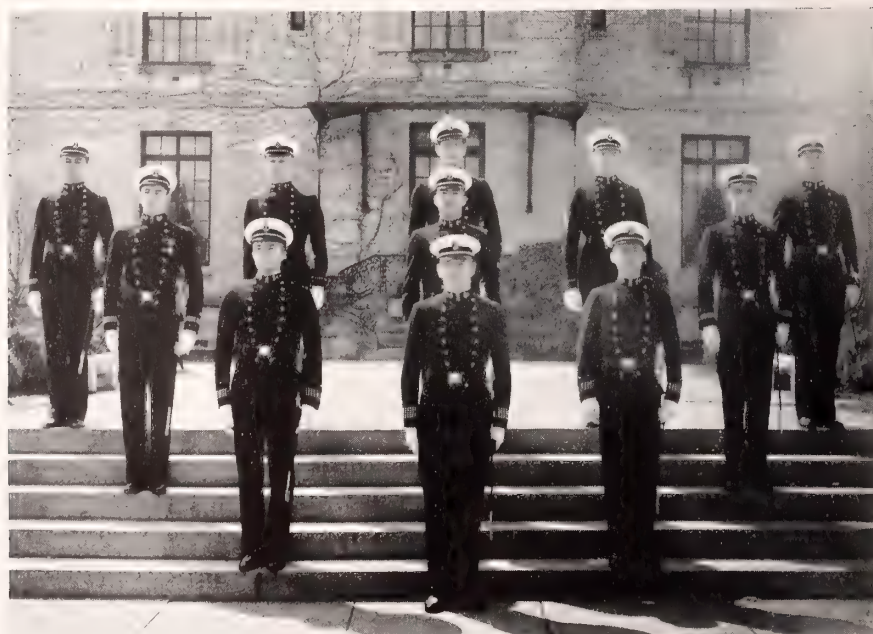
Regimental Staffs



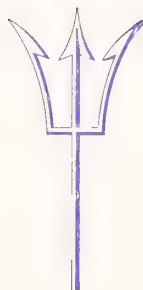
KUNTZ POWELL WALLACE DEIBEL
 TURNBAUGH
 RODDIS FITZPATRICK
 BEACH



MOORE NESS ADAMS MILLER
 FORREST
 DUNFORD SCHREITER
 HAWTHORNE



OLDFIELD MOORE WESCHLER
 SCHWAB POWELL HART
 FITZPATRICK GILL BEACH
 HAWTHORNE MENDENHALL



Class Officers

1939



President
R. V. LANEY



Vice-President
T. J. WALKER



Secretary-Treasurer
L. R. GEIS



First Battalion

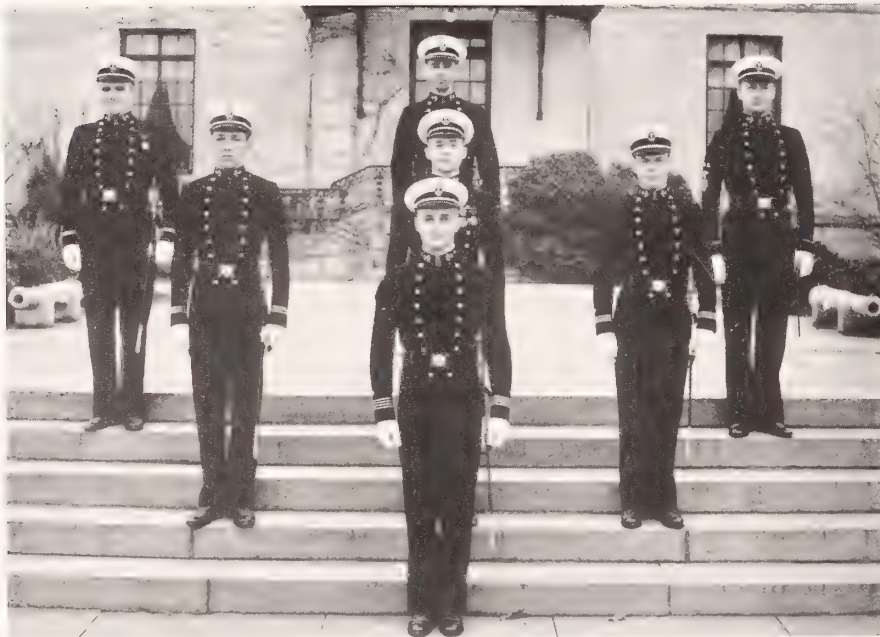


Commander S. P. JENKINS

CATTERMOLE
LOUSTAUNAU

EULER
NESS
SAWYER

BELL
DUNFORD



OSTROM
CATTERMOLE
SAWYER

WALDRON
ABBOT

GULICK
WEST

SEED
LOUSTAUNAU
EULER





Lieutenant V. D. LONG

First Company

WEST

NORTON
JARVIS

DAVEY



THOMPSON

ROSS
GILL

BRINSON

DINSMORE

KLINE
JARVIS

MICHEL



Second Company

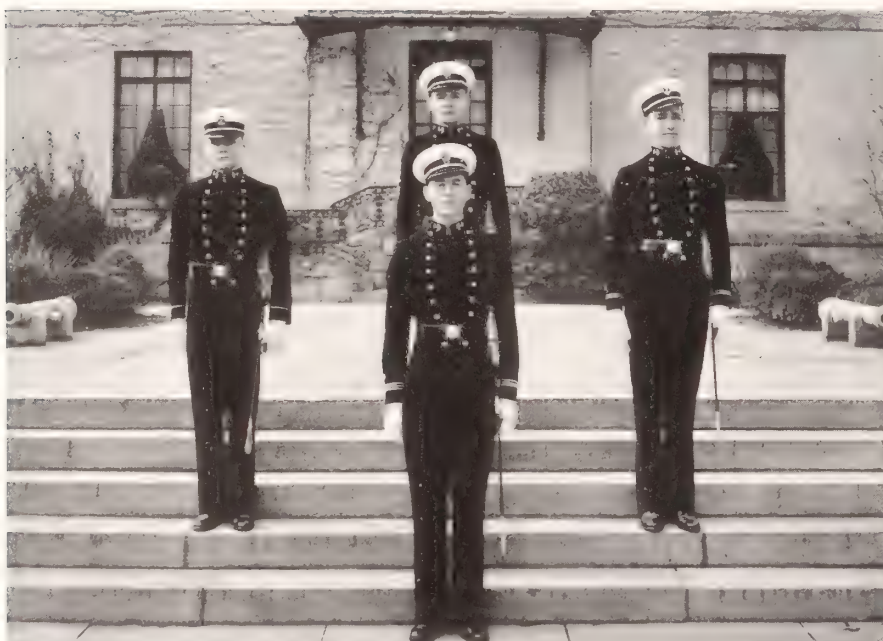


Lieutenant (j. g.) D. L. ROSCOE

TRUAX

DUNLAP
HARRIS

BOATWRIGHT



GORE

COMPTON
HARRIS

CHILD

FAHY

COOKE
BOATWRIGHT

DUNLAP





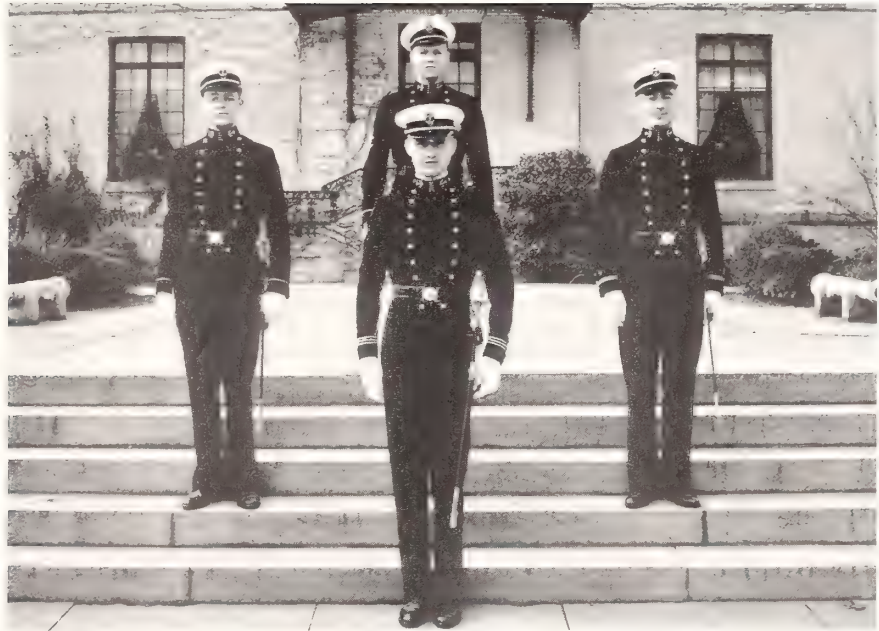
Lieutenant C. G. CHRISTIE

Third Company

WALDRON

PALUS
KOVALESKI

TISTADT



HARKLEROAD

TRAUGER
KOVALESKI

SEILER

ELSOM

NETTS
TISTADT

PALUS





JOHN WILLIAM MAGEE
HARRISVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Maggie"

"Jo"

THE name "Maggie" will always be associated with most pleasant memories of the Naval Academy. John got his start that way in Harrisville, Pennsylvania, where his popularity extended to all the maidens from both sides of the road. Having a clear conscience, however, his slumbers are not disturbed (either day or night). A contagious smile and a mischievous nature make him a genial associate and bespeak for him happy sailing whether he stays with the Fleet or sails on the "great outside." His agreeable manner has won for him a host of friends, not only in his own class, but each year, in the other three classes as well. Bon Voyage, John, on whichever of the "eight" seas you may choose to sail.



JAMES McINTOSH ROBERTSON
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

"Robby"

"Jim"

"Pilot"

WE first started envying Robby when, coming here from the Middle West, he cashed in so heavily on mileage money out of the Government for the journey from his home, where, says he, men are men and women are at their best. His prime aim in life is the Service. The brand of Robby's disposition and personality will be all in his favor in the general impression he makes, which justly contributes much to Fitness Reports. During his trip through the Academy, he has been an ardent student, but not to the extent that it has seriously interfered with his pleasures. "Try anything once" is a well-meant slogan of his. Those who will serve with him in the fleet will find him as we have, a real shipmate.



Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Plebe Track 4; Log Staff 3; Expert Pistol; 1 P.O.

Battalion Crew 4, 3, 2, 1; Log Staff 3; Glee Club 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



HARRY MARCELLUS EULER

PORTLAND, OREGON

"Harry"

YOU really can't reprimand very severely a man who drags down a star grease mark with the most ratey cap in the platoon, and to even things up, acquires a handle like "Dahlgren" by virtue of Ordnance trees hit. Harry has often vacillated in the choice between hurrying on across the creek immediately or first giving a few touches to his ship model. Fortunately, he did not like ship models quite well enough to cause Buck Walsh to lose a good crew manager. A criticism—Harry should, however, have varied his program by dragging a few more Senators' daughters. Anyway, we are all counting on the Pride of Portland to be steering a straight course between fixes with the best of 'em. Nobody will jump numbers on him.



Crew Manager, 2 Stripes.

Crew 1, 3, 2, 1; Choir 1, 3, 2, 1; Reception Committee, 2 Stripes.



RALPH STODDARD STEVENS

DES MOINES, IOWA

"Bill"

"Steve"

BILL'S experience in the Fleet started him on his Academy career rosy-cheeked and seagoing. During his four years here, the Academic departments have bothered him little. His hardest fight has been with the Medical department, which maintains that Steve can't see far enough. Seldom giving away to ill feelings, Bill has always been a good shipmate. His closest contact with the Executive department came when Snuffy spent fifteen minutes admiring one of his model airplanes. However, outside of his model building, Bill's time is well-spent with the feminine of the species. Snaking is the food on which he thrives. His preference runs to Southern belles, but he seldom turns down a date even with a Yankee femme. The Fleet needs men like Steve.

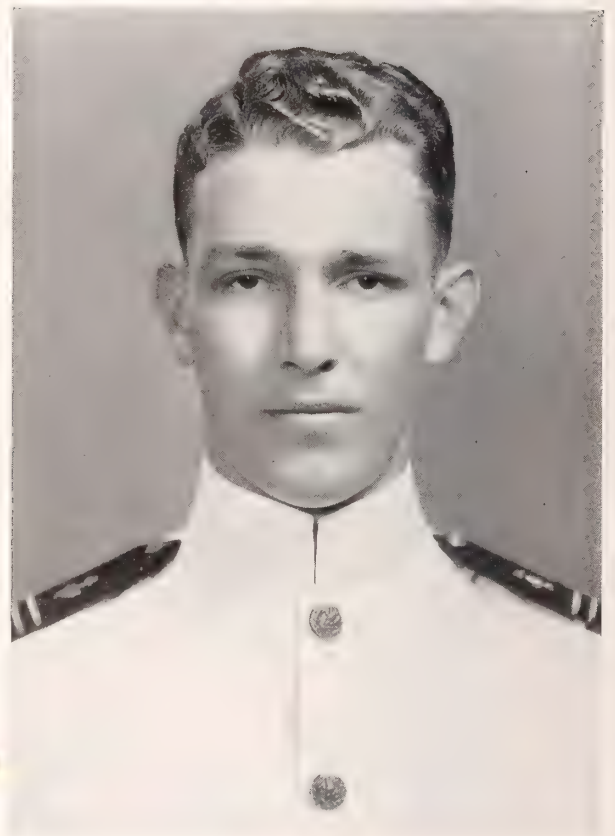




THOMAS RODERICK EDDY
ATHENS, OHIO

"Rod" "T. R." "Eddie"

THE sororities of Ohio U. got a tough break when Rod joined the Navy. Since entering, his activities have included hops (he has yet to miss one), the Boat Club, the Foreign Language Club (of which he was one of the founders), and intramural athletics. Academics have not been able to bother him; "it's all fruit" is his favorite expression. His chief worry is which one of his O. A. O.'s he'll drag next. During Plebe year he gained the reputation of getting the biggest boxes of chow on the deck, and has since held down the honor. His good nature and sense of humor have made him a necessity to every gathering and an asset to any enterprise.



PAUL EMIL LOUSTAUNAU
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

"Pablo" "Lou"

PABLO, as he is with sincere affection called by his friends, is one of these ardent Texas fans who refers to San Antonio as the winter playground of America. Since his arrival at the Academy, he has been in the thick of everything. An excellent sailor, he loves to spend his spare time on the water; his favorite pastime is weekend ketch trips. He has never participated in a varsity sport, but most of the time has been actively engaged in one battalion sport or another. Soccer, water polo, and crew are in his extra-curriculum. As a student, Paul ranks well in his class. He represents his company on the ring committee. He's noted among his innumerable friends for that ready smile.



Lightweight Crew 4; Language Club 2, 1; Secretary-Treasurer 2; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



Lightweight Crew 4; Ring Committee; Boat Club 3, 2, 1 (Skipper); Star 4; 4 Stripes.

WILLIAM JOHN KEIM
EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

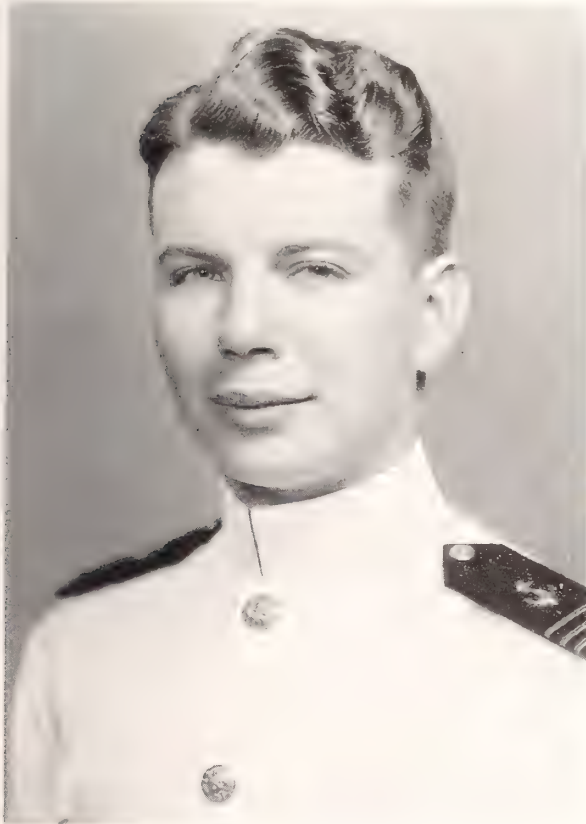
"Willy" "Bill" "Lefty"

THOUGH he is known to most of us as Willy, his past performance on the pitcher's mound has earned for him the nickname "Lefty." When Lefty came East from the woods of Pennsylvania he brought with him a love for dog and gun, and rod and fly, that has diminished little during these four years. On leave one should seek him fishing in Canada or hunting in his native state. As a roommate, he is quite willing to take either side of any discussion, just to make life interesting. On the cruises he was an excellent shipmate at sea or in port, and now with regret we part after four years together at the Academy, but with the hope that we may soon again be shipmates.



Baseball 4, 3, 2, N.A.; Battalion Baseball 1; Battalion Cross Country 1; Reception Committee; 1 Stripe.

Swimming Manager 4, 3, 2, 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1; Trident 4, 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.

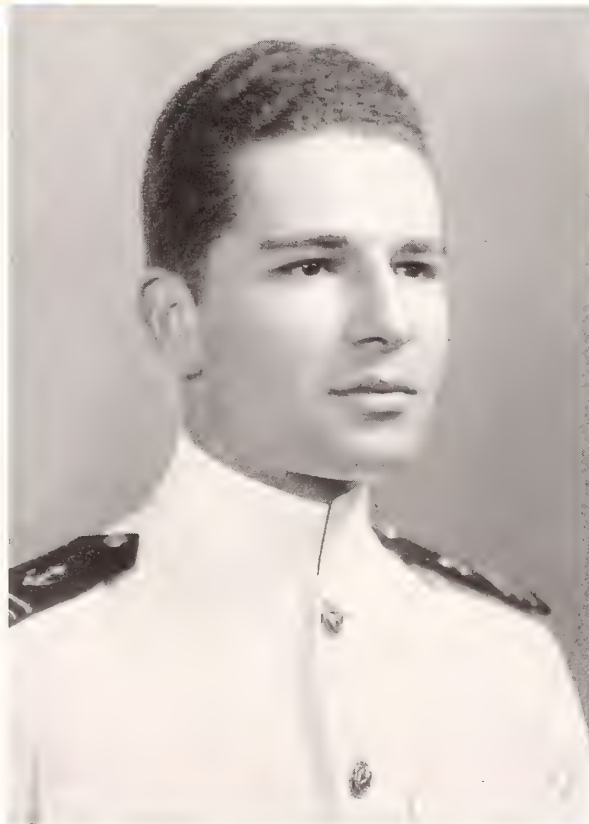


WILLIAM EDWARD KUNTZ

LEIPSIC, OHIO

"Willy" "Bill"

LURED from an Ohio campus by the desire to find out "what makes the wheels go 'round" inside those ships of steel, Bill is looking forward to tours of engineering. He possesses the knack of adapting himself to any condition; likes music, books, Annie's Alley, gooey sundaes; and is far from being a woman hater. He studies vigorously the last quarter of most any study hour; always has too much to do; and has attained perfection in the hunt-and-peck system. Fond of discussion, he spends much time debating any point at all with anybody, just to note reactions. Willy has been a real pleasure, and those who serve with him will find him a splendid shipmate as well as a capable officer.



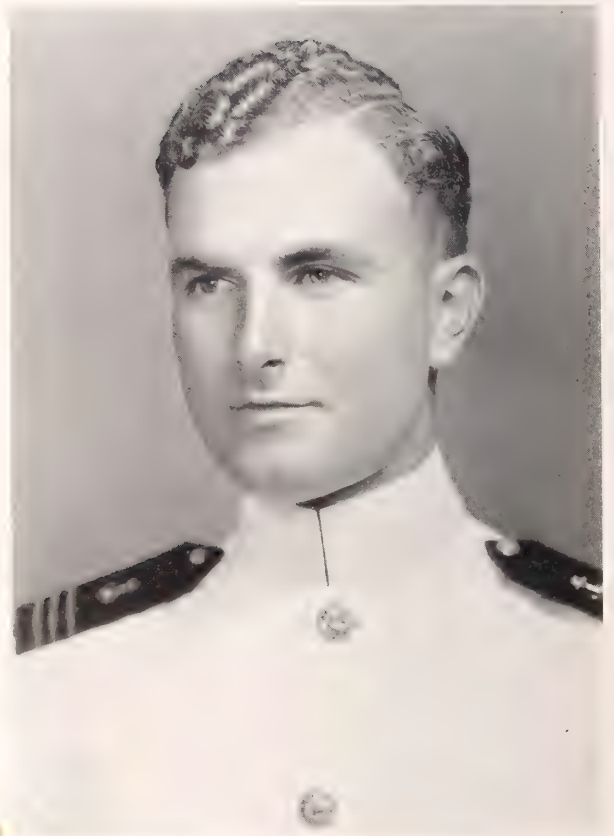


HOWARD PARMELE ADY, JR.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

"H. P."

"Hi-Power"

THERE are some people who assume certain great scientists to be the foremost authorities on the Law of Conservation of Energy. This assumption is utterly unwarranted. The world's greatest conserver-of-energy, living or dead, is Howard Parmele Ady. He has positively never been known to waste a single dyne—beyond that which was necessary to do the job right. In spite of this talent, however, he manages to play a bang-up game of football and to gather track numerals for the glory of dear old First Battalion. He is highly capable of holding down his position in the game of life, and with his easy-going amicability will ever evoke the answer, "Ady? Yeah, you bet I know him. Hell of a swell fellow."



JAMES LLOYD ABBOT, JR.
MOBILE, ALABAMA

"Doc"

WHOEVER said that a prominent nose is an indication of high mentality may not have been absolutely correct in all cases, but his statement is certainly true with regard to Doc. The combination of his persistent roommates and his fun-loving nature is all that kept him out of the star ranks. Always the suave gentleman, Lloyd has taken care of the social functions for the first company; a hop wouldn't be a hop without him. An automobile enthusiast of the highest order too, he could probably tell Henry a thing or two about his V-8. After living with Lloyd four years, we part the best of friends, wishing him the best of everything in the future, and feeling that he will reach the top.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.; Track 4, 3; M.P.O.

Football Manager 4, 3; Boat Club 4, 3; 2 Stripes.



JOSEPH WILLIAM CASTELLO
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

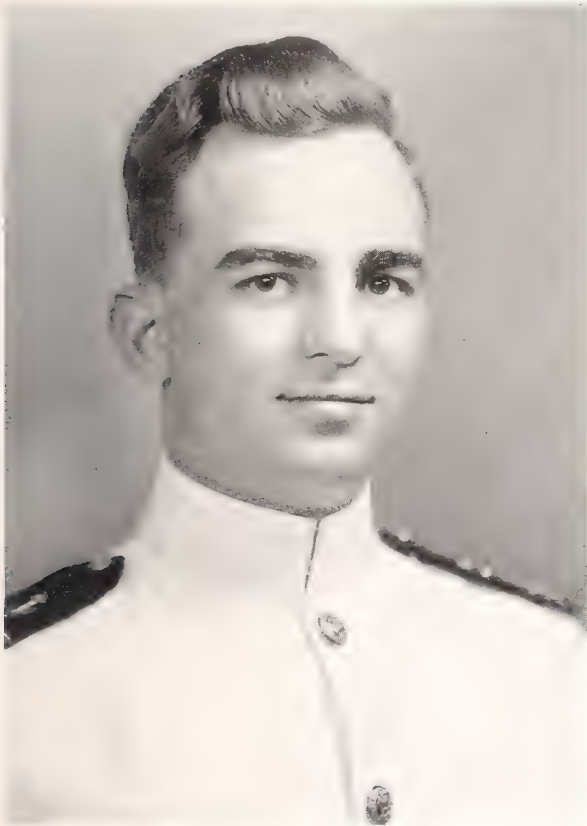
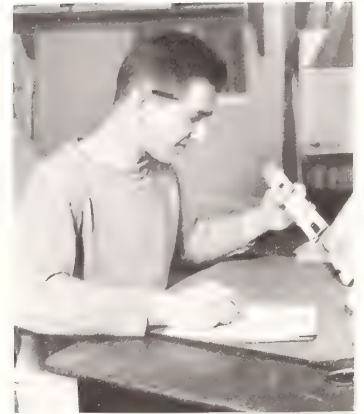
"Joe" "Cas" "Salty"

HERE'S one sailor you can't disregard. You can cuss him out or break his skull, but he still pops back to battery. And then you can't help feeling sorry you tried to squelch him. (The Executive Department has tried time after time and failed.) In other words, he's a significant personality—full of TNT and yet the friendliest person you know. A staunch friend of the underdog and fiery debunker of the "big shot"—he's certainly no bloated plutocrat. As for the Navy, he's not exactly in ecstasy in it, but he probably couldn't live at all out of it. You can't call him the soul of modesty; you can't call him the creme of beauty; but you *can* call him Joe.



Football 4; Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1; Soccer 3; Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1; Masqueraders 4, 3; Press Detail 4, 3, 2, 1; Umanie Crew 2, 1; 1 P.O.

Battalion Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; House Committee 4; M.P.O.

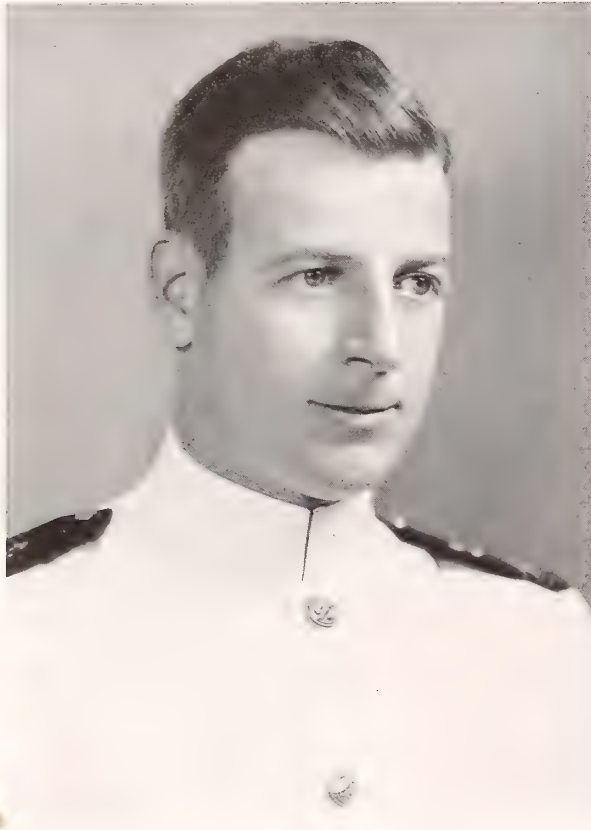


RICHARD MERRIWETHER SWENSSON
JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS

"Swede"

IT'S A big change from cruising the dust-swept plains of Kansas to becoming one of the best boathandlers at the Academy, but here's the boy who did just that. To him, social functions are only things to be endured; but give him a sea-swept deck and he is in ecstasy. Despite his forbidding countenance and unassuming manner, his friends all know that he can be depended upon in a tight spot. He's come close to starring here, too. So capable of looking out for himself, he will listen to a sad tale of woe without giving a thought to his own troubles. If personal merit is the keynote of success, some day we'll be saying "Here comes the Admiral. Swensson is the name."





EDWARD ISHAM GIBSON

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

"Gibby"

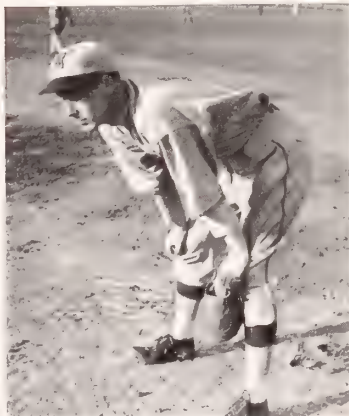
"Ed"

DECIDING against a career of beach combing 'way down in the Florida Keys, Gibby came to the Naval Academy only to find that it was a long step from a lazy existence on the sands to the hectic life of a midshipman. Nevertheless, he has managed against all odds to retain the cheerful, easy-going characteristics which have made him so excellent a roommate. Always ready for either a frolic or a fray, Ed has kept the room a lively place. Although a confirmed redmike, he undeniably has a way with the women. He's divided what free time he could find, between pounding the diving board over at the pool and expertly treading the decks of the "Vamarie." He really has the sea in his blood.



Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1, S.N.T.; (Captain) Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Vice Commodore 1; Company Representative 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Football 4, 3, 2; Reception Committee 3, 2, 1; Chairman 1; Hop Committee 1; Activity Committee 1; 3 Stripes.



PAUL WRIGHT GILL

MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA

"Pec Wee"

"Pablo"

"P. W."

THE medical profession lost a promising M.D. when Pablo left college in favor of this naval career. Still a college man at heart and a social lion of the first water, Paul has thus far managed to avoid having his heartstrings seriously tangled. He's been able to stand high in the class academically with a minimum of effort. Being an active participant in athletics has been the rule with him; the Navy nine will not seem the same without him holding down his accustomed position on the varsity. The benefit of his previous "collitch man" associations he has tendered to the Reception Committee. A born leader and a thorough gentleman, Paul should become one of the Navy's best, a practised officer and a welcome shipmate.

EDWIN LEE HARRIS, JR.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS

"Horsecollar"

IT must have been characteristic number three of his happy, pleasant, and restless nature that prompted "Horsecollar" to connect himself with the Service. He can't stay in one place long; and several times each day he becomes impatient with the flight of time between his studies and swimming. During similar periods on weekends it is easy to find him on the floor of Dahlgren Hall, dancing circles around the rest of us. He enjoys himself there as much as do the girls with whom he dances; and we contend that's saying a good deal. "You're crazy to let anything bother you," he states as he yawns and stretches his six feet two, "Just rest awhile, it will all come out right."



Battalion Swimming 4, 3, 2;
Boat Club; 1 P.O.

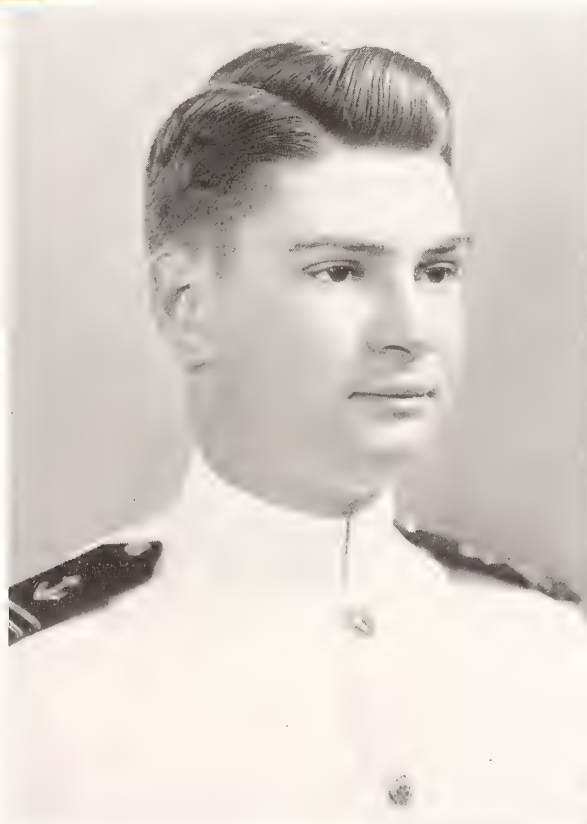
Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



ROLLAND ELLSWORTH ERBENTRAUT
WELLINGTON, KANSAS

"Erby"

LITTLE did the Erbentraut family think when our Erby arrived that he was a future admiral—even if Nav does come a little hard on the way. Shucks, Erby, that's the point: admirals don't have to navigate the battlewagons. During his Annapolis tour of duty, the Crab talent has lost out; he's been true to that girl back in Wellington. But speaking of battlewagons again, just ask him how useful a hat is in a pitching turret. The plains of Kansas may roll, but he'd had no experience with pitching. All kidding aside, though, here is a man from whom the Navy will derive profit. Since we have known him, events have brought to light in his character all essentials for the success of a Naval Officer.





CLAYTON ROSS, JR.
WICHITA, KANSAS

"Sea Gull"

A MASTER of any situation, Clayton has a cool and easy bearing which can stand the upsetting influence of even more than one of his native Kansas cyclones. His coolness has stood him in good stead in his chosen sports, tennis and small bore, right on up to giving him top score in the Intercollegiate Rifle Matches. Studies can't bother him, but the fair sex can bend him against his will—he mumbles something about smoke getting in his eyes. A connoisseur of pretty women, it's really remarkable how often he drags for "personality." Sea Gull is a good sport, for though a great practical joker, he takes the receiving end gracefully. He's the first of the Ross's to follow the sea, but his success on that element is assured.



BENJAMIN CAMPBELL JARVIS
FERDA, ARKANSAS

"Ben"

"Chesty"

SLAM! bang! crash! and we find big old Ben right in the middle of some melee of his classmates. Yep! just keeping in shape for next football season and another of those "N-stars." If you're looking for a real Southerner—one who is eager to offer proof that Dixie belles are the fairest in the land, or in more impersonal moments to argue the relative merits of short and long staple cotton, look up Benny. The little fella has to feed two hundred and thirty pounds of midshipman, and with his six feet four, pity the other lads—even if Ben's contagious and ever-present good humor has probably won him more friends—even more friends per unit weight—than anyone else in the Regiment.



Rifle Team 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 2, 1; C.P.O.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N 3, 2, 1; Wrestling 2, 1; Boat Club; N. A. C. A. Council; 3 Stripes.



WINFRED EMIL BERG
 FREDERICKSBURG, TEXAS

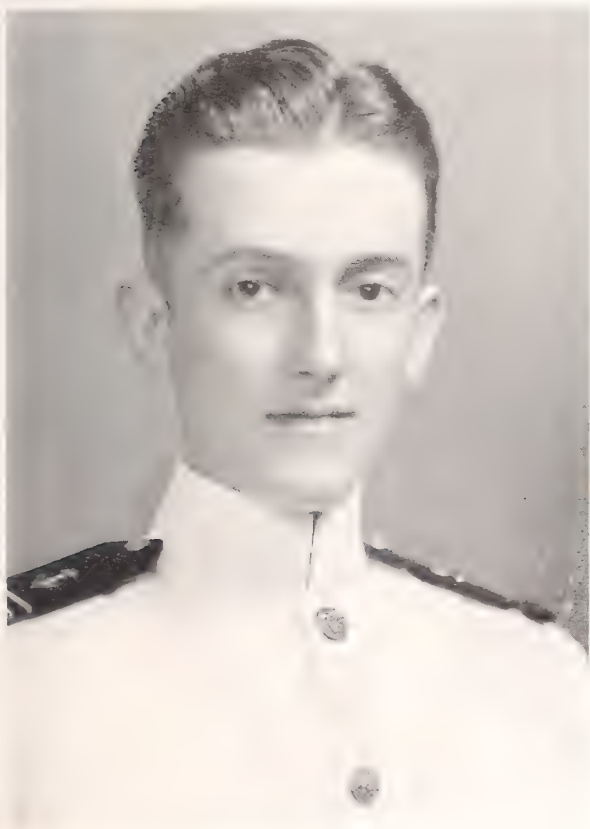
"Mo" "Winnie" "Amos"

HIS fame, the mere good opinion of those who came to know him." Through four years, Mo has been a brotherly, genuine man, appreciated as a friend to anyone who needed companionship. His is not a record of accomplishment on a playing field, or in a classroom alone, but a creditable mean between them. When the parting comes, Mo will treasure splendid memories of lasting friendships, of ultimately successful sorties with the English Department, and Mr. Ortland's attempts to make him a "Weismuller," of cross country and of Second Class Summer. It will be the beginning of the cruise that will bring to the Navy a man who will be respected and admired as an officer and whose personal habits mark him a gentleman in the finest sense.



Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1; German Club 3, 2, 1; Trident Society 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 3; 2 Stripes.

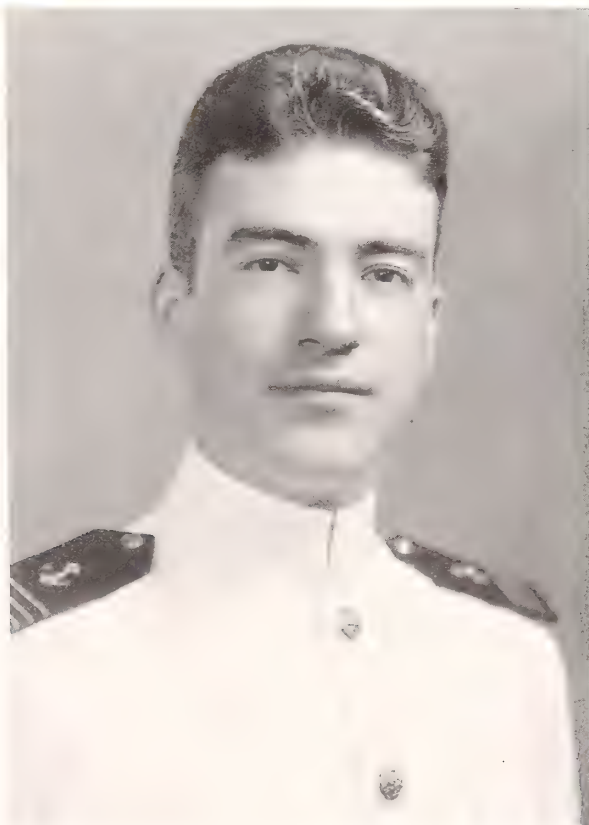
Battalion Small Bore 3, 2, 1; Battalion Outdoor Rifle 3; Boat Club 3, 2; German Club 2; Log Staff 3, 3 Stripes.

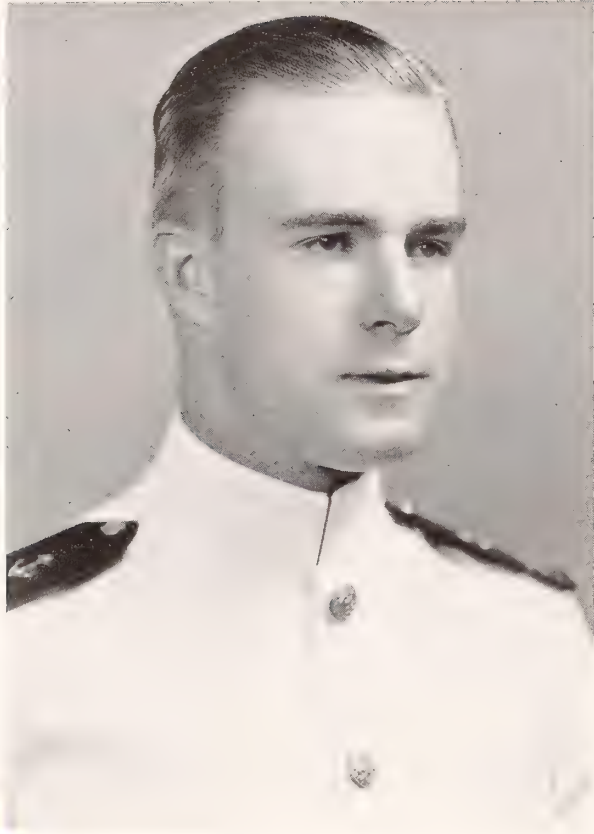


FRANCIS JOHN FITZPATRICK
 KEMMERER, WYOMING

"Franz" "Chief" "Fitz"

WHEN some careless shepherd dropped salt into Fitz's beloved lake and the cool mountain breeze blew the spray in his face, the medical profession lost a genius and the Navy won a fine officer. The jump from the mountains to the sea was a bit abrupt, judging by occasional seagoing experiences, but in no time at all he could "spit tar" like an old Salt. Although Fitz had due respect for academics, he still managed to insert "Cosmo" into his already overflowing curriculum. Above all, in Fitz we found a personality that imparted friendliness and happiness to all who came in contact with him. We are sure that when he steps into the Fleet, this rare quality will carry him to his ultimate goal, Success.





ROBERT OWEN BRINSON
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

"Briny"

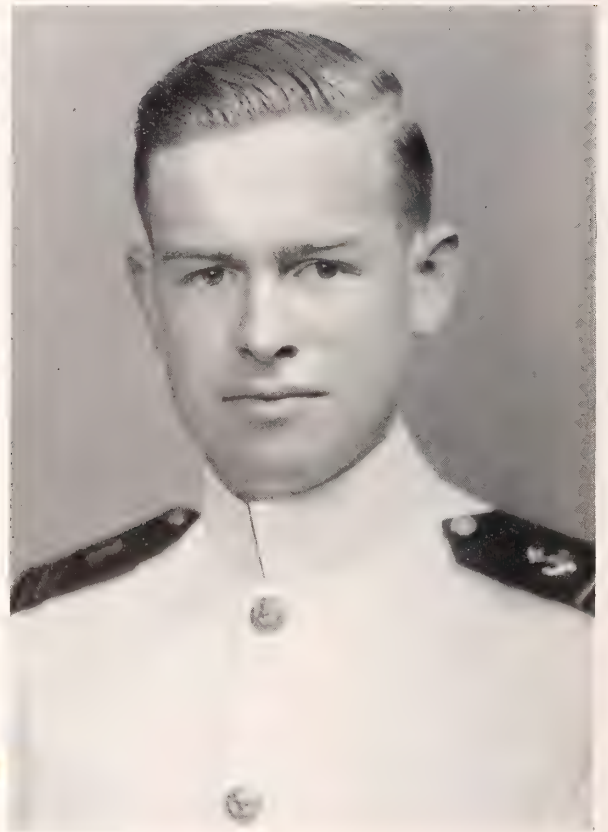
"O. B."

THROUGHOUT his four years at the Academy, Briny has had but two worries—his drags and academics. With the former he has had abundant success—there might even be a number of envious individuals who would say too much success, in fact—but such we know to be the lot of a Naval Academy snake. The latter worry, he has taken in full stride as a necessary evil, with a carefree smile of abandon at any attempt of the academic departments to throw him a fast one. Briny's social accomplishments, his pleasing disposition, and his unselfish manner have gained him a host of friends throughout the Regiment, who will have as much enjoyment in meeting him again as they have had in living with him here.



Football 4; Baseball 3; G.P.O.

Battalion Football 3, 2; Plebe Crew 4; M.P.O.



WILLIAM HORACE MARSHALL, JR.
GILMER, TEXAS

"Texas"

"Red"

"Bill"

BILL is a shrewd idealist—a man who lives by ideals but never overreaches them. He is happy-go-lucky by nature; but he is always able to perform any assigned task with an amazing lack of fuss and with corresponding efficiency. Perhaps his best quality is his humanness. His kindly, friendly nature folds around you and puts you at ease in much the same manner as a drowsy sleep puts you to rest. Just to be around him relaxes one like eight hours' slumber, because he always makes one feel perfectly calm. It is almost impossible to quarrel with Bill. It is like trying to smash a stone with a fly swatter. We only hope that he will receive in life a small fraction of the pleasure he gives to those who know him.

WILLIAM LEWIS THOMPSON

McKINNEY, TEXAS

"Wild Bill"

"Tex"

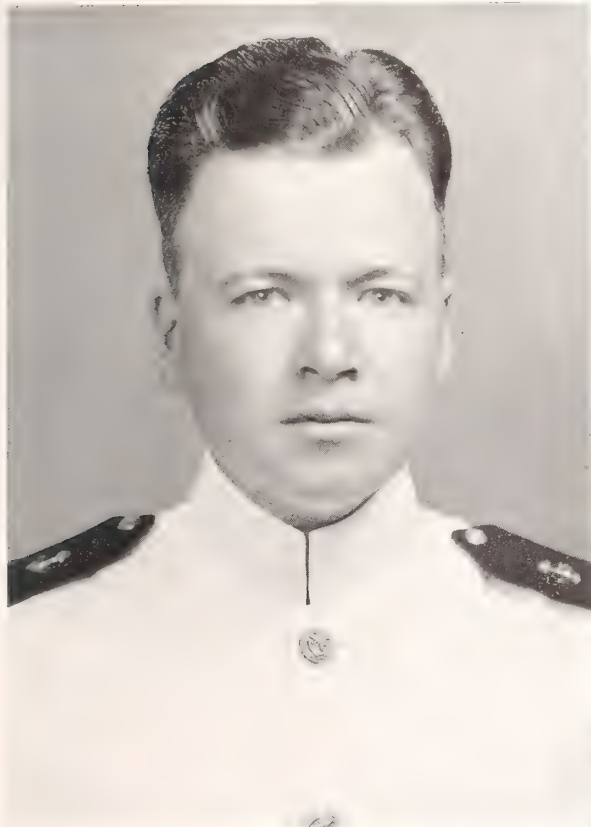
"Tommy"

AS SON of Texas, you can see it the minute you look at him. While it would be unkind to say that his face resembles the flat expanse of the prairie, there is still a certain quality of the West about him. He has good taste without fastidiousness; manliness without roughness, and that essence of the good fellow—simplicity. The best thing about Bill is his sense of humor; it has twisted many an awkward situation into a funny one. It sticks out all over him, like the quills on a porcupine. And even though his shafts are direct, they are always unbarbed. Alloyed with all this he has inherent good manners and tact. It is easy to get along with Bill's unselfish comradeship.



Track 4, Battalion Track 3, 2,
Battalion Football 3, 2; 2
Stripes.

Battalion Football 4, 2; Plebe
Crew 4; Water Polo, N. A., 3
Stripes.



CARL JOSEPH WEST, JR.

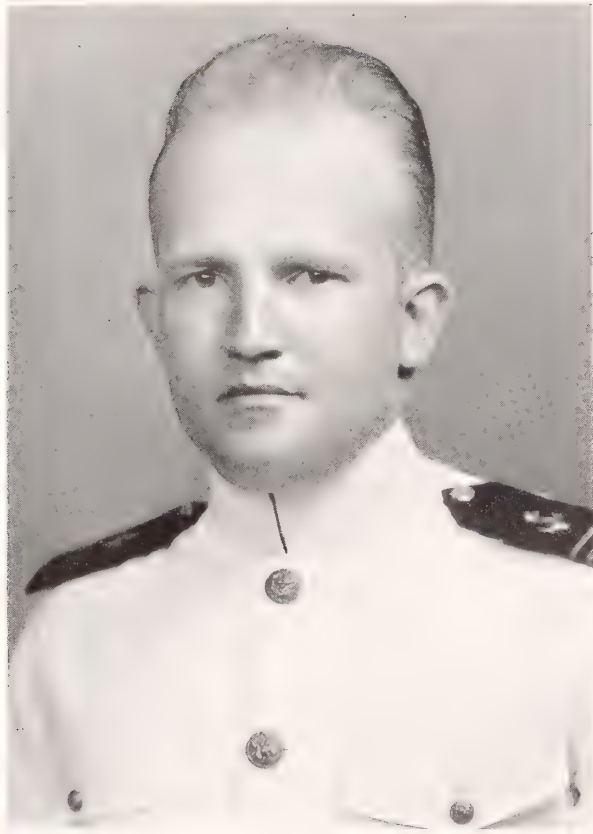
COLUMBUS, OHIO

"Pop"

"Junior"

HERE is Pop as we have found him: stubborn without being obstinate; intelligent without having acquired with it smugness. He possesses a sense of humor, and what is especially important, it is genuinely original. The problematic origin of all his energy leaves his lazier mates surrounded by question marks. He is one of those few who find it a pleasure not to relax, and the only thing he gets tired of is resting. Perhaps it is the burning fire of his ambition pushing him on; for he has the drive of a zealot, discontent ever prodding him forward. He is a man who will be an asset to whatever walk of life he follows, whether it be the Navy or "that other world outside."





HENRY H. ELLIOTT, JR.
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

"Henry"

"Hank"

"Bull"

ALTHOUGH it necessitated his leaving the balmy breezes of the Gulf of Mexico far behind him, Hank, after two years at the University of Texas, turned his footsteps north towards Crabbtown. Experienced with the ways of the sea, he has, from the first, found his life at the Academy easy, and has taken it right in stride. Academics have offered no difficulties to our Henry, and even with all of his spare time taken up with bridge, sailing, dragging, or a good bull session, he has stood up among the semi-savoirs. A true southern gentleman with a slight drawl and a marked ability to spin a great yarn, he has been a true, genial roommate. Smooth sailings, Hank; may our paths cross frequently.



CHARLES WILLIAMSON JENKINS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

"Chuck"

"Jenk"

A FINE looking, corn fed product of the Hoosier state, he soon fell into the swing of things here even though it was much unlike the college life he had left behind. Plebe year was pretty much of a breeze for him; more time for fan mail and Esquire. Youngster year had its troubles, though. With the advent of studying, his forehead started receding; he soon became a striper on a local ton-sorial squad. It took two years to find that this was a hopeless cause. During his underclass days, he has had his difficulties with the rope, but usually managed to climb it after a few times falling in with the weak squad. We'll always remember him by --"everything happens to Jenk."



Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



Battalion Football 3, 2; Stamp Club 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.

RAYMOND PHILLIP KLINE
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

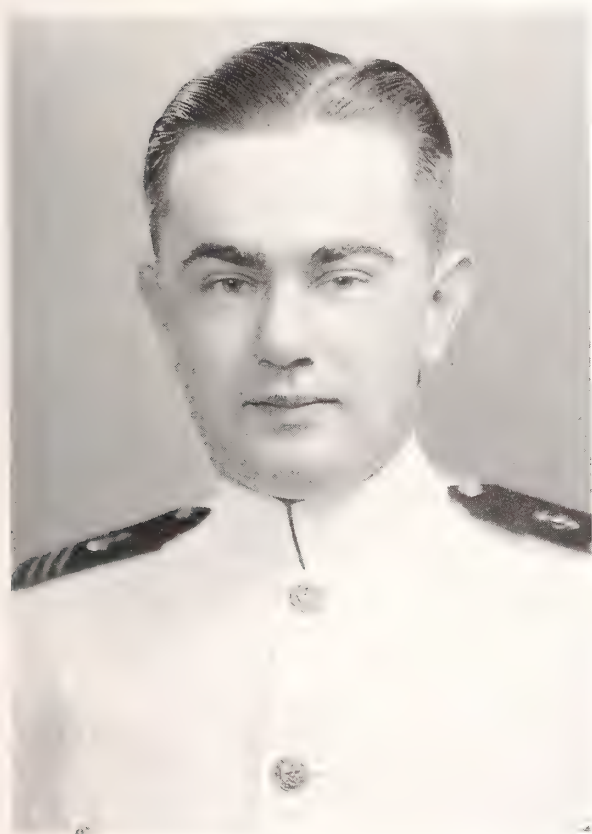
"Ray" "Rip" "Seaweed"

COMING from Illinois where a battleship means nothing, Ray wanted to find out for himself what the Navy was like. He has done it well—has found a place among the top-notchers. His congenial nature has won for him a host of lifelong friendships. There isn't much in the way of athletics that doesn't appeal to him. His talents include ability to make grand slams as well as to demonstrate the latest dance-steps. Ray never exactly worries about the fairer sex, but he has given them considerable thought. There is never an idle moment in his daily routine; he always has something to do, even if it is only a steam problem to solve. His many capabilities and undaunted ambition will always stand him in good stead.



Battalion Football, 3. 2. 1; Boat Club; C.P.O.

Battalion Football; Basketball 4; Boat Club; 1 P.O.



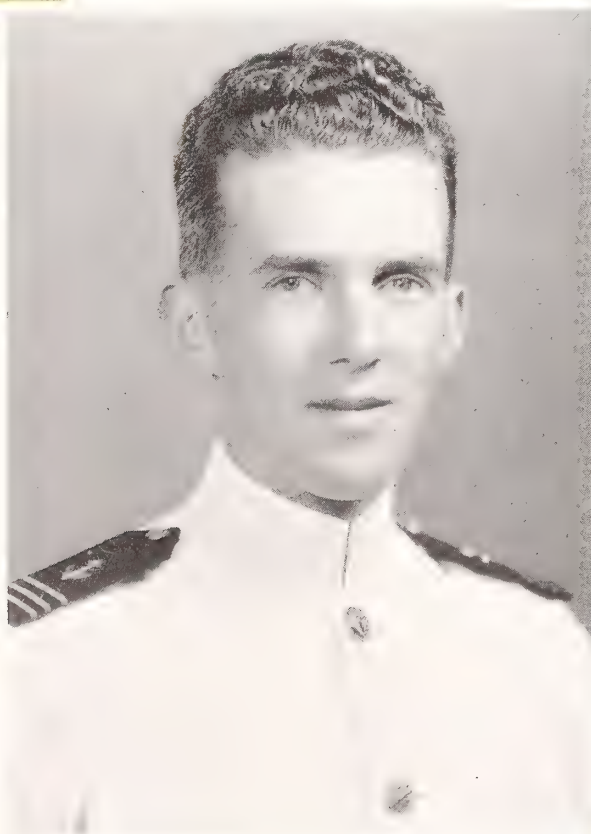
JOHN BERNARD WILLIAMS, JR.

RENO, NEVADA

"Johnny"

"Jeb"

COMING to us from the far west, Johnny brought his fun-loving nature along with him to the Severn shore. An avid bridge and cribbage fan and an ardent believer in getting plenty of sleep, he is, nevertheless, always ready to join any and all parties and to drag regularly—usually from Washington. At the same time, Johnny manages to find sufficient time to keep sat and to remain in the good graces of the executive department. He is extremely well liked for his easy-going nature and his habit of never worrying uselessly about matters of the future. These same characteristics, however, sometimes land him temporarily behind the "eight-ball," at which times his most distraught expression is a cheerful "What do?"



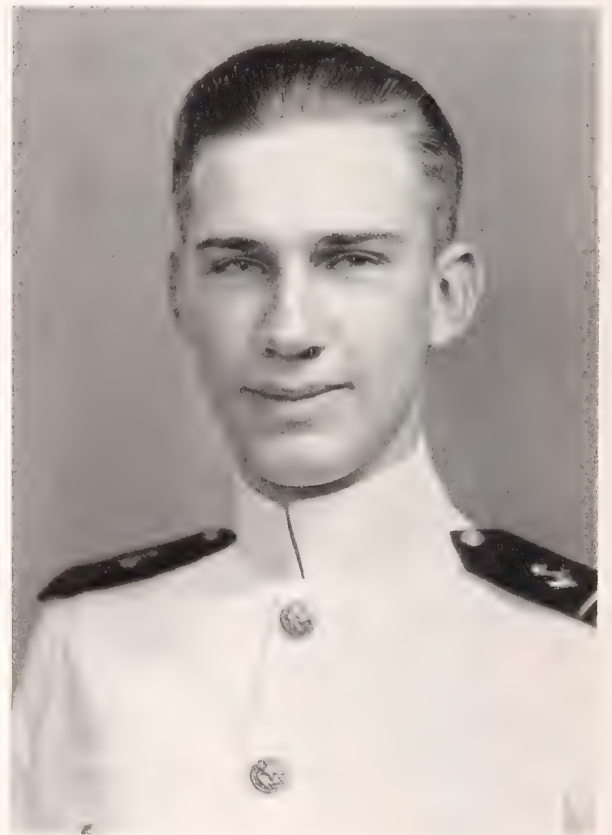


ANDREW RICHARD DREA
DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Andy"

"Pug"

RIGHT from the summer of '35, Andy has found the Naval Academy quite to his liking. These four years he has put in with conscientious effort toward attaining his ultimate goal—a permanent commission. To those of us who know him, his success seems assured. While not a star man, his name very seldom graces a tree. His store of general information is inexhaustible. Dates, events, and names are always at his fingertips. Wrestling is his favorite sport; but in the spring and fall, when wrestling has been abandoned for the year, you will find him not inactive but in the middle of a choose-up baseball or football game. It will be a real pleasure, anytime, to meet him again in the fleet.



JOSEPH CLARK ROPER
HIXSON, TENNESSEE

"Joe"

"Deadeye"

JOE has a taste for guns, dogs and fishing rods, and a flair for working juice probs. With fall's red leaves, Joe would like to be able to live for just week-ends spent with dog and gun in search of game. Comes winter, his scene of operations is the small-bore rifle gallery where he is one of the Navy's keenest shots—has won 3 "N's." Spring he spends in getting off the Sub Squad. As regards Academics, Joe "gets the stuff" and what is more is always willing to show the light to a classmate. With his sparkling sense of humor and penchant for making friends, he should go far in the Fleet.



Battalion Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1; Foreign Language Club; M.P.O.



Outdoor Rifle 4; Small Bore Rifle Team 4, 3, 2, 1; R.N.T.; M.P.O.

JOHN FARLEY SPLAIN

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Johnny" "Farley" "Jack"

IT IS a treat to meet Johnny, invariably merry and good humored, with blue eyes and a debonair manner. He is a welcome guest at any hour. He has the rare quality of being able to surprise his friends with frequent new interests. His diverse capabilities and untiring energy bring him satisfying success in the fields of athletics, managing and writing. No matter what the situation may be, he is always ready to lend a hand. He likes to talk, run, drag, and go on ketch trips. His pet peeves are drawing and ordnance. In either naval or civilian life, Johnny will find a niche for himself and devote his entire energy to it, giving it a concentration of interest and attention sure to get results.



Battalion Basketball 3, 2; Star 4; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; Masqueraders and Musical Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Business Manager 1; Log 4, 3; Language Club 2; 1 Stripe.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Boxing 4, 3, 2, N.A.; Press Detail 4, 3, 2, 1; Chairman of the Board—The Log; Boat Club, Senior Member; Circulation Staff—Lucky Bag; Quarterdeck Society 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.

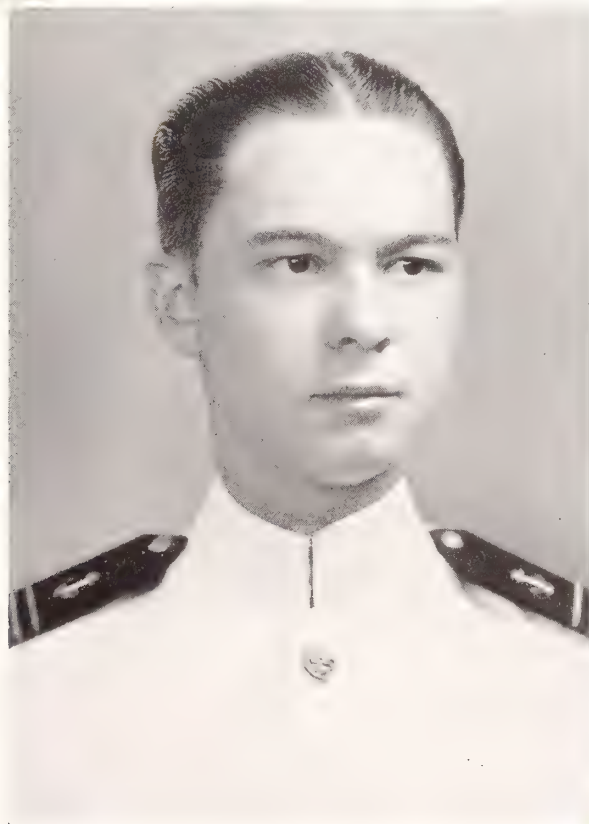
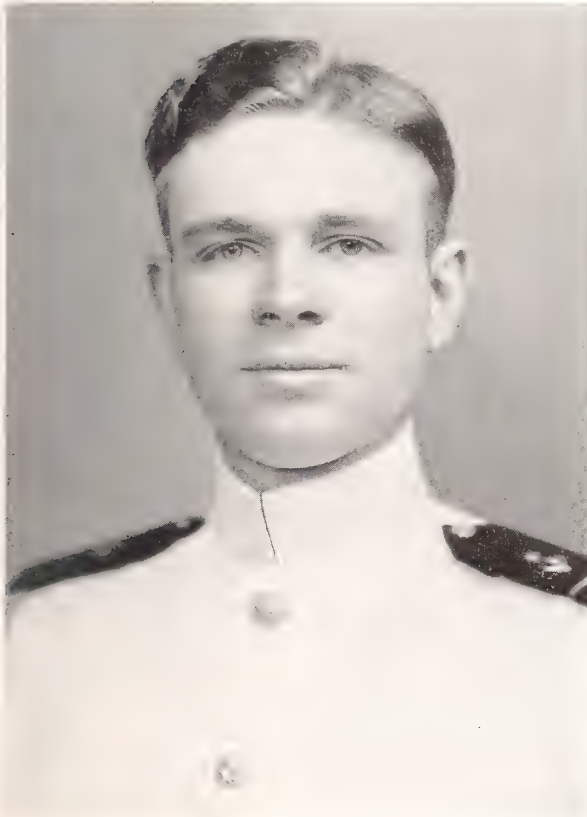


JOHN CHARLES FISHER

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

"Johnny" "Fish" "Wacky"

HIS desire to obtain a marked degree of academic training along with a broad practical education has been realized during his four years at the Naval Academy. Johnny's savviness stands him near the top of his class, and allows him ample time to apply his broadminded logical thoughts to practical purposes. As Business Manager of the Midshipmen's Dramatic Organizations, he finds an outlet for his surplus energy by introducing new ideas of efficiency and economy. Tennis, golf, and sailing are his favorite pastimes, along with his weakness of a good hop and a pretty girl. The most outstanding feature of John's character is his ability to constantly maintain a pleasant disposition, and to help others whether he is busy or not. Above all, Fish is a true friend.



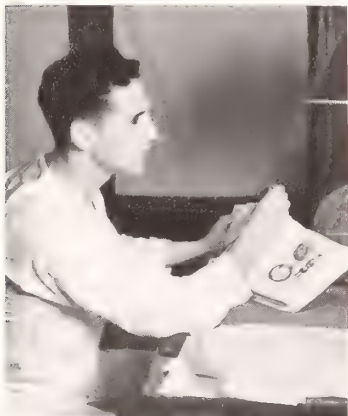


JOHN JOSEPH ALOYSIUS MICHEL
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"Jack"

"Mike"

THIS tall, dark, and handsome son of Erin came into the fold as a plebe that memorable summer of '35 and has since thwarted the Departments' best efforts to get rid of him. Never a cutthroat, Mike has clipped the line close a few times, but that's all. Athletics and dragging have taken up Jack's time, giving him the necessary practice for perfection. Last year saw him a mainstay of the sprinters on the swimming team. Working on the principle that "many are called but few are chosen," we can't pin an O. A. O. on him. No one knows Mike too well, because he's hard to get close to, but we do know that he has a keen wit that makes you think, and he laughs easily. He'll get along.



Swimming Team 4, 3, 2, 1;
Cross Country 4; Track 4; Hop
Committee; German Club; Boat
Club; G.P.O.

Battalion Basketball 3; Adver-
tising Manager Masqueraders
and Musical Clubs; Boat Club;
2 Stripes.



GERALD SANFORD NORTON
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

"Jerry"

"Slunk"

HARDY son of the Northwest, our intrepid hero deployed to Crabtown's environs but four short years ago. In that time, and indeed long before, Jerry has manifested the finest ingredients of friendship and loyalty. Although he has not given an outstanding performance in the secondary battery of the four year course, academic savoir faire, we feel he rates a perfect score for the main battery, demonstration of fitness to be a naval officer. We should note at this time his big weakness for feminine lures, the quality of which could be improved only by variety. He has a marvelous capacity for enjoying life, and looks at each new venture, be it Christmas leave or an after-dinner speech, with eagerness and anticipation. Many bon voyages, Slunk.

HARRY ELLSWORTH DAVEY, JR.

KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Chug"

"Mike"

"Dave"

HE LIKES and constantly fosters by his presence an atmosphere of good-natured informality. Harry is co-operative to a fault; he truly believes in both premises of "live and let live." His initiative is of an especially independent brand, for he likes to do things of his own volition; and when he does, he has an unwaning enthusiasm. Chugger's interests in sports are varied. He likes a good game of basketball or touch football, and he swings a mean golf club. He has crewed on the *Vamarie*; his love for boats and ships of all kinds has given him genuineness in his salty side. Chugger combines with his pleasant personality and athletic versatility some of that uncommon common sense so vital to success in any endeavor.



Track 4; Basketball 4; Battalion Track 3, 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 3, 1, Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1 Stripe.

Star 4; Boat Club; 1 Stripe.



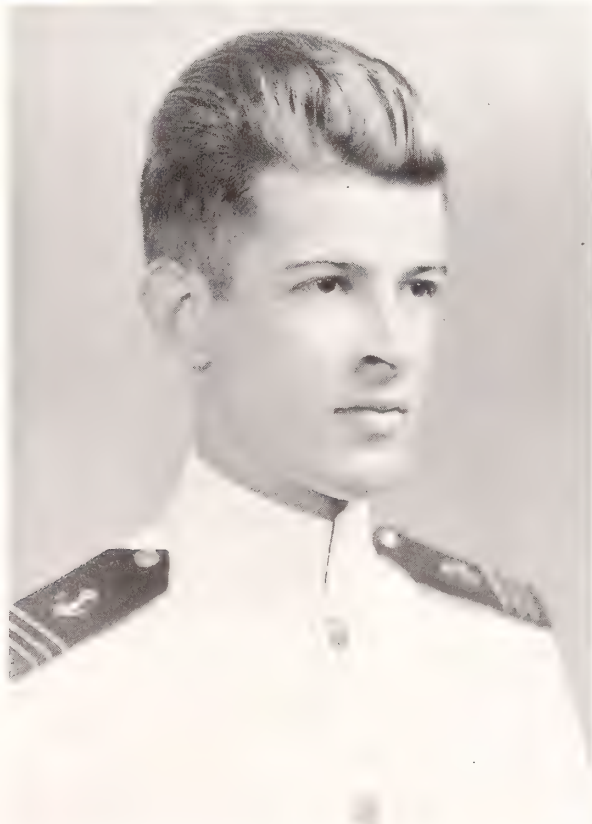
JOHN SIBBITT MOYER

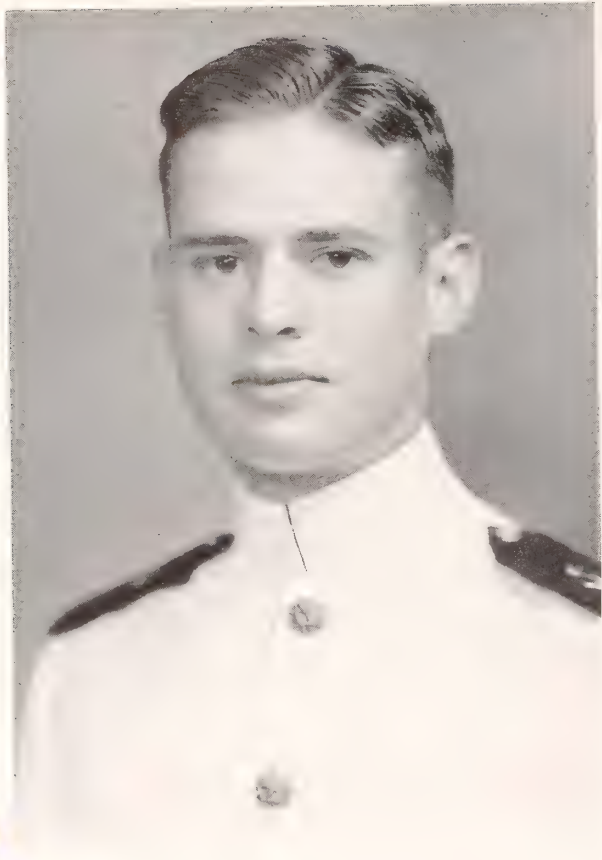
DELPHI, INDIANA

"Parson"

"Johnny"

WE'VE been trying to figure him out for years. Long under the impression that he was the silent type, all of a sudden we realized that, living with whom he does, he just never got much chance to talk. The Parson ambles along saying little, but he sees all. Never misses a detail, then adds them up and always gets the answer. He feels that hops are a little strenuous; he enjoys a stag party much better. His most remarkable gift is his common sense. Living in a room brimming over with wacky ideas, he has managed to keep his own mental equilibrium, and has kept his roommates from getting too far out of hand. I guess that's why we like him.



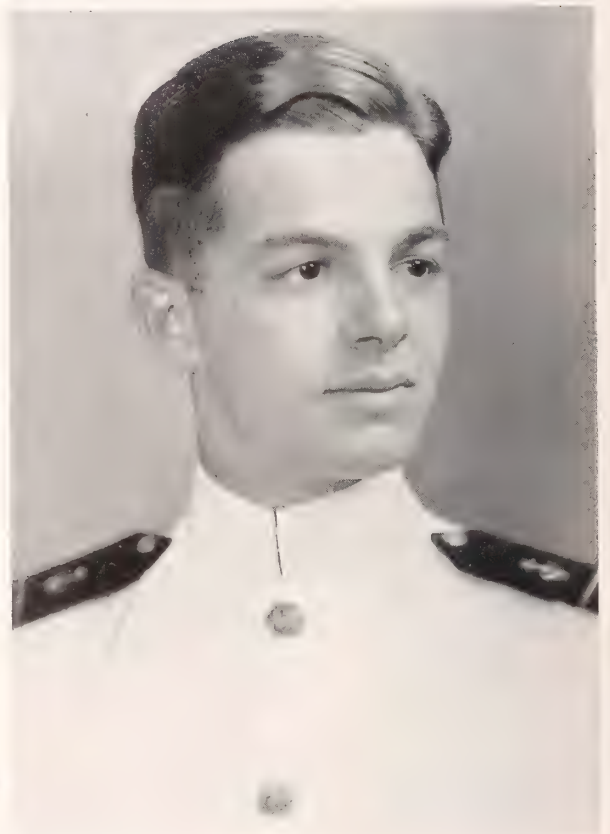


ALFRED JOSEPH TOULON, JR.

AT LARGE

"Sonny"

SONNY was born with a roving commission. He can take any side in any argument; would have made a good debater. This does not appeal to him, however, as much as the rougher sports such as wrestling and dragging. He is never without his daily workout and weekly drag. A good motto for him would be: "another week—another love." He is not so savvy according to himself, but his grades are always above par. An eternal pessimist, after every class he claims he made a 2.0 max and then cuts throat with a 2.8. The one quality that should prove his salvation more than any other is his love for the Service. Those who are lucky enough to be shipmates with him will never forget him.



JOHN KENNETH ESTES

HAINES CITY, FLORIDA

"Jaspar Kaspar" "Jake" "Kenny"

OUT of an orange grove in sunny Florida stepped this collich boy with his oh-what-the-heck exterior but sincere interior, to be one of us taxpayer-liver-oners. The only two bad things about living with Jaspar are that he has too much good nature to get mad at when you feel like being mad, and has too much common sense to argue when you feel like arguing. He has definitely proven that you can be a middie and still be a college joe and a regular guy (the girls all think he's cute). He's one of the species who can honestly claim all of his acquaintances to be among his best friends, and whose life is a success whether he combs beaches or the locks of Admiral Estes.



Company Soccer 4; Class Track 4; Battalion Swimming 4, 3; Wrestling 2, 1; Lacrosse 3; Battalion Lacrosse 2, 1; 1 P.O.



Company Soccer 4; Battalion Swimming 4, 3; Battalion Rifle 2; Class Track 4; 1 P.O.

WENDELL WHITFIELD BEMIS
YORK, NEBRASKA

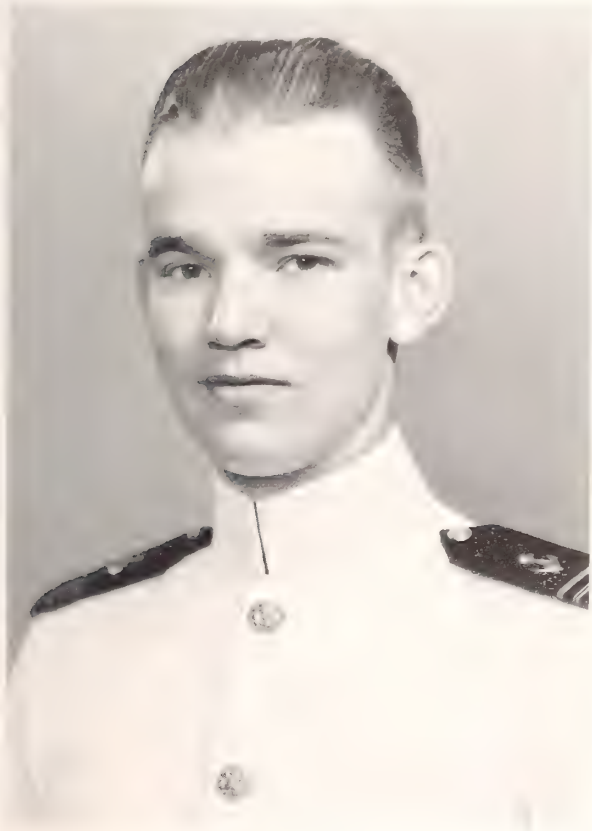
"Skeet" "W. W." "Sunshine"

SKEET showed up here from the state of Nebraska with a good brain, more than average ability, plenty of good looks, and an easy-going, happy good nature. This combination made him from the first a thoroughly appreciated roommate, a man to be listened to even in a bull session, and a snake. The two former characteristics he retains; the latter is gone. He'd be a savoir if he'd study a little harder, but he never lets the academic departments interfere with his education. If the Navy holds him he will be one of the finest of officers—but naval officers or civilian, Skeet will always be found to have something on the ball to make it go the right way at the proper moment—and well under control.



Battalion Basketball 4; Boat Club 4, 3, Luck's Bag Staff 2, 1; 1 Stripe.

Boxing Manager 1, Radio Club 1, 1 Stripe

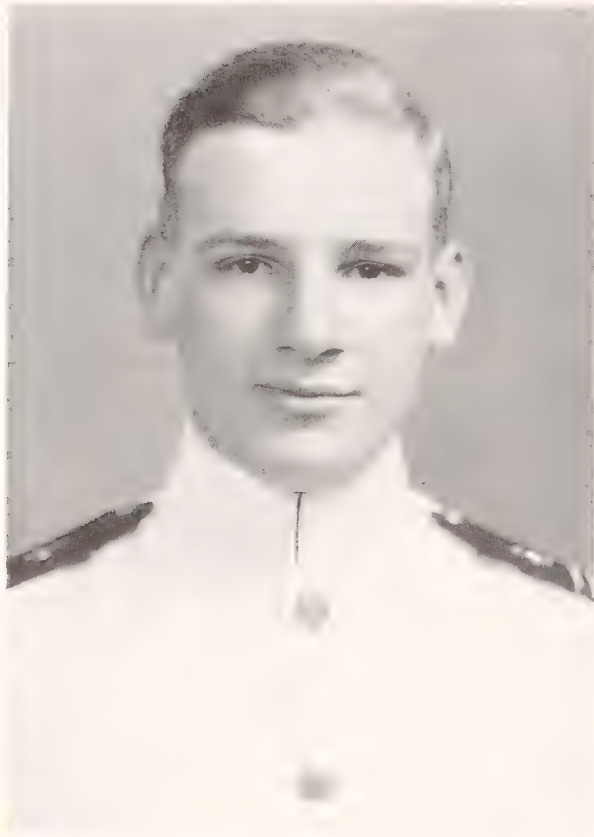


ALLEN BOULDIN REGISTER
JASPER, FLORIDA

"Al" "Cash" "Reggie"

"FROM the Deep South, suh," Reggie is forever boosting the stock of his native state. The Sunkist program, with its California atmosphere, has often been enough to turn his whole day sour, but he quickly comes back to normal with the mention of Florida. Quiet and unassuming, he has a winning personality, and counts every acquaintance a friend. His inherent take-it-easyness, also rumored to be a Southern product, keeps him out of the savoir class, but he always manages to stay on top academically. Reggie pointed for the Navy for a long time, and even the Ordnance department has failed to shake his complacent good nature in doing the job he's doing. Success and plenty of it should always be his lot, in anyone's Navy.



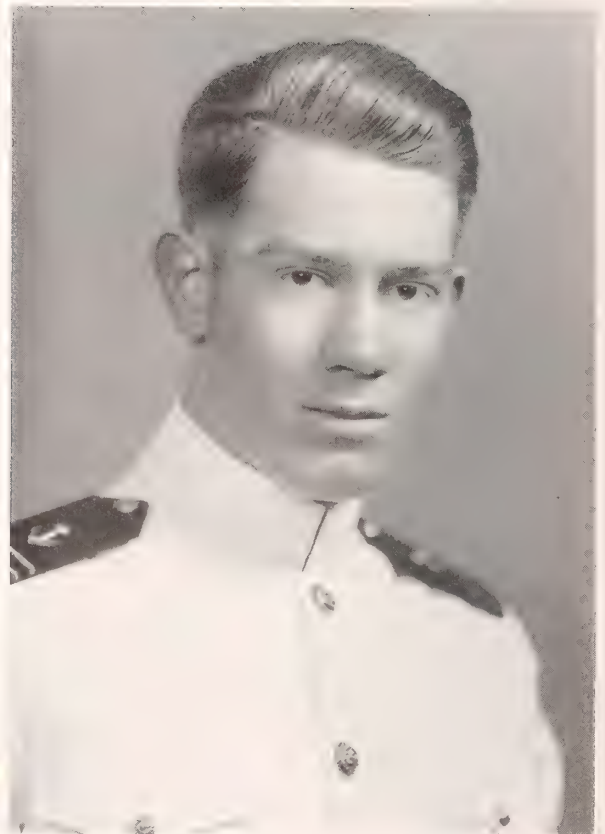


THEODORE JAMES BANVARD
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Ted"

"Cubo"

TED is a New Yorker through and through and he is always ready and willing to argue the merits of that city as against the collective ones of any entire state. Since plebe year he has dragged considerably, with the emphasis being on quantity, although the quality hasn't been neglected. His amiability has been effectively proved during his years at the Academy by his ability to get along with two rebels and a westerner. In the way of athletics, Ted confines himself to boxing and tennis, while his pet diversion is sailing. He has never been known to pass up a game of chess and if anyone wants a fourth for bridge, Ted is the fellow to look for.



JOHN ROBERT DINSMORE
HILLSBORO, OREGON

"Rojo"

"Red"

"Bob"

Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Basketball
4, 3, 2, 1; Starred 4, 2; 2
Stripes.

RED came from Hillsboro back there in July of '35 with plenty of the proverbial hayseed, so we thought. He had us guessing, with that innocent pan of his. He turned out to be a mighty savvy boy—one of the kind that plugs away all the time to attain his high standing (any later than five a. m., he's afraid of sleeping sickness). In yet another field he excels. He may truly be termed an all around athlete; never misses that daily workout, no matter what the season or weather. Those expressions he brought from Hillsboro are still popping, and he "once knew somebody who—" for every occasion. One habit we've not been able to break him of—borrowing from the N. A. A.



Battalion Boxing 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 3; Radio Club 4, 3, 1; Boat Club 3, 2; Glee Club 4, 3; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; M.P.O.



JIM DICK MILLER
BORGER, TEXAS

"Jim" "Dick" "Molmero"

WITH his boundless energy and will to work at anything he likes, Molinero is well fitted for the calling he does like—the Navy. He always puts out his best. He knew little about the Service upon entering but really gets this stuff now. The academics have been little trouble along the way, and he never seems to mind the black eyes he gets boxing. One need not be told he is from Texas after hearing one of his dust storm stories. His most outstanding characteristic, as a Texan, is that of being friendly to everyone. Jim Dick is too good natured to quarrel, or disagree, other than quietly. He has been a good friend and roommate for four years—that's saying plenty! We thoroughly believe in him.



Battalion Boxing 3, 2, Boat Club 3, 2, 2 Stripes.

M.P.O.



GENE THOMAS SHIRLEY
NORTHPORT, ALABAMA

"Doodle"

"Temple"

"BRRRR-R-R, but it's cold in Maryland" is about all Gene Thomas can say on cold dark mornings. And that's all the excitement there is to his reveille ordeal; he's up and awake and ready for a day's work so quietly that it's amazing. It must be the personification of true Navy efficiency that gives him that smooth start plus maximum outputs . . . Nothing said about inputs. Shirley probably has more friends than any man in the Regiment and he doesn't have to put himself out to get them. They are natural to his makeup and stay with him because they are held by a real personality. Not one of them would give Gene less than a 4.0 grease card. He is going to be one of our best shipmates.





WILLIAM JAFFREY HOLT, JR.

CYNWYD, PENNSYLVANIA

"Bill"

BILL has been a salt water sailor since he was high enough to see over the gunwale and handle a tiller, and a Naval career was but the natural step. After entrance, Bill still continued sailing, winning the Thompson Sailing Races Plebe Year. Since then he has sailed for Navy at Princeton, M. I. T., and Brown and has navigated the *Uamarie*. His quiet ways, quick smile, and ready wit make innumerable friends and his stock of stories will help any evening pass quickly. Although sworn to bachelor life, Bill has not found it contradictory to have feminine acquaintances or to receive letters addressed in green ink. With natural ability and the sea in his blood, Bill will make an exceptionally apt officer.



LESLIE SOMERS ROBINSON

NEW YORK CITY

"Les"

"Robbie"

ALTHOUGH Les's excellence in sports is most noticeable in track and lacrosse, his prime interests are as varied and cosmopolitan as the pages of his favorite magazine, the *New Yorker*. The academic departments have yet to prove themselves a task for him. He stands high in the class with ease. His study hours, however, have always been well spent. Extensive reading has made him thoroughly conversant in contemporary literature, etchings, and the reputations of innumerable swing bands. Frankness, a keen sense of humor, unflinching courtesy, and an unswerving loyalty to his friends and his own convictions have pointed Les toward the type of success in life which, while not ostentatious, is all the more solid in its merit for the lack of hullabaloo accompanying it.



Swimming 3, 2, 1, S.N.T.; Holder U. S. N. A. 440 Free Style Record; Thompson Sailing Trophy 4; International Starboat Sailing 1938; 1 Stripe.

Class Lacrosse 4; Battalion Track 3; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; M.P.O.



EDWARD CONRAD BLONTS

EAST PEORIA, ILLINOIS

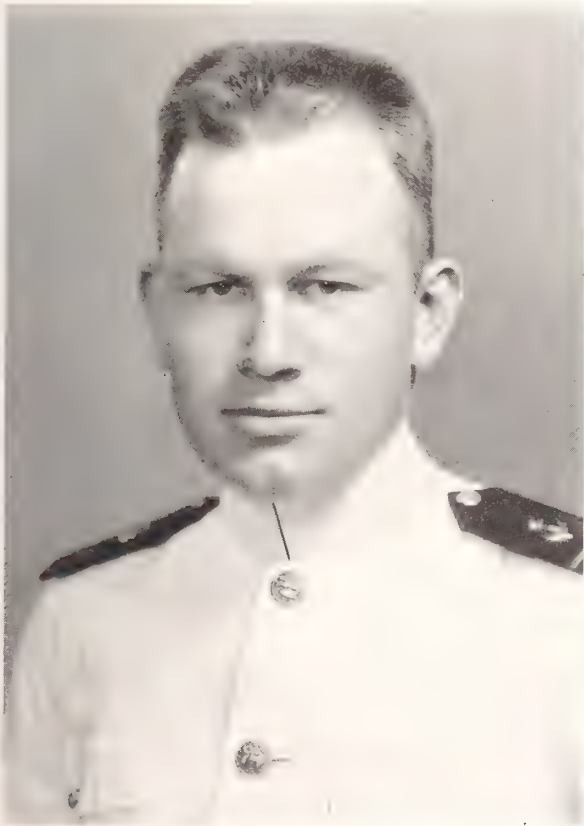
"Grumpy"

PEORIA is famous for her production of actors, whisky and great men. Eddie, too, got his start in Peoria, where he won numerous blue ribbons for his great abilities. It is said that Ed was quite brilliant in his high school career and two years at Bradley College; indeed a promising Captain of Industry was lost by Peoria when a whiff of salt air late in the summer of 1935 drew him to the Naval Academy. Eddie has been a great help in digging out the knotty passages for his roommates, and besides his academic success, he has been a dangerous threat to unwary O. A. O.'s. There's no doubt Ed will go far in whatever he undertakes—so a salute, and good luck to you through life, Ed.



Sub Squad 4, 3, 2; Glee Club 2, 1; Language Club 2, 1; Trident 2; 2 Stripes.

Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1. Musical Club Shows 4, 3, 2; Language Club 2, 1, 1 P.O.



WILLIAM MARSHALL SHIFFLETTE

MARBLE FALL, TEXAS

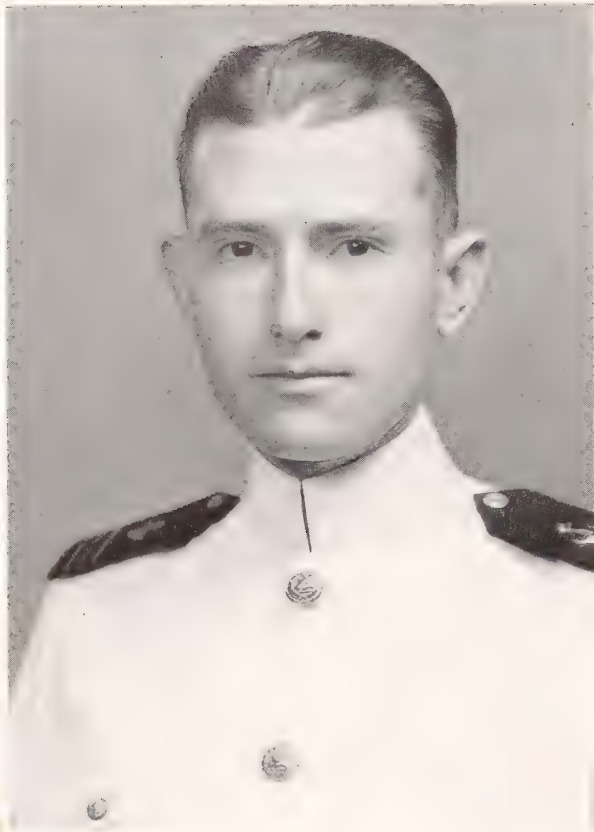
"Bill"

"Skonk"

"Shiff"

THE Lone Star Rangers, after watching Bill mature as his high school class president down Marble Falls way, and further his engineering studies at Texas U, were no end chagrined by losing Bill to the salty call of the sea. But this stalwart son of Texas definitely had his mind made up to be one of Uncle Sam's chosen few. Arriving a bit late in the summer didn't seem to daunt him in the least, for he soon swung into the routine, and waded into the academics with gusto. Needless to say, he has come out well in both, especially the latter. Here's a final salute to a fine roommate and a true gentleman, well worthy of the traditions of the Navy.





RUSSELL DUNCAN
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

"Russ"

"Dunc"

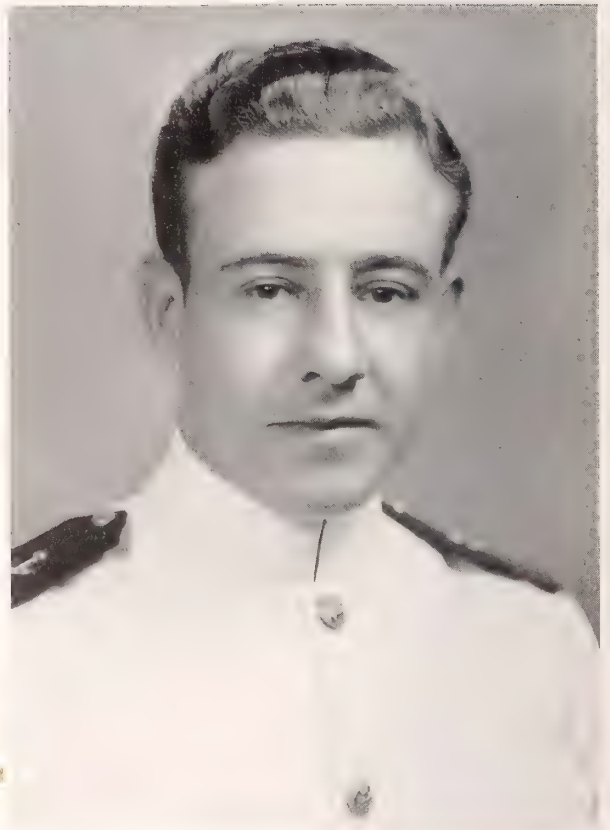
RUSS is the sort of fellow who makes real friends of his acquaintances, and he has those qualities which retain them. A quiet, dignified southern gentleman, he still has a twinkle in his eye that reveals the youthful enthusiasm and the sense of humor that have endeared him to his classmates. He doesn't talk much about his attainments, but compare his modest words with the feminine following to which his locker door attests. Dunc has never noticed the ruts along the way, and is always ready to help those who find the going much harder. Unfortunately, his athletic ability has been held somewhat in check by his non-reg swimming. Russ will be a fine officer, a valuable asset to the Navy, and a swell shipmate.



Lucky Bag; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Company
Representative 2, 1; Christmas
Card Committee; 1 P.O.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Track 3, 2,
1; Wrestling 3, 2, 1; Battalion
Rifle Team 3; Boat Club 3, 2;
1 Stripe.



REXFORD JOHN OSTROM
LAPEER, MICHIGAN

"Rex"

"Ossie"

WE ALL loved those gorgeous Swedish girls of Youngster Cruise. Well, the ladies apparently feel the same way about Swedish boys, at least judging from Rex's case. They just can't resist his curly hair and unassuming manner. But Ossie's popularity doesn't end with the fairer sex—he's a man's man too. One hundred per cent of his acquaintances are friends as well. Besides making friends and thrilling the ladies, Rex has found time for football, wrestling, and a bit of track work. Unfortunately, he hasn't had as much success with academics. His bouts are usually pretty close, but he always manages to win even if it requires an extra period to do so. Rex's personality and his practical mind assure the Navy of another excellent officer.

ROBERT LAWRENCE SIEMER
DENVER, COLORADO

"Sunshine"

EMBARKING from Colorado, having a clear conception of what he wanted and knowing how to get it, Bob soon found his mark high in our esteem. He is one of those gifted few who have the ability not only to make but to hold friends. A natural savoir, he does well in academics but is willing to simply let it go at that unless there happens to be a classmate who needs a hand with what he's just finished. Early he picked out the young lady incorporating all his dreams—thereby not only insuring himself of mail seven times a week, but also of a prize at the end of the rainbow. With his wit and honest, smiling disposition, Bob will always be welcome in Navy company.



Battalion Baseball 4, 3, 1, 1
Stripe.

Battalion Football 2, 1; Outdoor
Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 4,
3, 2, 1; G.P.O.

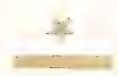
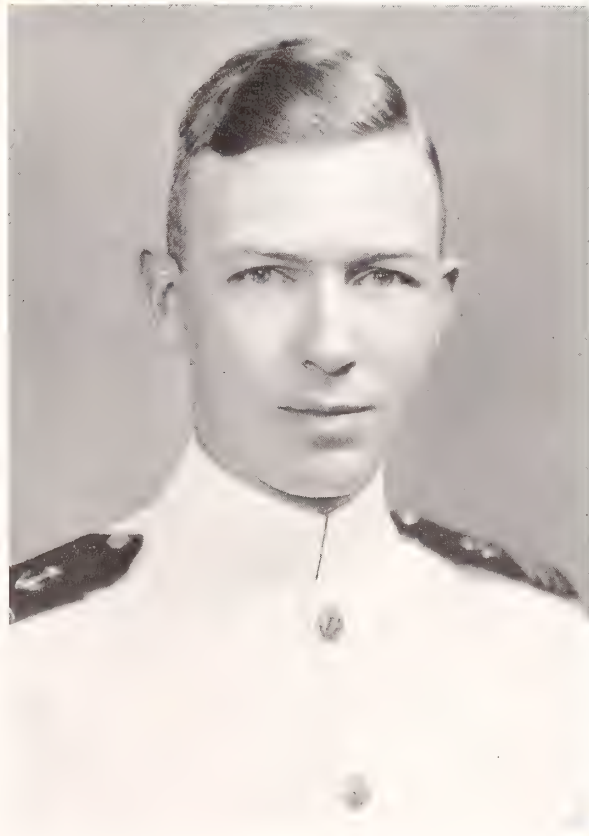


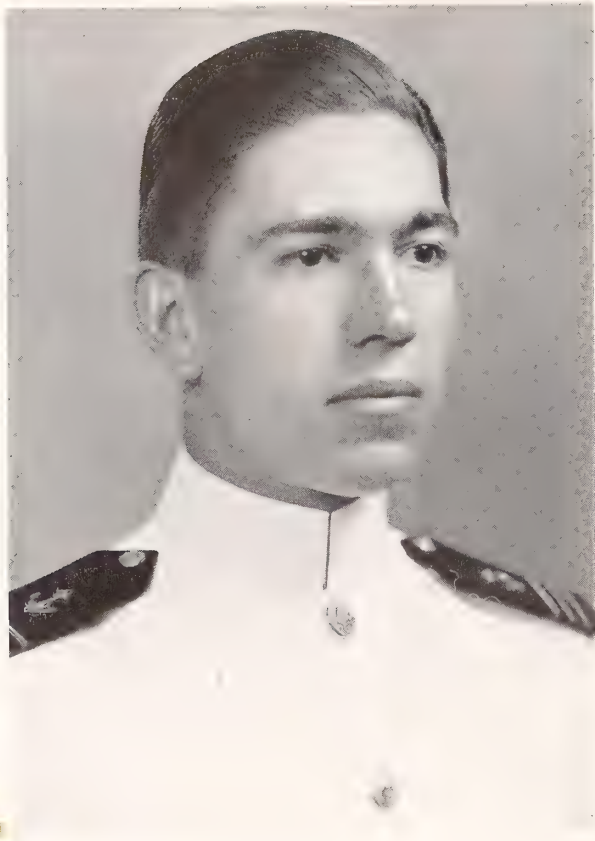
RICHARD THOMAS FAHY
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Dick"

"Fau-Hee"

THE Irish are renowned for wit and temperament, so when an Irishman is born on St. Patrick's Day, things begin to happen. Dick is that Irishman. He's the very definition of a non-conformist, and he loves to argue his point of view. He isn't particular about the subject or lack of subject: the argument is enough in itself. To casual acquaintances, this trait stamps him as a personality which has not bowed to any system—to his friends, and he has an amazing number of them, his blustering is an abashed sham to cover up a lot of other things eminently worthwhile about his character. Even his own modesty cannot continue to conceal his light beneath the proverbial bushel.

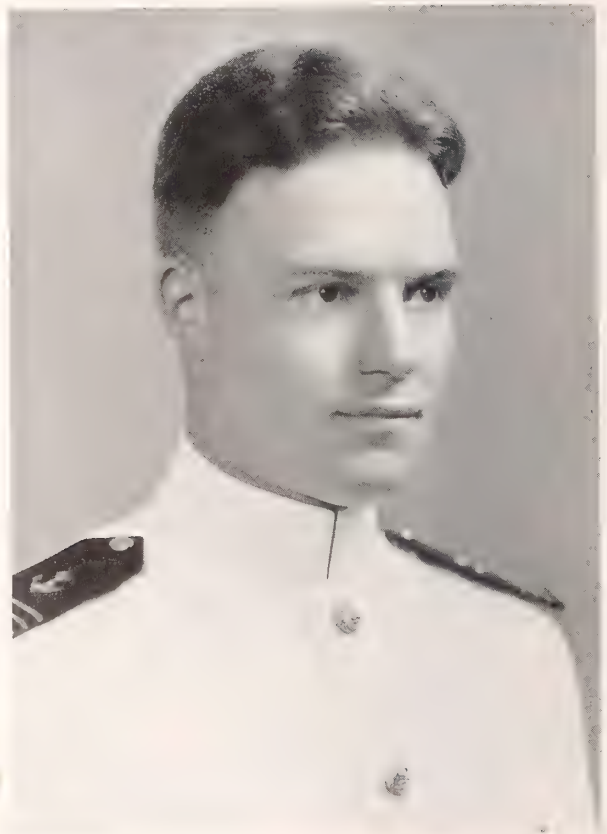




ROBERT CHAUNCEY DEXTER, JR.
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

"Dexi"

HIS sleek black hair and strong white teeth (including the one that is knocked out about twice a year) would naturally make him fair prey for the huntresses, but he chooses sports instead of social life. Afternoons often find him throwing a basketball around the gym. The close proximity of the Naval Academy to the region called the South developed in Dexy one bad habit,—as a result of which he found himself accumulating demerits and tours of the terrace for consistently and frequently being late to formation. For such a quiet chap he bubbles over with wit and quaint sayings. Here's one chosen at random, which, to those who know him, reaches the height of drollery: "I'm not a chowhound—I just eat slowly."

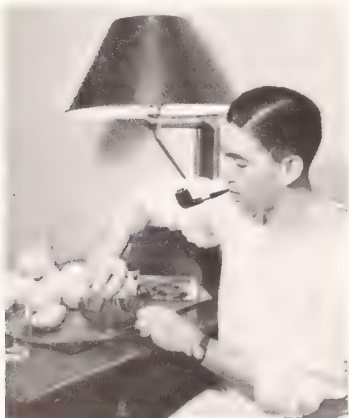


RICHARD MARVIN HUIZENGA
GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN

"Marv"

"Dick"

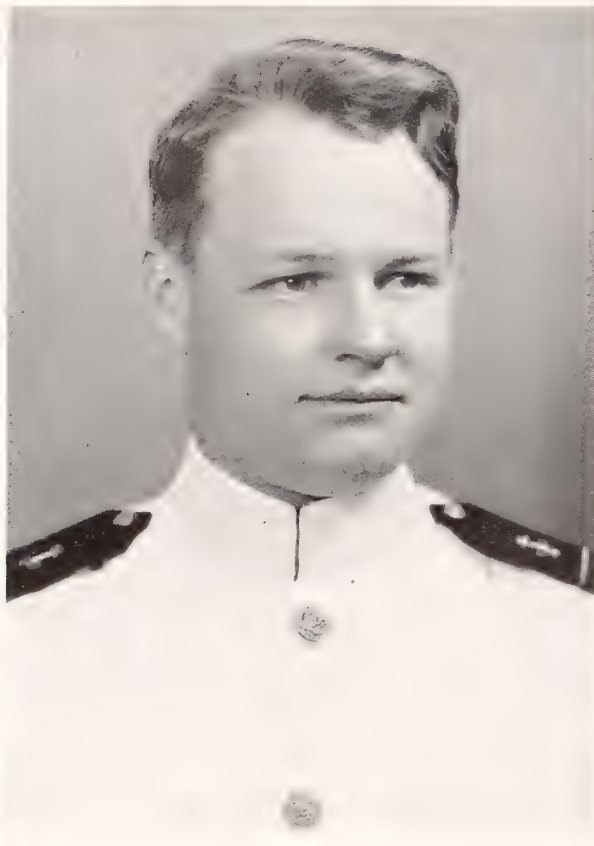
IT WAS from the sandy edge of a great unsalted sea that Richard Marvin came to the brackish Severn shore. His previous military experience was of the mud-and-pneumonia variety, but sail and steam were not strangers to him either, so he was soon walking with the rolling gait of an old salt. Youngster year, he made a prophetic gesture as he staggered beneath the weight of a Commodore's gold. When he leaves the Severn for the Pacific, it will be just another ocean to subdue. Beside every body of water there is a port and in every port there are girls. And do they fascinate him! Tradition speaks of the sailor with a sweetheart in every port; didn't we say Marv was an old salt?



Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Track 2, 1; H. M. S. Pinafore 2; 2 Stripes.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Crew 4, 3; Wrestling 4, 3; Battalion Track 3, 2, 1; Reception Committee; Trident Staff 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Senior Member 3, 2, 1; Log 4, 3; Masqueraders 2, 1; Art Club 4, 3; Radio Club 4; Quarterdeck Society 4; Company Small Bore 3; 2 Stripes.





EMMETT MOBLEY COMPTON
GREENWOOD, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Emmett"

A NATIVE son of South Carolina, Emmett brought with him to the Naval Academy the traditional friendliness of the South and also some of that independence of spirit for which South Carolina is especially famous. Possession of a healthy, easy-going, tolerant attitude toward life has, among more important things of course, also kept Emmett a member of the radiator squad in spite of athletic potentialities, and has occasionally landed him in tight spots. But when aroused, his natural abilities have always kept him on top; and right there we do not doubt that he will remain. His tolerance, good sense, and friendliness have shown his value to all those who know him. Throughout the Navy he will without doubt be welcome, liked, and respected.



PAUL EDWARD GLENN
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

"Polo"

PAUL is, as Napoleon was, a small man; but little applies to him only in height. Though doubtfully blessed with a quick temper, he is generous to a fault, and he never nurses a grudge. Rivalled only by an encyclopedia as a source of information, Paul is ever ready to argue a point but averse to quibbling over trivialities. Why he has seldom dragged we could never find out, but we guessed that he was only being true to the girl back home, for we know from having dragged with him that he creates in mixed company a charming atmosphere. His efficient and thorough-going manner qualify him for the naval profession, and his ever present humor still further increases his value as a shipmate.



Company Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1; Chess Club 2, 1; C.P.O.

Lacrosse Manager 1; Battalion Soccer 1; Juice Gang 3; Log Staff 3, 2; 1 P.O.



HAROLD EUGENE FELIX

VIROQUA, WISCONSIN

"Blackcat"

KNOWING nothing of things nautical four years ago, Felix did not take long to become acclimated to saltiness in both water and expressions. His prime interests are football, basketball, and his O. A. O. He's been a member of that fighting "B" squad, and played plebe and battalion basketball. His time was thus well taken up; and seemingly his contentment lacked only one thing, this same O. A. O. He never cared for the hops, going only when the little lady was here. As to his pre-Navy days—he can and will, if given a chance, tell numerous stories about them. Friendly to all and determined to make the best of life, he has no fears for the future; we who know him share his confidence.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Basketball 4; Battalion Basketball 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3; M.P.O.

Boat Club 4, 3; Radio Club 3, 2; Stamp Club 2, 1; Bugle Corps 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 Stripe.



JAMES GOODRICH WATSON
DARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA

"Doc"

"Curly"

"Jimmie"

"J-G"

"CARRY Me Back to Old Virginy" has more than a passing musical interest for Doc. Before coming to the Academy, he very profitably put in four years of college, receiving his B.S. degree from Hampden-Sydney; therefore the academics (bane of our existence) have given little worry to Doc. During his four more years of higher education, Doc has been quite prominent as a Spanish athlete, but it is worth noticing that he has never been lacking in the stuff that it takes to climb the rope, or swim the eight laps fast enough. J. G. has taken his indoctrination seriously, exhibiting a keen interest in his profession, especially the flying branch. The next thing we know he'll be putting in still another year of training—at Pensacola.





WILLIAM WADE GENTRY
MADISON, NORTH CAROLINA

"Bill"

"Willie Wade"

"Bil-Gie"

HAVE you met Bill? If you have, you know that his interests are as varied as his viewpoint is cosmopolitan. If you haven't, you may, in seeking him out, first see him beating somebody on the tennis or handball courts. Or he may answer your question as to the author, or location in the library, of the book you are seeking. You may notice his savoir faire as he helps a pretty girl across the street. Although he does not appear in Dunn & Bradstreet, he is a financier of no mean ability. Then again you may know him first through his foul poetry. His greatest success may come in any one of a number of fields, including, even, that of naval officer.



Boxing 4; Baseball 4; Log 4;
Radio Club 4, 3, 2; M.P.O.



Tennis 4; Track 4; Battalion
Track 3, 2, 1; Battalion Swim-
ming 2, 1; Radio Club 4; Busi-
ness Gang 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 Stripe.



RICHARD McCLELLAN TUNNELL
MOBILE, ALABAMA

"Dick"

"Mac"

"Pete"

HE WAS just a long drawn-out drink of Dixie water when he drifted up here plebe summer. Sorta quiet, shy, and good natured, the easy-going Gulf Coaster used to take so long to answer "Heah, suh" in his 'Bama drawl that his platoon regularly came into the mess hall fifteen minutes late. But somehow four years of Navy have changed all that—all but the slow smile and the ineffaceable good humor. The Tunnell of today is a fast talkin', swingin', smooth-lined God's gift to the lassies. He's a hard-hitting boy who won't take no dirt from nobody. Perhaps no longer the classic Southern gen'leman, he's officer material through and through, with a deep-rooted love for the Service.

RALPH WILLIAM RAWSON
 CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

"Raspy"

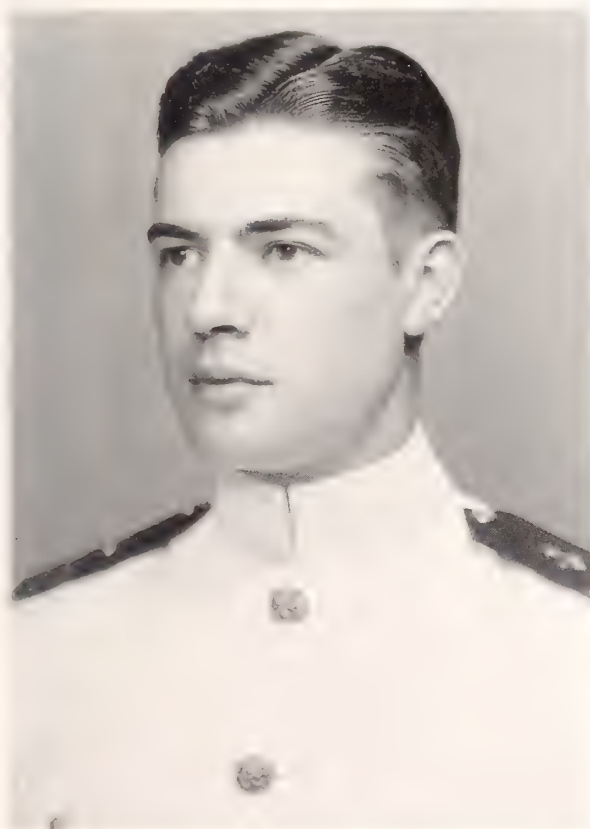
"R. Willie"

THIS is the first of the biographies of Ralph William Rawson, Esq. It is inadequate. Raspy has a purpose in life and spends most of his time, spare and otherwise, in trying to find out what it is. His interests, activities, and what not are as varied as his nose is long, ranging from Batt football, track, basketball, and handball to the reading of Spinoza and rising without comment to the occasional necessity for tutoring grateful, loving, and unsat cellmates. Raspy has the ability to do anything that he wishes, but at the present, his ambition is to retire to a rose covered two-acre estate in Michigan, get married, and spend the rest of his life raising children and sheep.



Cross Country 4, 3; Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 3, 2; Battalion Football 2, 1; 2 Stripes.

Rifle 4; 1 Stripe.

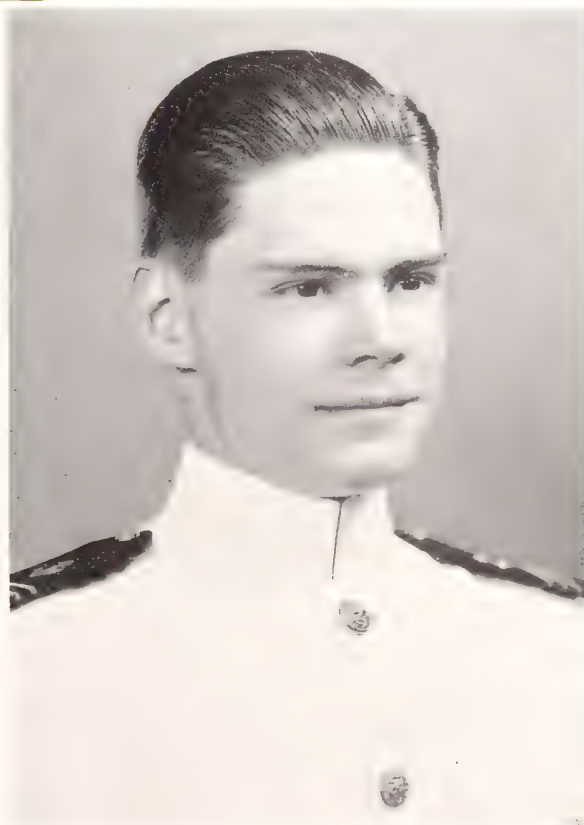


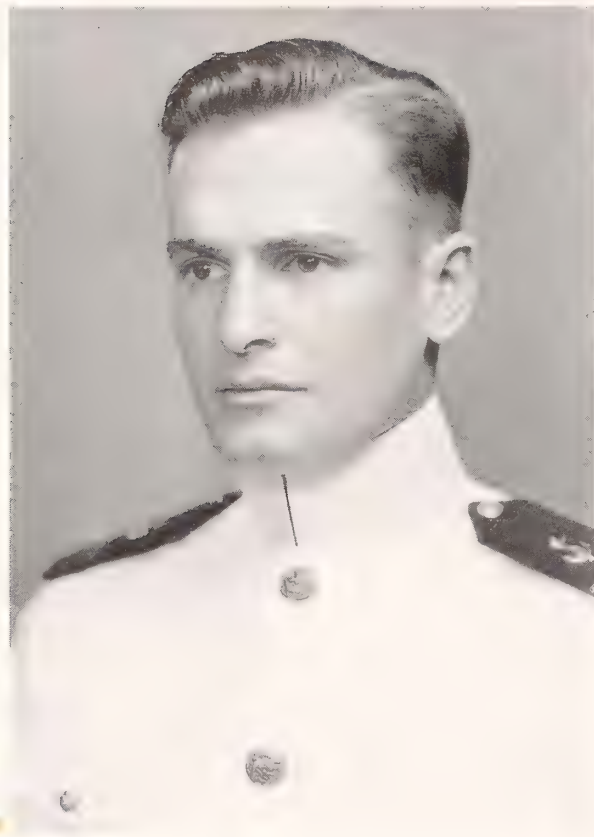
ROBERT COLLINS TRUAX
 ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

"Ex-Lax"

"Bob"

HERE'S another lad from the Wild and Woolly West; another proud son of Sunny California; and to hear him talk, you'd think this California must be a wonderful place. But whether from the influence of life in sunshine or in fog, he has by some manner acquired a keen sense of humor, good nature, and a zest for living. Liking him for four years has left us not much worse off, for though he has edged us into some scrapes, he's helped us out of others. By some sad lot, he has become the victim of Rocketitis—a yen to put rockets on everything from battleships to machine gun bullets. However, modified for rocket propulsion or not, the Fleet will be improved by his presence.



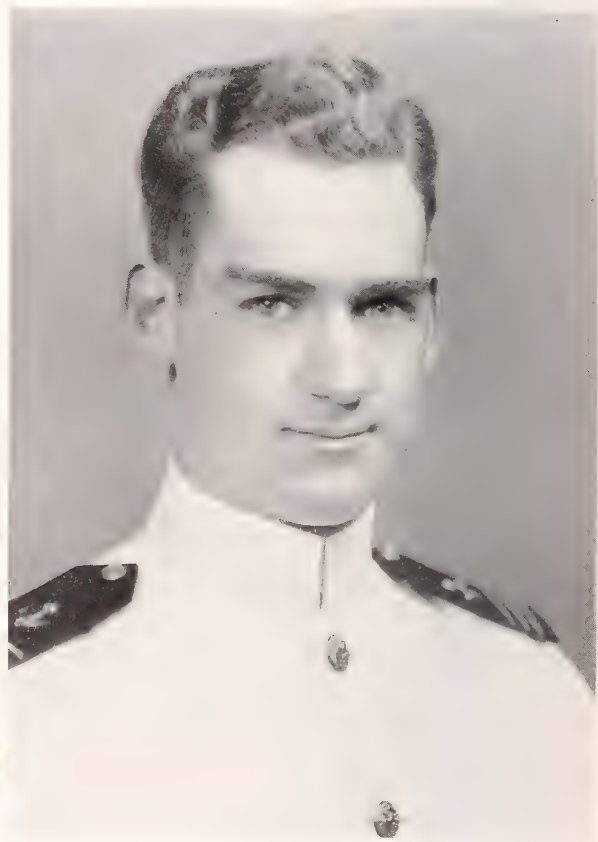


HENRY JOSEPH BRANTINGHAM
PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

"Hank"

"Osagee"

HANK is known among us as "Osagee," man of ingenuity, inventor of gadgets practical and impractical, and inventor, too, of many tall tales replete with the lore of his Oklahoma Indians. He is ever willing to direct his clever mind into any channel of thought, and like the old man of the mountain, a twinkle in Hank's eye promises real entertainment. Modesty is his chief virtue; although he may claim to be numbered among the redmikes, we who have seen him under fire know that his ready light is the first to glow. Fortunate are men who, like "Osagee," take life as it comes, making light of even the darkest moments. Fortunate, too, will be the men who serve as shipmates with him.



ROBERT AARON GULICK, JR.
NEWARK, OHIO

"Bob"

"Lil"

HIS inherent good humor always gets the better of his momentary flashes of temper. One of those irrepressible fellows who always has a ready comeback, with a smile, Bob's very nature will help him to go a long way in any walk of life that he chooses. He has quite a capacity, if not any too great a liking, for hard work. He has and uses a 4.0 system of making friends. And femmes? Well, he doesn't exactly bilge there, either; but let it be said to his credit in this respect that he's a specialist. Without bothering to add up his merits and demerits, we know instinctively that Bob is a "good joe," of whom we'll all be glad to see more in the future.



Company Softball 4, Battalion Football 3, 1 Stripe.

Swimming 4; Crew 4; Radio Club 4; Company Indoor Rifle 2, 1; Trident 2, 1; Glee Club 3; Make-up Gang 3; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; Movie Gang 4, 3, 2, 1; (Chief Operator); 1 Stripe.



ROBERT BARRETT WOOD
HAMILTON, OHIO

"Bob" "Seagull" "Woodie"

THIS hardy mariner is a boisterous but extremely likeable chap. His inevitable keen sense of humor has done much towards making him a host of friends, for Woodie is always able to take a joke no matter how far it is carried. One of Bob's most outstanding characteristics is his determination. He will spend hours thinking out a problem, so he may find out for himself what makes the wheels go 'round. Among his lesser achievements is his athletic ability. In the fall it's soccer, and in the spring he does his share on the crew. While he isn't classed as a snake, he still gets along rather well with the fairer sex. To make a long story short, Bob will make a mighty fine shipmate.



Football Manager 4, 3; Small Bore Rifle Manager 2; Juice Gang 4, 3, 2, 1; Christmas Card Committee, M.P.O.

Soccer 4, 3, 2; Crew 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 3, 2; Boat Club 2, 1, 1 Stripe.

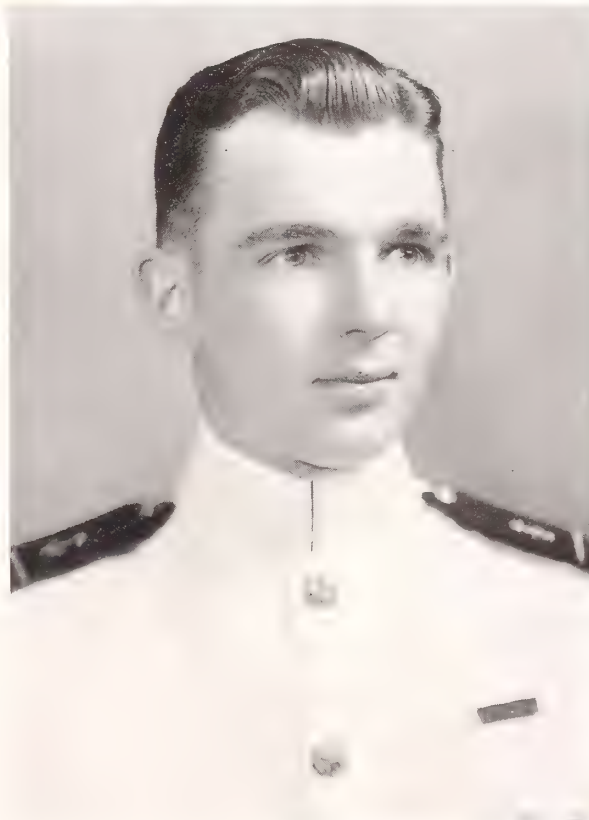


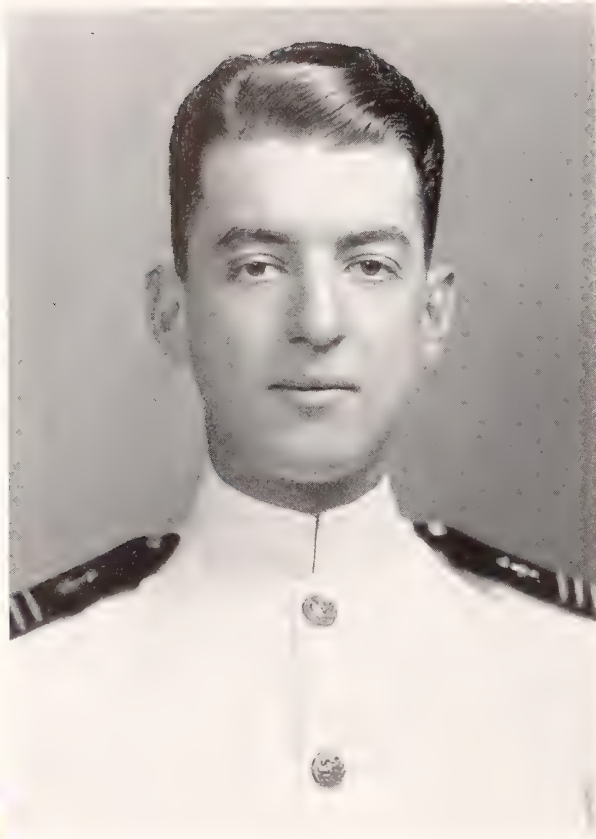
LESTER SENECA WALL

NORTH ATTLEBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS

"Let" "Les" "Wally"

LES came to the Naval Academy from up New England way, bringing with him a typical New England drawl and a burning desire to get ahead in this man's Navy. Academics failed to dim this enthusiasm, and he is still all for that idea. He also brought along a heart interest, and stoutly maintains that they are not all fickle. Determination and perseverance are his greatest virtues, coupled with his ever ready smile and cheerful disposition. He would rather bone Redbook than study, and is an exceedingly unorthodox poker player. However, he has a great deal of the stuff of which naval officers are made, and should end up somewhere near the top. Here's wishing you a pleasant voyage, and happy landings, Let.





LEROY EUGENE HARRIS
BROWNWOOD, TEXAS

"Tex"

"Leak"

"Stan"

HE'S tall, he's dark, and, though we hate to admit it, he's handsome enough to cause more than a mild flutter in many a feminine heart. His tennis and golf are good, his bridge better, and judgment is reserved on that tenor voice we hear morning, noon, and night. Coming from a warm, lazy climate, he has never let mere study interrupt his daily siesta, and yet, with all his caulking off and a mania for running profs, he has always stayed several miles ahead of the academics. This man has a mean line, and if, when he is old and gray, with miles of gold braid on his sleeve, he tries to talk his "wagon" into port—and succeeds—we won't be surprised because—that's our Tex.



ROBERT SCOTT WHITMAN
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

"Whit"

"Scottie"

HAILING from the apparently thriving climate of Binghamton, where men achieve bulk and vigor (and his drags are proud of it) he found the mechanical arts here less palatable than the liberal arts at college. By "jumping numbers" continuously since plebe year, he proved, however, that his mind was readily acclimated to the new curriculum. Either his impatience to put to sea or his early civilian independence netted him a month cruise not included in plebe training. Fortunately in later years he has been more judicious with nocturnal exploits over the mural obstructions. For two years he devoted his brawn to the gridiron, but an injury directed his attentions along literary lines. Equal versatility aboard and ashore will make him a grand shipmate.



Tennis 4, 3, 2; Glee Club 4, 3;
Musical Club Show 4, 3; 3
Stripes.

Football 4, 3; Glee Club 4, 3, 2;
Musical Club Show 3, 2; As-
sistant Director 2; Stunt Com-
mittee 2, 1; Chairman 1; Chair-
man Activities; Committee 1;
Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1; Feature
Editor 1; Trident 2, 1; 1 Stripes.



ROBERT CLEVELAND EVINS
HARTSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

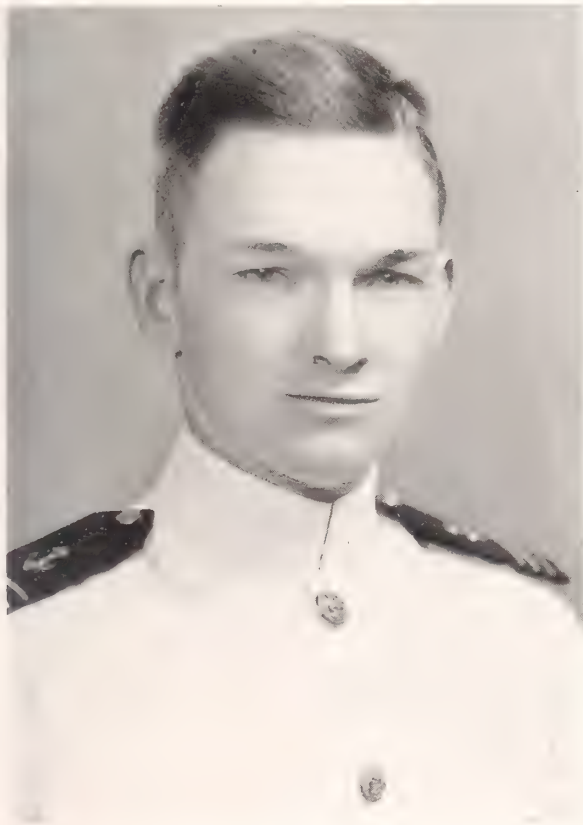
"Bob" "Sweet Pea" "Mushmouth"

SWEET PEA comes from the middle of the sunny Southland—a Rebel and damned proud of it, as we learned upon the first resumption, Plebe Summer, of the fury of the sixties. He isn't so large, but he is capable of wielding broom, belaying pin, or bare fist against any and all odds if the occasion so demands. Bob is still that way—but we've found an easy method of softening his heart. He'll never admit it (for the world) but he is easy prey for the opposite sex. Does he like to truck! In and out of love, in and out of exams, in and out of training—he has always been ready for more—that's why we like our Sweet Pea.



Battalion Boxing 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 3; Company Small Bore 2; 1 P.O.

Boxing 4; Battalion Boxing 2, 1; Battalion Football 3; Company Pistol 2; Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 3, 2; M.P.O.

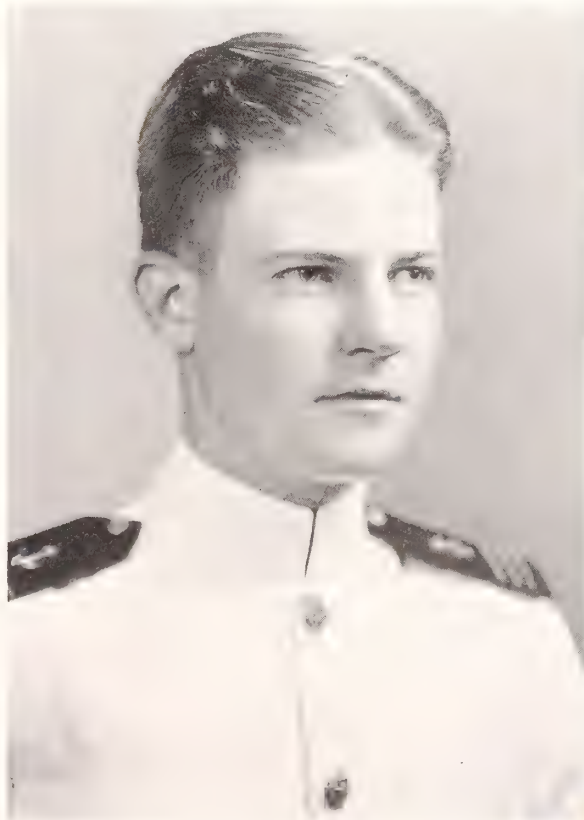


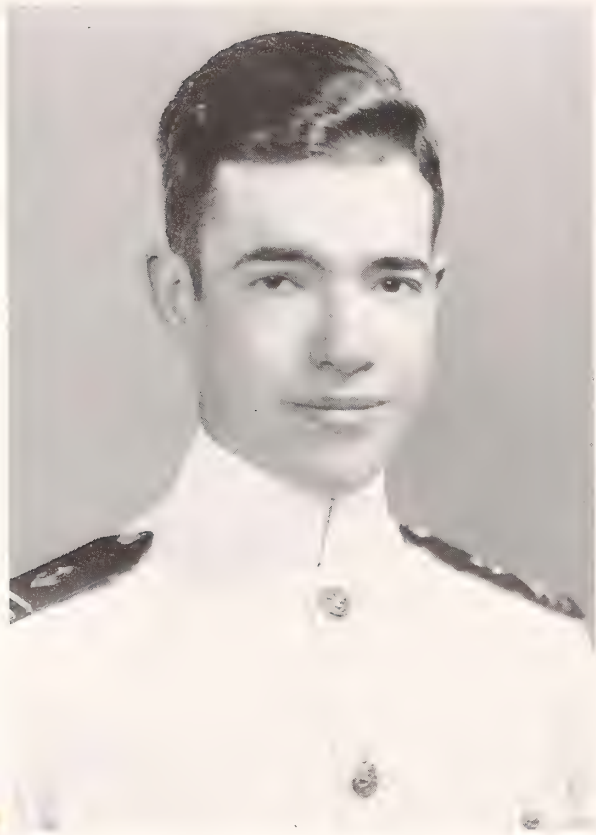
JOHN WALTZ SALVAGE
COSHOCOTON, OHIO

"Rosy"

"Sal"

ASIDE from his habit of singing "Marching Through Georgia," he's been a fine roommate, having passed the acid test of having what you want to borrow when you want to borrow it. Plebe year he was dubbed "Rosy" and has constantly lived up to his name. He boasts the most entrancing blush east of the Rockies (you ought to see him on Saturday nights!) Quite snaky with the women, too, he has set an unprecedented record of dragging six out of seven weekends. A fiend at bridge but conservative at poker, he usually comes out ahead in both; and this is pretty typical of the results of all his doings—he gets the bacon. It's been fun to be around him, and great to know him.





VICTOR TALIAFERRO BOATWRIGHT
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

"Boat"

"El Sabio"

"El Botero"

FROM half-witted horse-play to whole-hearted endeavor—all in a split second! That's our Botero. Officer by Act of Congress, gentleman by act of Nature, scholar by act of God, he will always remain a devoted and loyal friend by those acts of his own will. His good spirits do not generally rise until some time after the sun does, but they do not decline until long after everybody else's have. He is stubborn in argument, steady in habits, stalwart in appearance, sanguine in academics, and standing by you in any kind of trouble—to the very last drop of his blue Virginia blood. As a shipmate, he is priceless . . . God bless him and reserve for him one high place in Navy's Valhalla.



ARTHUR BOUNDS CHILTON, JR.
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

"A. B."

"Aby"

"Chilly"

THERE have been two passions in the illustrious career of Aby—his stars and his gal—and to hold them both he's fought tooth and nail. Unfortunately, although his stars stayed on his collar for four years, his O. A. O. was always some nine hundred miles to the South, in a land of milk and honey, especially honey. Thus it was that Saturday afternoons have found him by the radio listening to his beloved symphonies or down in the music room banging away on the piano—except when he was at the gym banging away on the punching bag. His purpose has been steadfast, but he has never forgotten the advisability of rest cures; with this balance wheel he will probably end up with three stars on his collar instead of one.



Soccer Manager 4, 3, 2, 1;
Editor-in-Chief Lucky Bag; Trident Society 4, 3, 2, 1; Feature Writer-Editor "The Log"; Stars 4, 3, 2, 1; 3 Stripes.

Outdoor Rifle Manager 4, 3, 2, 1; Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Trident 2, 1; Musical Club Show 4, 3, 2, 1; Quarterdeck Society 4; Radio Club 1; Stars 4, 3, 2, 1. 2 stripes.



JAMES LANCASTER HENDERSON
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

"Jim"

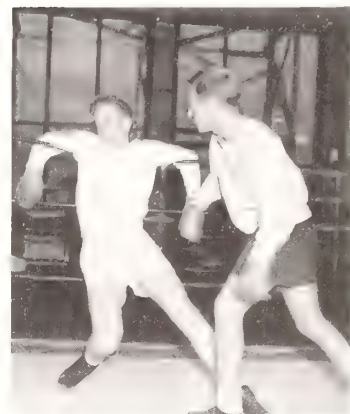
"Hendy"

"THE bigger they come, the harder they fall," mutters little Jim, whose philosophy contends that success is a function of velocity—not of mass. Defying the memory of his gray-clad ancestral gen-try, he joined the Yankee Navy to prove his theory. Meager of size, medium of face, and magnanimous of heart, Jim has gained innumerable friends by his cheerful regard for others' rights. He is a clever fighter, an expert with both the pistol and the rifle, a horseman of dubious ability; and he plays the accordion miserably. With the gracious chivalry of Dixie in his soul, a smile on his lips, and a flash in his eye, he stands for the very best in a ship-mate and a friend.



Indoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, Cut Exchange 4, 3, 2, 1, Expert Rifle; Expert Pistol; Stars 4; 2 Stripes.

Soccer Manager 4; Boxing 4; President Trident Society 2; Ring Committee; Associate Editor Lucky Bag; Art Editor Trident Magazine 2, 1; 2 Stripes



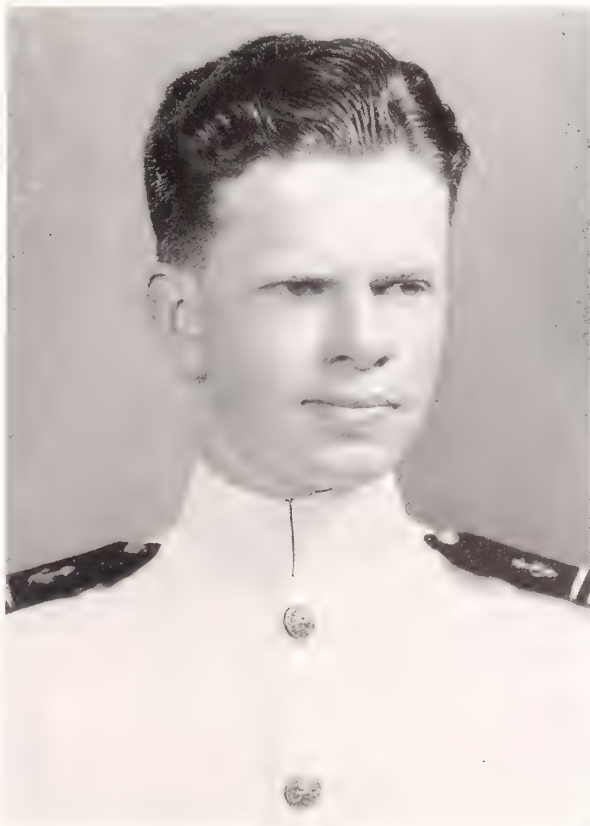
JOHN MOSES GORE
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

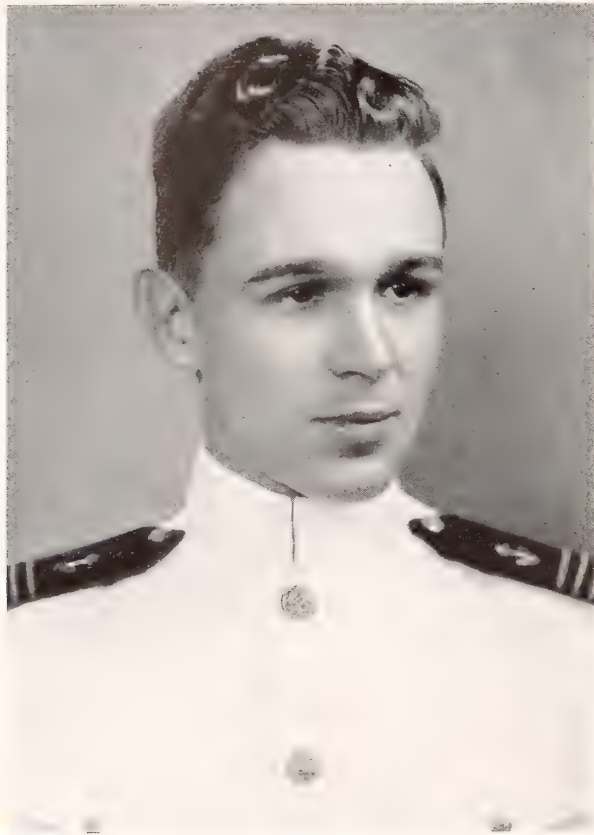
"Bud"

"Deacon"

"Rose-Bud"

FACED with a choice between pulpit and poop-deck, Bud took that course whose ultimate destination is a little less certain. But once "steady on," he has steamed at flank speed with a determination that will carry him far, for he has the will and stamina to reach any goal. Bud's most outstanding traits are his strength of character, his initiative, and his uncompromising honesty. In a "stronghold of mediocrity," so-accused, he is a man who thinks for himself; whose opinions are his own. Weaknesses? Well, he does like vitamins via pills, and he will practice his knife throwing, and he is in love . . . But somehow, it isn't all these, nor even the flaming red hair, but his slow smile and unchangeable good nature that stick in our memories.





GEORGE MESSERSMITH KLINE BAKER
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

"Bake"

"G. M. K."

THE original bundle of energy—how he keeps so many irons in the fire simultaneously will always be a mystery. So full of enthusiasm that it's positively discouraging for the rest of us, yet he's never too busy to lend a willing hand to a classmate. It doesn't pay to argue with him; somehow you always find yourself behind the proverbial eight-ball. But he always manages to make the answer seem accidental. He's no slouch when snaking either. Any man who buys patent leather shoes in October of Youngster year does so with a purpose. The results can be judged by the daily influx of mail and the lack of vacant space on his locker. Here's to him; may he follow a straight road to success.



DANIEL MCGUIRE CHILD
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Dan"

"Danny"

HERE'S to the Danny of unruly blonde hair, ready humor, and easy-going nature. He will explain a complicated ordnance problem to his bewildered roommates as readily as he will laugh at any good joke, even though it is at his own expense. His amusing similies lend interest to any conversation, and frequently a whole evening slips by with little accomplished except a darn good bull session. But his attributes are by no means always directed along such passive lines. Many a girl has gasped twice as Danny swaggers by carrying the colors of the second company. Dan, may we frequently be able to sit in the same wardroom over a hot cup of Java and recall past experiences, as well as look forward to cruises as shipmates.



Basketball 4; Battalion Swimming 2; Battalion Basketball 1; Company Rifle 3, 2; Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1; Managing Editor 1; Boat Club Senior Member 2, 1; 1 P.O.

Italian Club 2; G.P.O.



FREDRIC B. CLARKE
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

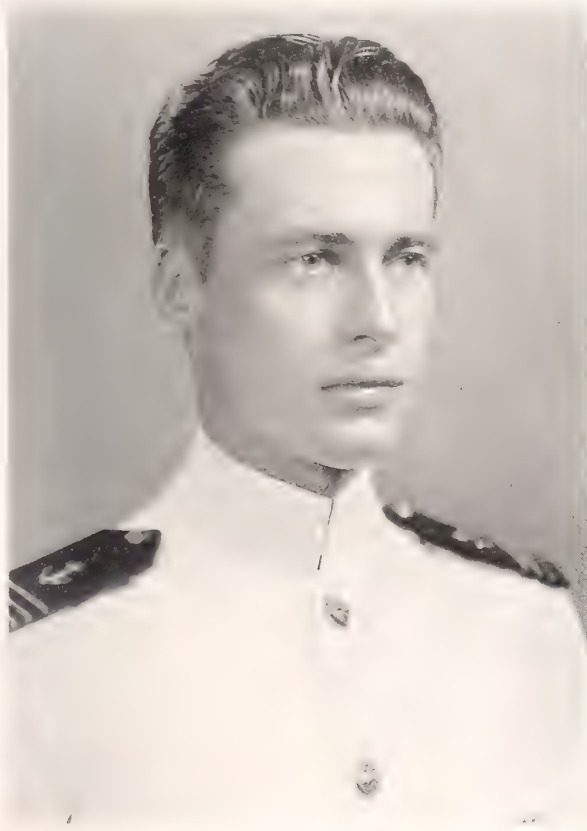
"Freddie"

AS HIS picture shows, Fred has plenty on the ball as far as women are concerned. That has been the only trouble with being his roommate. Passing through so many crises with him when the object of his affections was changing would make one feel fully qualified to run an "advice to the lovelorn" column. He is savvy enough not only to look out for himself, but also to help several others drag aching bodies through the academic wars. His congeniality presents an impenetrable barrier to strife and discord; his good nature is enough to dissolve the gloom that hangs over a room in the dreary weeks after a good leave. Through anything, you can count on Fred to back you up to the last ditch.



Log Staff 2, 1; Editorial Board 1,
German Club 2, G.P.O.

Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1, Battalion
Soccer 4, Boat Club 2, M.P.O.



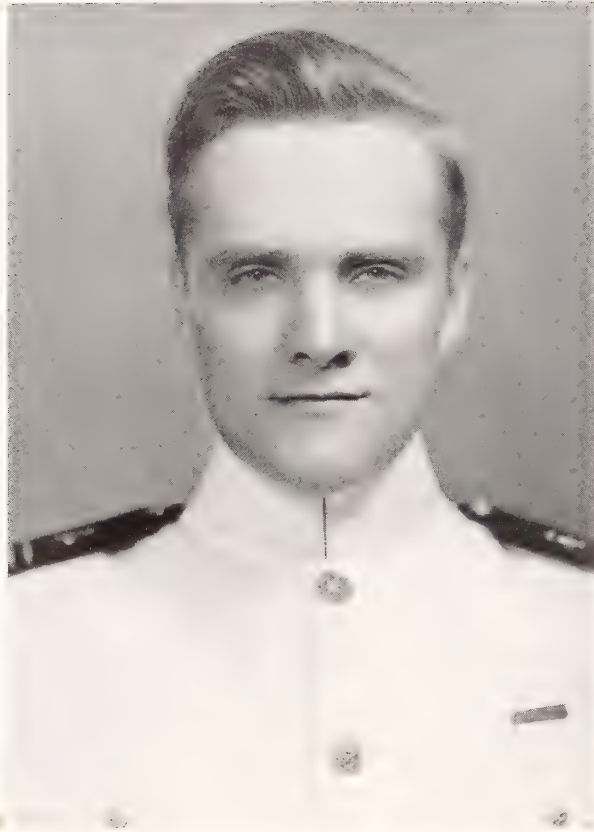
LLOYD ROLAND VASEY
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Joe"

"Cuddlesome"

LLOYD ROLAND, known much more frequently as Joe, has spent many years in the tropics—Samoa, the Philippines, and Charleston, S. C.—furnishing him material for many a cold winter evening's conversation. These same years, spent swimming like a native, made him a natural for the swimming squad. He can be depended on to be a redmike unless someone needs help; even then the gal must be a forty and savvy. His being a Navy Junior seeming rather beside the point to him, makes Joe a conspicuous exception to the rule. He has never let any academic department get more than two strikes on him, and has played ball with the Executive Department. If work and perseverance are the things that are required for success, he'll go right to the top.

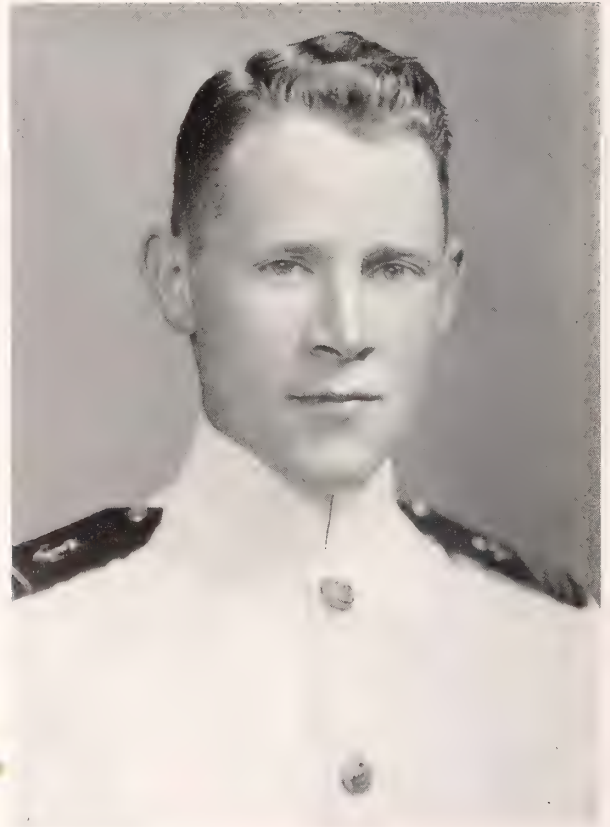




GEORGE BERGER CATTERMOLE
RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY

"George"

ARRIVING in Annapolis pretty sure of five cents a mile to his credit, George nonchalantly proceeded to draw his broom and reg. book and begin Plebe life. Trained by the inhabitants of "Welcome to Hell," he emerged a methodical and conscientious Youngster. Manipulating his slipstick without allowances for laundry numbers or J— constants allows him to enjoy the social whirl of Crabtown weekends without Monday morning setbacks. His hop schedule, like a pre-reveille call list, is made out well in advance. A familiar name on the notice of "Shipments in the express office for . . .," his room has been a Mecca for hungry mates. His are a pleasant disposition, a dash of wit, determination, and thoroughness. Is much else necessary?



LAWRENCE LOVIG, JR.
MERRICK, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"Larry"

LARRY exchanged the pleasures of Long Island civilization for the tumultuous life of a midshipman. A skilled hand at sailing, he quickly grasped the opportunity to indulge in this sport. Larry's social life, held up by plebe year, was thereafter steaming under forced draft in spite of the turbulent waters of youngster Math. In the fall we find him puzzling over how to make circles out of rectangles for card stunts. Other spare moments find him bouncing a lacrosse ball off the bulkhead, or swinging with Goodman with fanatical devotion. You will find him at almost all social gatherings or bull sessions. His courteous bearing and the expression of friendliness with which he greets you make Larry a swell fellow—certain of a welcome reception anywhere.



Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2; Battalion Soccer 4, 3; Company Pistol 2; Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Vice-President 1; Trident Society 4, 3, 2, 1; Circulation Manager 1; Company Representative 3, 3 Stripes.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1; Water Polo 4; Hop Committee 1; Stunt Committee 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3, 2; M.P.O.



NORMAN WOODROW WHITE
 QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

"Norm" "Whitey"

A SAILOR by heritage, Norm has been at home in the naval school for boys from the day he entered. Taking his academics as they came, he has had ample time for other fields of greater personal interest to himself. A gambler at heart, "Whitey" will take a chance on anything. Although always ready for a fast game of "touch," one of cribbage would be still more to his liking. We quote as a further sailorlike characteristic a familiar exclamation of his: "'Don't tear that shirt! It's good for a couple more launderings yet.'" Being of the tall-dark-and-han'some variety, he likes his women or leaves them, as the mood dictates. Four years of close and harmonious association with him have shown us that his future is secure.



Wrestling 4; Radio Club 1,
 Movie Gang; Log Staff; 1
 Stripe.

Company Pistol 3, 2; Company
 Rifle 3; Company Small Bore 2;
 Lucky Bag, Radio Club 3, 2, 1;
 Boat Club 4, 2 Stripes.

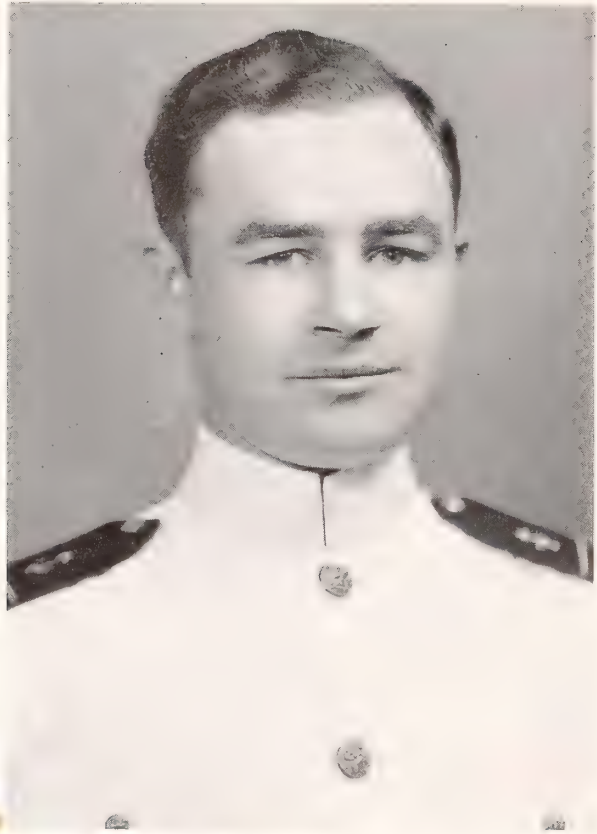


CHARLES BERNARD ADELMANN
 AT LARGE

"Chick" "Chico" "Barney"

WHEN Chick came here he was already a Navy man. Not content with weathering a tropical storm at the tender age of two, he spent his younger days in Navy hangouts from Cuba to Alaska. From these far-flung posts he has gathered a wealth of stories, mostly about bears, and when he has an idle hour and gets that merry twinkle in his eye there's no stopping him. After a hectic Youngster year in which he considered the advantages of being a civilian, Chick's love for the Service again took hold of him and he began showing his capabilities in decided fashion. And if he can safely weather that desire to be a Marine, the Navy will get a very fine officer.





BYRON EBERLE COOKE
MARSHALL, TEXAS

"Cookie"

HIS reticence and dry humor are his best qualities. Byron is one of those very quiet persons who seem to be taking in everything but never saying much about it. He hails from Texas, but has spent much time in Wyoming, where he worked on a dude ranch. Perhaps he picked up his silent demeanor in the West. His Navy career began as an enlisted man two years before he entered the Academy. Always at odds with the academic departments, he has defensively developed an uncanny ability for pulling sat with a minimum of effort. It is a very difficult task to make him talk; but once started, he has some good yarns. He is undistinguished mostly because he has never broken the siesta habit.



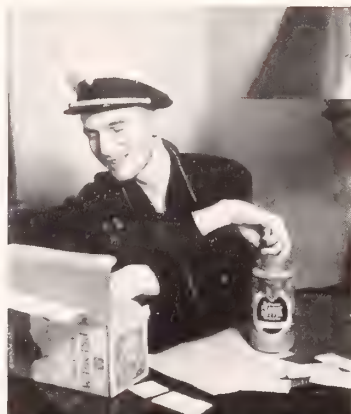
JOHN ADRIAN SHARPE, JR.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Slim"

"Bud"



Radio Club; 1 P.O.



BUD came to the Academy with the benefit of a Navy background, and he has put it to good use. Studies have offered him little difficulty, and so he has found time to increase his knowledge of sea craft and men, and to pursue his pet hobby of making model ships. When a man's hobby is related to his chosen life work, he is pointed to be a success. The fairer sex in general have always held a strong appeal for Slim, but it took a little princess from nearby Maryland to make him really see the light. Possessing all of the attributes needed for success, one can only predict smooth sailing for this grand fellow and swell roommate.



BILLY RAMSEY BRYANT
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

"Willy"

"Billy"

WHEN "Willy" finally decided to come out of the backwoods and put on shoes, the "revenooers" breathed easier, and the Naval Academy welcomed his spirit with open arms. Although that demon, "Akademicks" has "honted" him, he has always managed to give it the slip. When Billy isn't sleeping, he's boning, when he isn't boning, he's eating, and then the process repeats. The only real desire Billy worries about not achieving is to be six feet tall. Otherwise, his booming laugh announces absolute and consistent, strong-willed refusal to let any discouragement get him down. We who like him are quite used to evincing more concern over Borderline Billy than he ever allows himself to show. A prince of a fellow!



WILLIAM ALBERT CLOMAN, JR.
CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO

"Bat"

"Bill"

ZZZZZ—BAT'S holding "bunk drill" again: his favorite form of exercise. When, by some twist of fate, he misses his afternoon siesta, he says that he can't sleep at night for worrying about the sleep he lost in the afternoon. But on weekends—that's a different story; we gaze in awe at the mighty little man as he trips the light fantastic. The only thing sure to stop him from what he started out to do, is a good argument. He will argue about anything, at any place, and at any time. And never make the mistake of trying to convince him that he is wrong—it can't be done. Here's continued good luck to the champion of the short and homely.



Battalion Football 4, 3, 2, 1;
1 P.O.

Gym 4; Radio Club 1; M.P.O.



WARREN JAY DAVIS, JR.

ALBANY, TEXAS

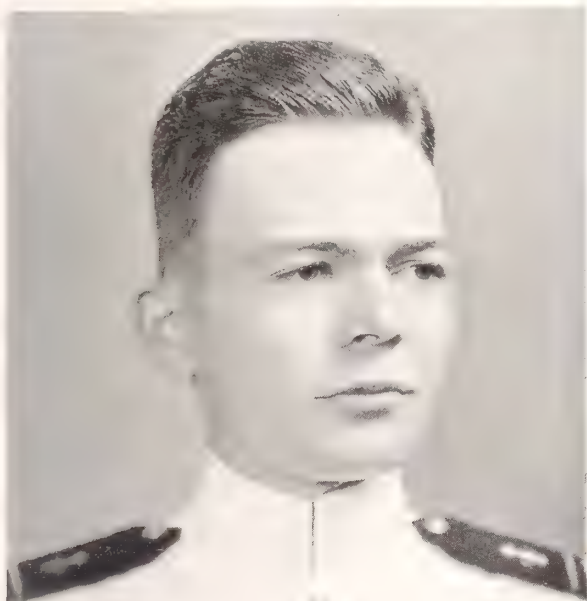
"Stinky"

SOON after his admittance to these sacred portals Jay distinguished himself from the mass. In less than a year he was known by the regiment as an indispensable and incomparable addition to the Navy. Since that time his presence has constantly been evidenced through various media. He endeared himself to his classmates by not practicing on his saxophone—which he used to advantage in the NA-10. The class average was undoubtedly brought down a 1.0 because of his far-reaching, inimitable laughter which functioned as well during study hour as at any other time. This sense of humor has carried him over the rough spots and has brought him to the Fleet just as fine a fellow as when he left the bad-lands of Texas.



Wrestling 4, Boxing 2, 1, Battalion Football 2, 1, N.A.-10 2, 3, M.P.O.

Wrestling 4, Crew 4, 3, Battalion Crew 2, 1, Orchestra 1, 3; Radio Club 4, 3; 1 P.O.



ROBERT GWATHMEY MERRITT
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Fuzzy"

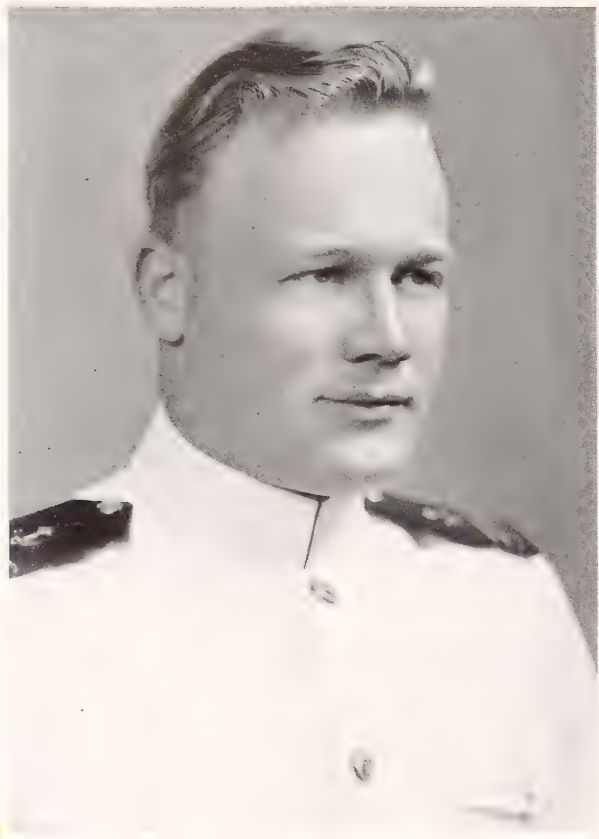
"Bob"

"Foxtail"

"Buzz"

BOB, much to his present consternation, entered the Academy direct from prep school, sans the short college career of many of our classmates. If the blue and gold no longer requires his shoulders as part of its foundation, Fuzzy seriously intends to taste this conceptual existence in the role of an indifferent collegian. He'd be a good roommate then, too, if he retained the qualities which he has possessed while here. His only fault is his absent-mindedness. However, the young ladies that are mysteriously precipitated by forgotten, convergent invitations, make excellent blind drags for all the neighbors. As for Fuzzy's aptitude for the service—well, when in charge of room, he makes cellmates sign slips in order to obtain their Ordnance pamphlets from the confidential locker.



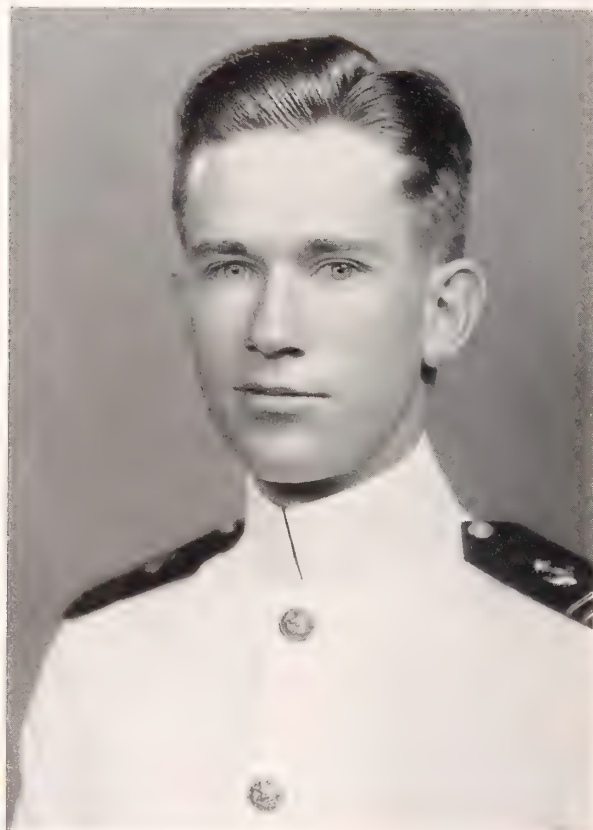


JOHN BAUMAN DUDLEY, JR.
MARIETTA, GEORGIA

"Dud"

"Johnny"

FIRST, tranquillity. "A man doesn't have time to cuss a cat around this place. Wake me up at two o'clock." Yet look at those shoulders! And he's averaged 3.2, made every day add something to the well-roundedness of his experience, and by his example has shown the wisdom of interpolating carefully the first time and not doing it over again mentally on the way back from class. His unruffled slant at things and his good-natured cooperation in a pinch, are dependable. Dud doesn't fail to see the forest from looking at the separate trees. That's why his gripes at irksome trivialities have been fewer than ours; why his belief in the Navy career is more unshakable than most—why his "Service ceiling" is practically unlimited.



MARVIN DOWDY NORTON, JR.
MARIETTA, GEORGIA

"Doc"

"Medico"

SMALL town environment and a laissez faire philosophy tied up with aeronautical ambitions have given us a personality full of interesting and worthwhile qualities. Yes, it's our roommate Doc. What finer tribute could we give him than to say he gets along with folks. Perhaps it results from his appreciation of human values. A large share of the credit is perhaps due to his nice sense of personal honor. His confidence, initiative, and discreet attitude are attributes that make you value Doc as well as respect him. In his training to be an officer he never neglected the first essential, that of being a gentleman. Non-sophistication, a natural, imperfect polish, and genuine geniality are not goals for Doc, they are achievements.



Battalion Football 4, 3, 2, 1;
2 Stripes.

Cross Country 4, Track 4, 3, 2;
Lucky Bag 1; 2 Stripes.



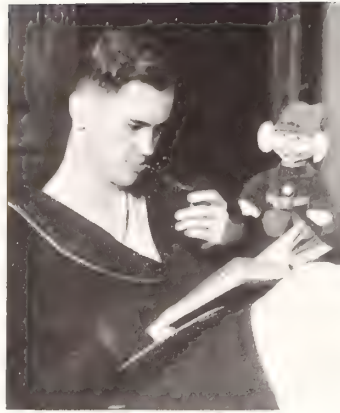
JOHNATHAN FREDERICK RICE
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

"Johnny"

"Punchy"

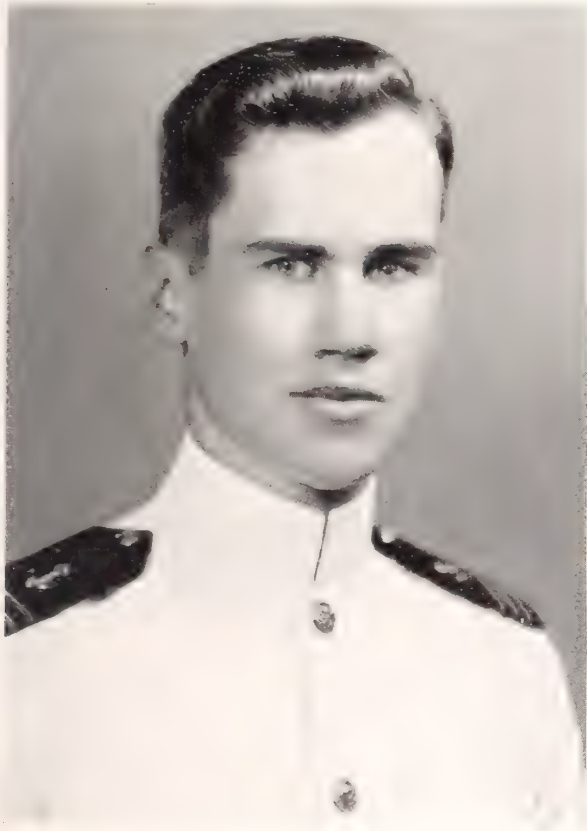
"Arroz"

ERUDITION without pedantry, assurance without superiority—these are Johnny's earmarks. He views the general world with unshakable confidence and his private world with merited satisfaction. Consistently able to grasp things for which many of us reach vainly, he stores these gains unostentatiously in his private storehouses. His academic record stands as evidence. His actual activities are as diversified as his attitudes toward ours. Radio clubbing and debating have dominated his non-sporting extra-curriculum. From his sports activities, he possesses the enviable choice of being able either to stand and slug with his man or to outrun him. To observe this Rice is to wonder; to associate with him is to appreciate unexpectedness; to know him thoroughly is doggone difficult.



Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1, Cross Country 4; Orchestra 4; Battalion Cross Country 3, 2; Quarterdeck Society 3, 2, 1; Radio Club; Language Club; Stars 4, 2; 1 Stripe.

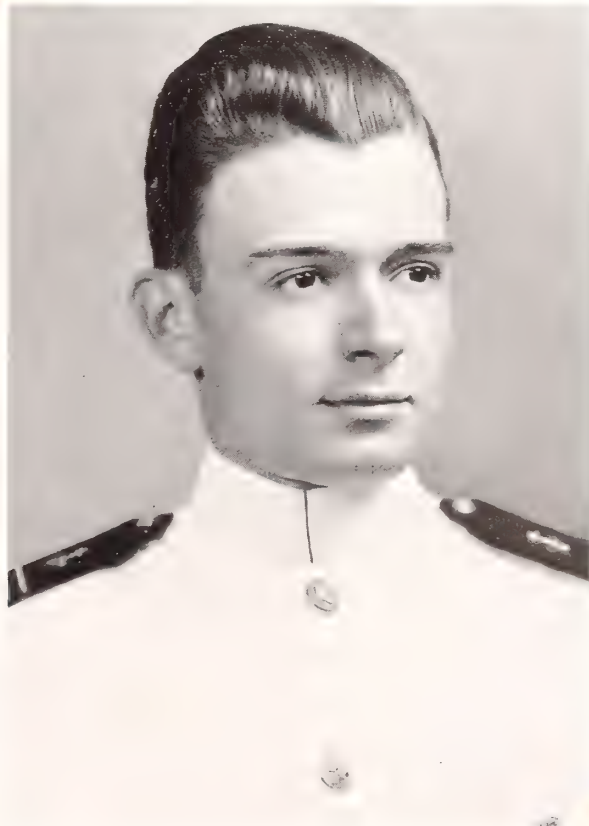
Boxing 4; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Advertising Manager Reef Points; Quarterdeck Society 4, 3; 2 Stripes.

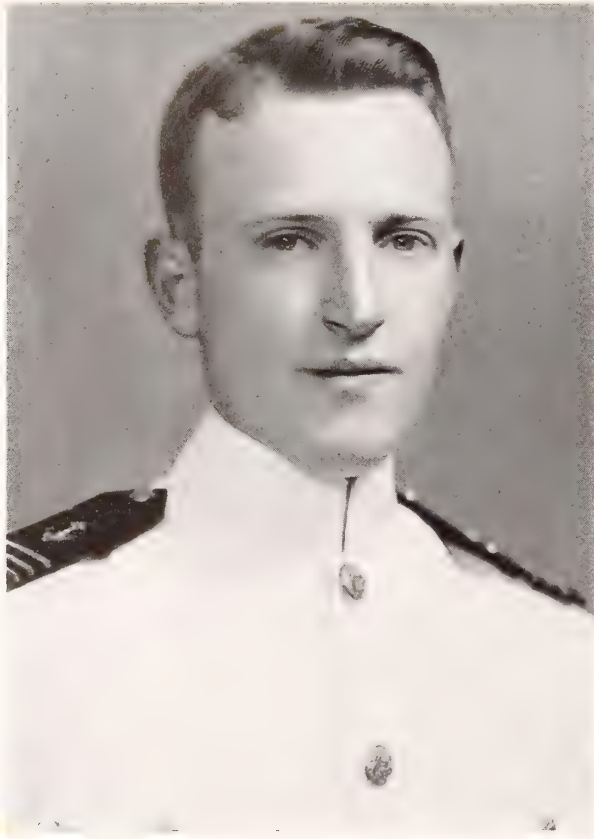


ERNEST HUSTON DUNLAP, JR.
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Ernie"

ERNIE is a fellow who really carries his ideas into action. Second Class year, for instance, he went ahead and bought that soup-and-fish he wanted. But Plebe summer it was that saw the beginning of his greatest coup: that of making the real and lasting impression on—a Yard Engine . . . one of the finest of 'em on record. To do justice we should above all leave you with a suggestion of the something really great in the way of personality connected with this name of Dunlap. Extra duty, liberty, or come what may—his lovable disposition remains intact. Pleasing people whose opinions matter to him gives him the greatest of satisfaction. He hates eulogy, but, anyway, we'd feel no qualms about sharing close submarine quarters with him.



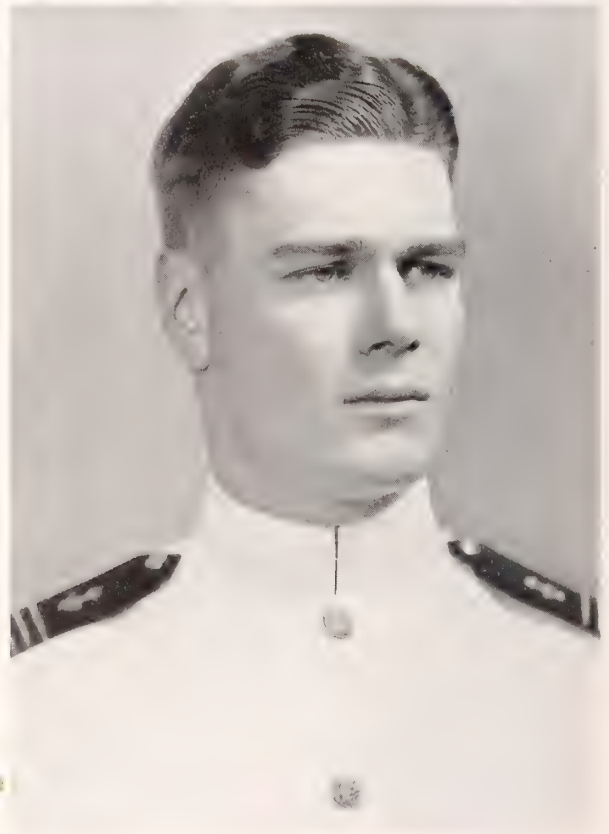


ROBERT EDWARD PAIGE
WHEATLAND, WYOMING

"Pagina"

"Bob"

IF BRAINS varied inversely as height, Pagina would have set an all-time record here. Conclusion: Brains do NOT vary inversely as height of pockets. His lack of size, however, has given him one advantage—free rides up and down the Severn as coxswain of one of Buck Walsh's shells; and how he does sit back and tell the big boys what to do! As to his interest in femininity, we think it's ideal—never dragging enough to be called a snake, but by no means having a redmike's outlook; his is that happy medium of susceptibility. And because he applies himself completely to the task at hand, we're certain he will do well, whether his final try at stretching that three-eighth inch and staying in the Service is successful or not.

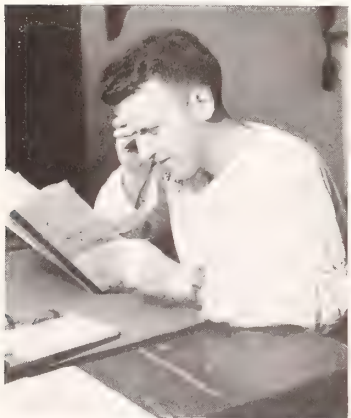


KARL SCHLEGEL VAN METER
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Van"

"K. S."

OUTSIDE of trying to convince the numerous unbelievers here that California is the best place in the world, Van never had a long-lasting problem in the world. A 2.500 is just as good to him as a 3.98. He is always ready to drag for anybody, and if he is bricked, he soon forgets all about it, and is ready to oblige again. Sure, he loves football; plays it five months a year and talks it the other seven months. He never lost a bet in his life, and we never expect him to, since he bets on cinches with 5 to 1 odds. With plenty of ability in his own unaided right and without a hard feeling against anyone, Van will never have any trouble in coming out on top.



Crew 4, 3, 2, 1, Radio Club,
1 P.O.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club;
1 P.O.



JOHN DOTT HARPER, JR.
TRINIDAD, COLORADO

"Johnnie"

"Harp"

ALTHOUGH John had to abandon the rod and reel to come to the Academy he still loves to reminisce on the superb trout fishing of his native state. This and tennis occupy his leisure moments; that is, when he isn't dragging or writing letters to his O. A. O. In his work he has the praiseworthy habit of getting the last .01 of good out of the time allotted—if you've ever seen the sweat on his brow at the end of a Nav P-work, you can appreciate the extent of that eagerness. Happy is always to be remembered as the midshipman who openly admitted enjoying the Inaugural P-rade. His excess of optimism has carried him and his friends through many a gloomy Sunday.



Tennis 4, 3; Battalion Tennis 2, 1; Wrestling 4; Battalion Wrestling 3, 2; Musical Club Shows 2, 1; Reception Committee 2, 1; Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Hop Committee 1; Radio Club 1; 1 Stripe.

150 lb. Crew 4, Battalion Crew 3, 2, Battalion Soccer 2, 1, Boat Club 3, 2, 1, Stars 4, 2, 2 Stripes.



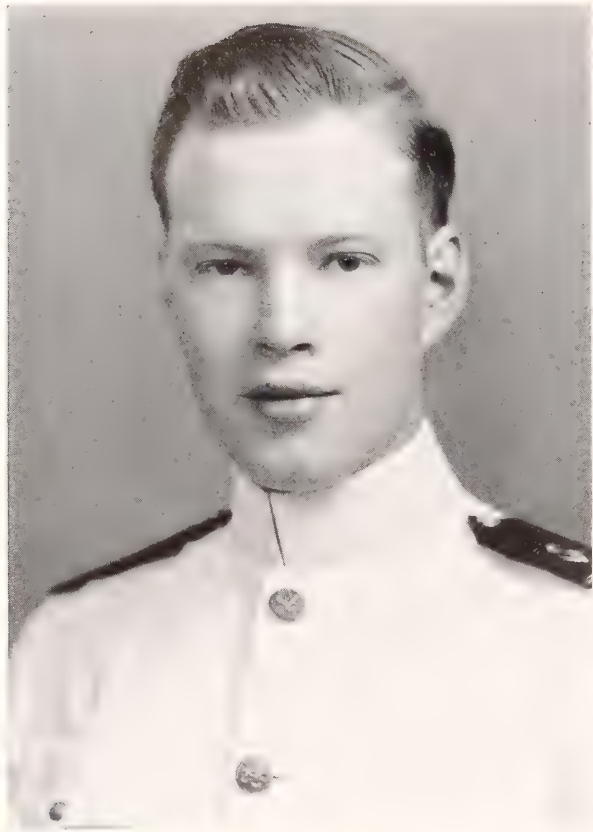
GEORGE WINFIELD SCOTT
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Scottie"

"Great Western"

THE salt first entered George's veins during his sailing trips along the coast of California. Since he has been at the Naval Academy, he has found difficulty only in seeing eye charts. He is the possessor of one of those minds which allow him to star without much difficulty. His disposition is consistently cheerful. Not even the spells of liquid sunshine that occur in California can keep him from singing praises of his native state. Every season finds him out for some sport, but sailing remains his first and chief love. Dragging plays an important part in his life, and nearly every hop weekend finds him in the company of some fair lady. George has all it takes for a successful career—here's to him.

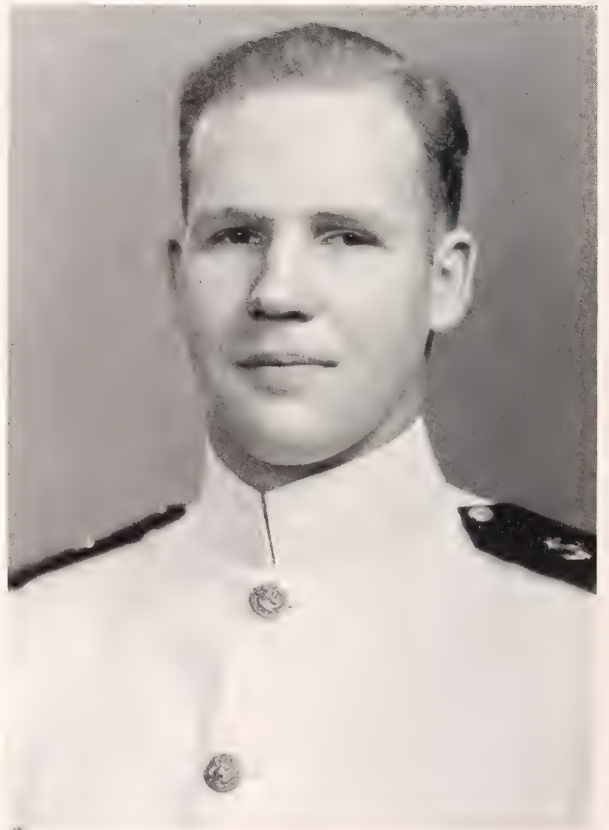




NEIL EDWIN HARKLEROAD
SALINA, KANSAS

"Neil" "Harky" "North-East"

THIS tall dark 'n handsome son of Kansas has been his classmates' oracle for the past four years in the scientific branches of academics. His mechanically gifted mind has cleared up many difficult problems for troubled Steam and Math unsats. Harky has affinities for chow and anything that runs—especially airplanes. Living with him is easy and normal, its peace interrupted only by lively arguments on cabbages and kings. Neil's close affiliation with the Radiator Squad has landed him on the weak squad once or twice but a little exercise has always pulled him off. Socially cautious around these parts, Neil returns from each leave enthusiastic about his Kansas sunflower and then does the wise thing about it—goes back to work.



ALTON LOUIS CLIFFORD WALDRON
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

"Red" "Rojo"

"RUGGED individual"—that's Red; vying with Charles Atlas, he has a body beautiful that has come from that mile in the pool every day. A mind equally supple saw him through the first two years of academics with ease; then with a little diligence he entered the chalk dust class. Three times a day he chants this ditty—"Well, she'd better write tomorrow," or, "Stack all my mail by states." And puns—ouch! Never a follower of the established systems, he has had his differences of opinion with the powers that be. This democratic outlook and a good word for anyone have made him many friends. For his true instincts of a man, his appreciation of a 4.0 drag, and his good taste he is well remembered.



Chairman Class Crest Committee; Ring Committee; Boat Club; Class Supper Committee; 2 Stripes.

Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1; C.P.O.



GEORGE JOSEPH LARGESS
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

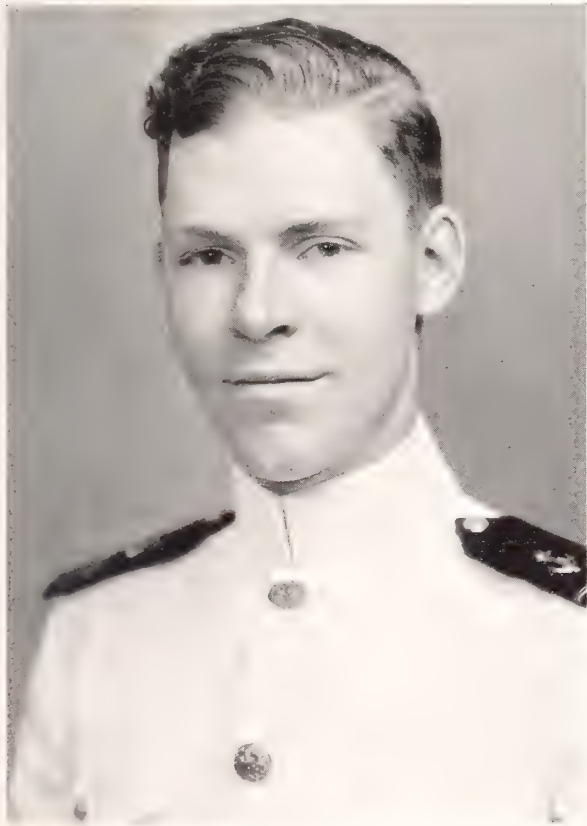
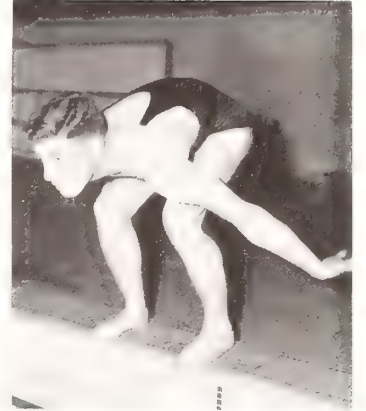
"Jiggs"

FROM Medford came this mighty member of the fourth platoon to bolster our spirits with his quick wit and ready puns. His only drawback is that many of his puns are "fairly wicked." His few struggles with the academic departments have shown that when it is necessary he can bear down and come through with flying colors. Jiggs was a confirmed misogynist until he finally succumbed to the charms of the fair sex but then no hop was complete without him. With such an equable disposition he has made a host of friends and is an ideal roommate. His characteristic enthusiasm will never allow Jiggs to fail as he moves on toward ward-room country and then to that suite having a private voice tube from the bridge.



Wrestling 3, 2, 1; Baseball Manager 4; Lucky Bag Advertising Staff; Boat Club 3, 2; 1 P.O.

Water Polo 4, 3; Swimming 2, 1, Company Rifle 4, 2, 1, Lucky Bag Business Staff; 2 Stripes.

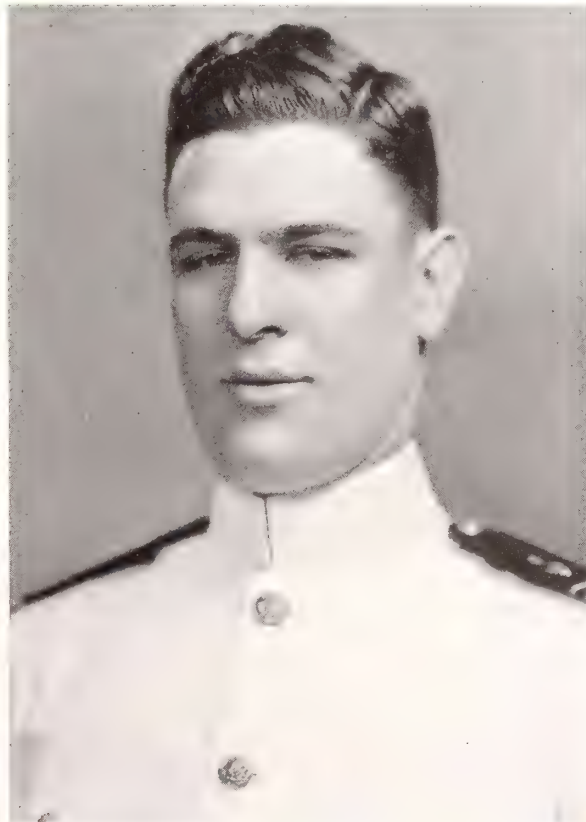


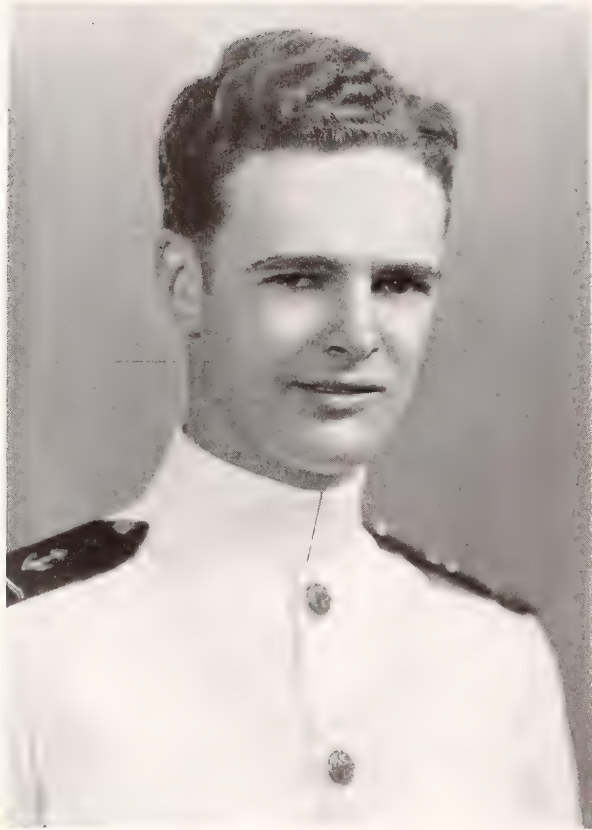
FRANK MARION RALSTON
DECATUR, ILLINOIS

"Frankie"

"Ral"

THE first impression we received from Frankie back plebe summer was borne by the strains of "We're Loyal to You, Illinois." Frank is just as loyal to his friends as he is to Illinois, and that's saying a lot. He is a grand pal and roommate, but his one failing is a lack of appreciation for a good pun. As for being either a redmike or a snake, that doesn't bother him. He neither denies the one or claims the other. A savvy boy, he is always ready to help another. Throughout these four years of the growth of responsibilities, he has always done what he had to, and then some more. We expect a lot from him as they continue to increase.





KENNETH SAMUEL BARKER, JR.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Ken" "Ma" "Bosco" "Kenny"

THOUGH Ken may almost be considered a globe-trotter, he still thinks that his "podunk" in California is the center of the universe. He began his march to fame by being the first man enrolled in the class of '39. Ken, whose nature favors more cultural pursuits of life, is keenly interested in musical arts, literary works, and foreign travel. Original manuscripts so fascinated him that he almost missed a train from London. Although he is an ardent student and diligent worker, he never slights his social life. His dancing, humor, and pleasant manners have a winning way with the fairer sex. Ken's character is particularly marked by perseverance. His determination to finish any assigned task should assure him success in his chosen profession.



WILLIAM WARD HUFFMAN
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Billy" "Huffy" "Mabel"

BILLY keeps up to the minute with international affairs; possesses a keen appreciation for instrumental music; delves wildly into the lore of photography, and gingerly into the lore of femininity. Spending most of his spare time in the fencing loft, W. W. is a pin pusher of no mean ability. We summarize by nominating him as a true Southern gentleman possessing all the fine qualities of an all round character. Having been bred in a manufacturing city has abetted his keen interest in engineering and machinery. In fact, he is only completely happy when he is tinkering with his automobile engine or constructing a model airplane. He is a friendly companion, always willing to help the other fellow with his difficulties; a man of ideas, abounding in initiative, resourcefulness, and perseverance.



1 P.O.

Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1; Mandolin Club 2, 1; Lucky Bag Photographic Staff; 1 P.O.



JAMES MARSHALL DUNFORD
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Jim"

"Dummy"

OUR Jimmy is liked by everyone he smiles at, and he smiles at everyone. The state of Washington in general, and Seattle, the University, and Tau Beta Pi Engineering Honorary in particular, lost a very valuable man when Jim decided on the Navy as a career, for since he has been with us he has proven himself a man of extraordinary versatility. He is one of the few who do everything well. Not only has he been outstanding in his academic achievements; he's acquitted himself well athletically. Not to be lightly passed over either is his social prowess. Though savours come and savours go, only once in a blue moon comes one like this—clean, four-square, and regular every inch of the way.



Company Rifle 3, 2, 1, Battalion Gym 2, 1, Battalion Football 3, Radio Club 4, 3, 1, 1; Language Club 2, 1, 2 Stripes.

Basketball Manager 4, 3, 2, 1; Tennis 4; Battalion Soccer 4; Boat Club 4, 3; Radio Club 4, 3; Language Club 2, 1; Company Representative 2; Stars 4, 3, 2, 1; 4 Stripes.

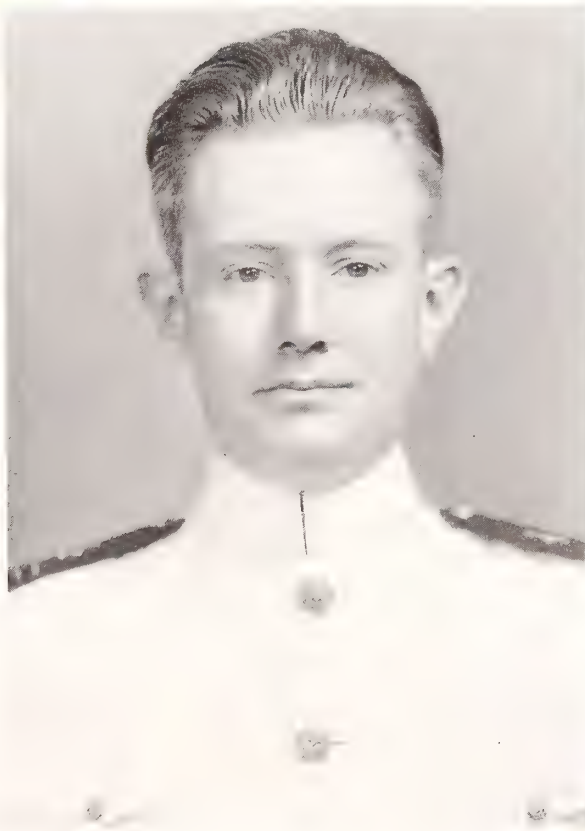


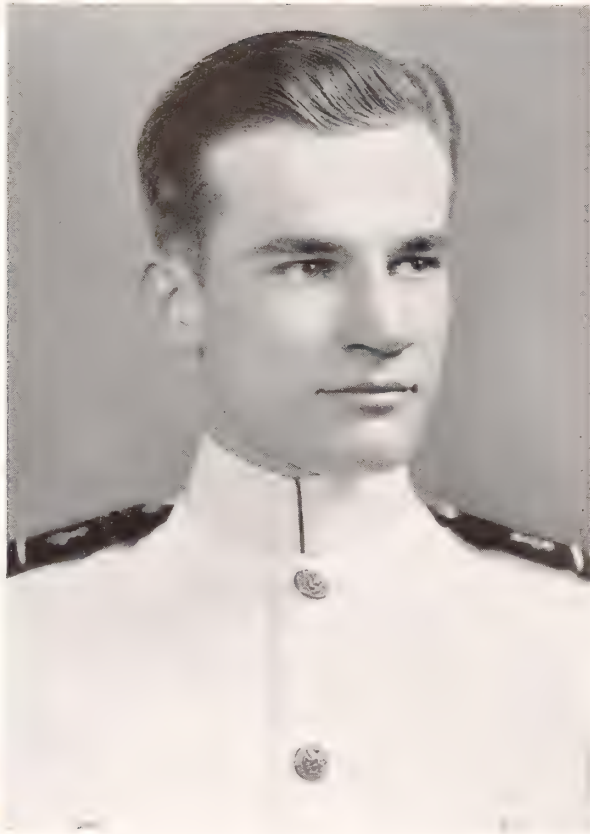
LENARD OYEN REICHEL
PAW PAW, MICHIGAN

"Len"

"Deacon"

WHAT do we desire in a friend? Common interests, sense of humor, cheerfulness, and thoughtfulness are some of the more important qualities—and Deacon has them all. His wide circle of friends is accounted for by his wide diversity of interests. Whether it's battalion sports in all seasons, a Sep leave fishing trip in his home state, or a bicycle tour in Sweden, he loves the outdoors and real exercise. Possessing the mentality necessary to a star man, his mind is yet always busy on some practical design or startling invention. He by no means avoids the social field, as anyone will discover by swapping leave stories with him. His amiability, unselfishness, and readiness to help make Deac not just another classmate but a true friend.





WILLIAM HAYDN SEED
WICHITA, KANSAS

"Bill"

"Willie"

TWO years before the mast passed before Bill's first goal was achieved with his entry into the Academy. He has steadily increased the respect and friendship of his classmates by his adroit wit and his persistency. His extra-curricular accomplishments have made a definite mark. No slight task has it been for Bill to maintain for three long years a state of equanimity and reason in a room shared by three confirmed go-getters, yet eminent success has crowned his efforts. His uncanny skill at bridge, his ease with friend and stranger alike, his sense of fairness and generosity of nature, and his perfected gallantry upon the dance floor have long been a source of deserved envy. We hope for no better shipmate.



JAMES HARVEY ELSOM
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

"Jim"

"Pappy"

JIM appears much older, but is actually more youthful than his years would imply. However, in spite of his coltish spirits and his yen for playing tricks on his suffering roommates, he really is a stabilizing influence in the room, because he also has a serious side to his nature. He fought a close battle against the Language Department—"dago" is not his forte. When it comes to the more technical studies, however, he is in his element. We won't call him a "crackpot inventor," but at intervals he will come forth with a new type of automobile or an improvement on an old one. Seriously though, he will probably turn his creative ability to worth as an officer. The navy needs men like Jim.



Track 4; Battalion Gym 1;
Battalion Soccer 4; Glee Club
4, 3, 2; Reception Committee
(Battalion Chairman) 1; C.P.O.

Football 4; Battalion Football 1;
Umarie Crew; Boat Club 4, 3,
2, 1; Movie Gang 4, 3, 2, 1;
Trident Society 1; G.P.O.



HARVEY ROBERT NYLUND
LYNBROOK, NEW YORK

"Huck" "Casey" "Lovebug"

HUCK stayed in New York until he finished high school. After two years of working for a Presidential appointment, he enlisted in the Navy. Then without the advantages of preparatory courses, he passed the entrance exams. He has shown himself to be something more genuine than usual in lovers of the outdoors; always ready to go on a cross country hike, indulge in summer sports in the rain, or fall and winter sports in the cold winds of November and December. Perhaps this ruggedness explains why he is a redmike. To Huck, women are no problem. He has kept them far in the background in the course of his untroubled existence. His characteristic reliability and consistency will keep him far out ahead.



Track 4; Battalion Baseball 2, 1; 1 P.O.

Battalion Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1;
Glee Club 4; Stamp Club 3;
Boat Club 4, 3; Musical Club
Show 3; C.P.O.



GEORGE W. NETTS
DEL RIO, TEXAS

"Cowboy" "Georgie" "Geo"

STEADINESS rather than brilliance is his chief asset. But going back . . . George got his first glimpse of Navy life at the Severn station. He soon acclimated himself to his new surroundings and during his four years as a midshipman has proved himself to be a hard and consistent worker. In his dealings with the fair sex, George must be admitted to be a snake; very rarely indeed has he missed a hop. Stag or drag, George was usually on hand, and might be caught doing anything from an old-fashioned waltz to the "big apple," customarily with a mighty well-chosen partner. George's future in the Service should be very much like his career as a midshipman—steady rather than brilliant; consistent and thorough.





CHARLES JOSEPH KOVALESKI
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"Joe" "Charlie" "Koval" "Stan"

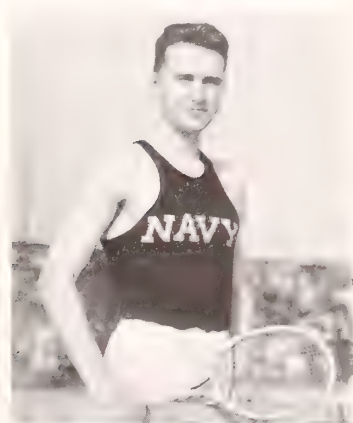
FROM the hub of the automobile industry Charlie brought as his entering assets a winning smile and a winning way. Though not much of a conversationalist at first, he soon learned to yell "*no se puede ganar*" as loud and unmeaningfully as any of us. He can be found helping others with their problems (heart and academic) part of almost any study hour. Charlie early acquired the habit of being correct, and though reluctant to admit it, he is a savoir of no mean ability. Even the executive department noticed his change from a staunch redmike to a dashing young snake. This lad from Michigan is a fine fellow and a super-swell roommate. He's going places. Watch him!



GEORGE FIELD SHARP
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"George" "Sharpie"

Gym 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 1; Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Cheer Leader; Stunt Committee; M.P.O.



Wrestling 4, Boxing 3, 2; Track 4; Radio Club; Boat Club; Language Club; Stars 4, 2; 3 Stripes.



GEORGE brought to us from Philly a cheerful disposition, a fine sense of rhythm and swing, and a knack for tumbling—all of which soon gave him an important place among the cheerleaders. He has an uncanny way of seeing through the most complicated sketches or blue prints; and as to his academic difficulties, for he has them, too—he has never allowed his few minor encounters with the Bull Department to interfere with his enjoyment of life. His warm personality and complete informality have won for him innumerable friends both within and beyond these walls—especially among the lovely ladies who have come for a weekend at his invitation. His ability as a leader of men will be evident when he! becomes a division officer.

DONALD CECIL BREWINGTON

MUNCIE, INDIANA

"Don"

"Brew"

FERVENTLY even though tritely, he means it when he says "Indiana - God's country," as his contribution to discussions on home states. Athletically inclined, spring invariably starts Don to vaulting. The rest of the year it's some form of batt athletics. Always on the ball academically, he's taken the departments seriously. He has a flair for well-filled address books, and consequently a reputation for above-average drags. An even temper makes him the balance wheel of his room - even in heated debates. Truly, he has frequently been the oil required to smooth a troubled sea of argument. Consistently he avoids snap judgments and hasty, unsound generalizations. That even temper and conscientiousness are going to make for steady, even sailing of his well laid-out course.



Track 4, 2, 1, Football 2, 1, Trulent Society 2, 1, 2 Stripes

Fencing 1, 3, 2, 1 Stage, Manager 1, M.P.O.



ROBERT ROBINSON GREEN

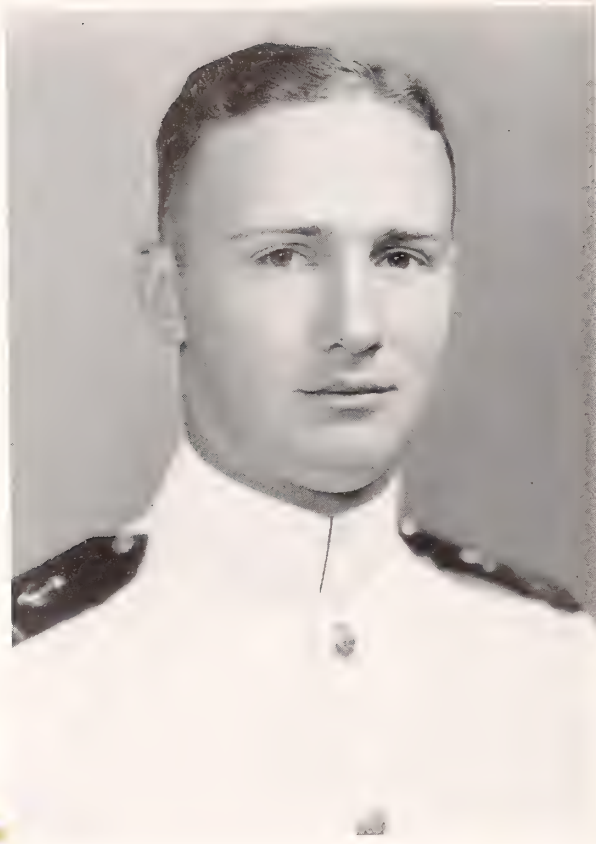
CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

"Railroad"

"Bob"

BOB, in June, 1935, hopefully went Navy only to find a new unappreciative audience for his puns and classic jokes. Sole representative of his city in the Academy in the past thirty years, Bob has returned home each leave to speak before every Rotary and Kiwanis club within a radius of thirty miles. Always academically close to starring, he has successfully helped three roommates remain sat. His taste in femmes will be vouched for by the many other fellows who have dragged the women of his choice. So to Bob we regretfully say, "so long," with the assurance that the passing years and the widening gold on his sleeves will not change him, but increase the pride of us who can say, "he was my classmate."





CLARENCE EDWIN BELL
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

"Ebbie" "Moptop" "Egbert" "Coxswain"

EBBIE, born in North Carolina, spent most of his years in Washington, and now calls Norfolk home. His chief interest has been football; although not a player, he has just as truly given his all as manager and goatkeeper. In the spring his activities in sports turn to golf. The Moptop worries much about losing his hair, hence the name. He is an excellent partner at bridge. Eb's other major activities include eating, sleeping, and making others the butt of his puns. Although never a star man, he can stay sat in anything when he can keep his eyes on the book instead of out the window. The Coxswain keeps his faults well concealed and has proved himself the best of roommates.



RAFAEL CELESTINO BENITEZ
SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

"Ralph" "Benny" "Pedro's"

OF COURSE we can't examine his virtues without also turning up a couple of faults. He will sing during study hour, and his habit of shaving before reveille when he has the Second Section has had us tearing our hair. But since the first is unimportant and the second occurs only once in two weeks, we aren't complaining. Pedro is a marvelous businessman. No day dawns but that it brings him a new money-making idea—and all of them are good. We overlook the fact that old ideas are usually forgotten in the interest of new ones. Pedro has been, then, a roommate who meets the highest standards, consistently cheerful, helpful (especially in his native Dago) and, in the vernacular, "a good joe"; in other words, we like him.



Football Manager 4, 3, 2; Golf 3, 2, 1, N.A.; Battalion Baseball 3; Battalion Football 1; Ring Committee; Lucky Bag Staff; Goatkeeper; 1 Stripe.

Battalion Baseball 3, 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 3, 2; Battalion Football 1; Foreign Language Club 3, 2, 1; Vice-President 1; Log Staff 2; Sports Editor "Reef Points"; Reception Committee; 1 Stripe.



JOSEPH WOODROW HUGHES

SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA

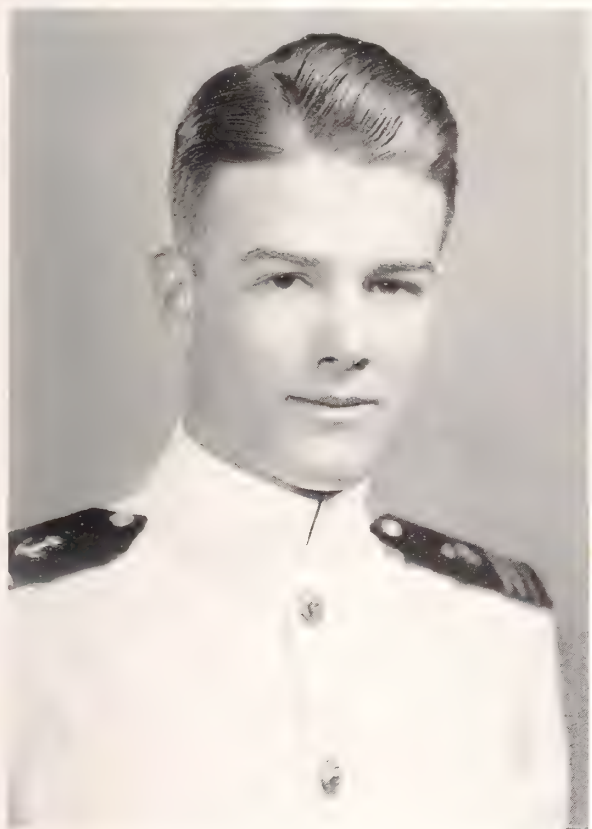
"Joe" "Jose" "Bugeye"

JOE has had few real worries during his stay in the Academy; he could always do his work faster than anybody else in the room. Love came into his life during Youngster year and of course, he has never been the same since. He was always asking us how we had made out in class when we had the watch, and our opinion about the movies when we had extra duty. He likes tennis, squash, and handball, but his chief means of diversion is writing letters; gets them by the score, and he types replies faster than you can snap three fingers. His ambition is to graduate from Pensacola so that he can join his brother in the Air Corps. He's got what it takes.



Tennis 4, 3; Battalion Tennis 1; Boat Club, Reception Committee, 1 Stripe.

Business Manager "Ref Points"; 1 Stripe.



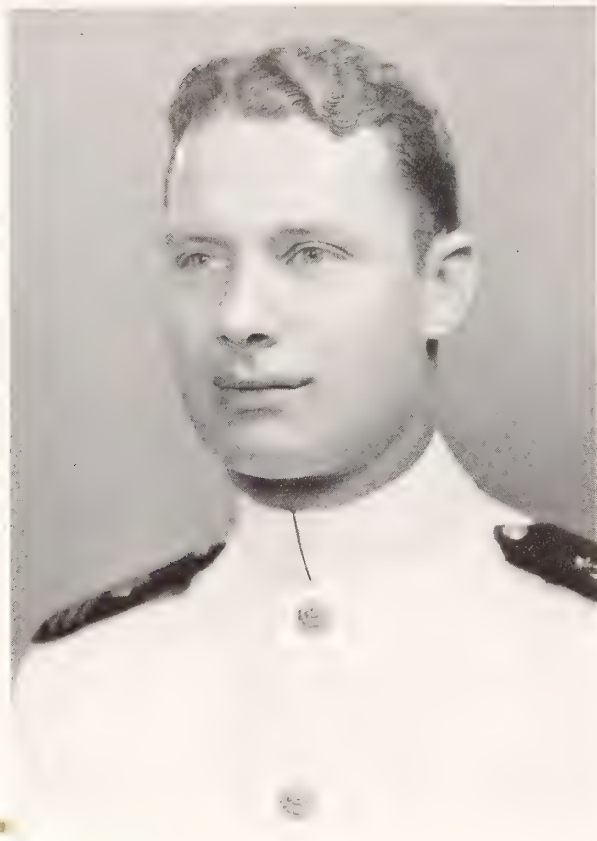
BLAKE SAMUEL FORREST

MEXIA, TEXAS

"Sam" "Slingin' Sam" "Doctor"

HERE'S to "Slingin' Sam," another one of those irreplaceable Texans who won't allow you to forget it for a second. Never a conversation but what another marvel of the Lone Star State is revealed. Blake's favorite indoor sport is sleeping. Let any part of him touch the bed and all of the rest of him inevitably follows suit. He is one of our leading redmikes. Perhaps his greatest interest is surgery, and his knowledge and avidness here often lead us to believe he missed his calling. A plenty savvy boy, he can stand with the leaders any time he feels inclined to put on the pressure. There's no doubt in our minds about Blake's ability; only time remains between him and success.





LUCIEN CLETUS POWELL, JR.
FORESTER, ARKANSAS

"Pete"

"Luke"

A TEXAN by birth, Peter divides his loyalty between it and Arkansas, favoring Texas. Because of his modest, unassuming manner Pete immediately won the friendship of all hands. During our four years Powell has taken his academics and his dragging in stride, having no trouble with either. Modesty and sincerity are the framework of Luke's exemplary character. Athletics have played a major role in his Academy life. A leader of men, a gentleman, and a true sportsman, he has distinguished himself on the baseball field and the gridiron, captaining the football team in his last year. He leaves a high mark in achievements for future athletes to shoot at. Pete's career in the Navy will be long and distinguished.



RUSSELL HENRY BUCKLEY
WEST NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY

"Buke"

"Russ"

"Buck"

Football 4, 3, 1; Baseball 4, 3,
2, 1; Language Club 4, 3, 2;
1 P.O.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Captain 1;
Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



BUCK came to us fresh from Fordham armed with a strong Irish nature and a spirit that not even the executive department could quell. A bull savoir of the first water, old Buke can—and will—discuss, dispute, or disrupt anything whatsoever. The technical side of academics has not come so easily, but his biggest trouble has been all aside from these things—how to take care of two drags in one weekend. We'll remember Russ for making us laugh, for his not-so-good crapshooting, for his capable baseballing and for his appreciation of worthwhile things. He judges people and things strictly on their own merit, and asks nothing more of others' opinions of him than that they do likewise.

GEORGE R. PALUS

NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Pinky"

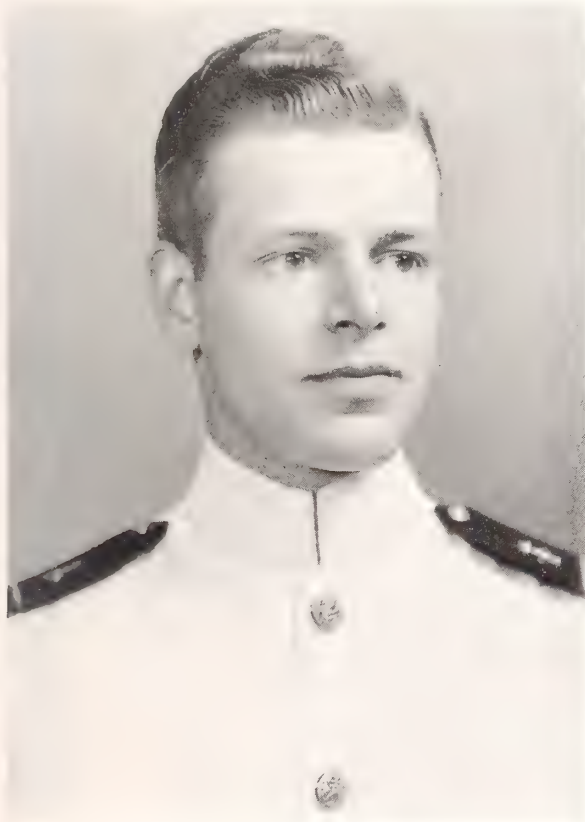
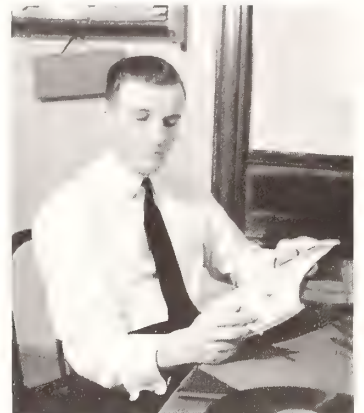
"Pulos"

"WELL, they've got me again, but so long as I'm sat in love with my 'Chick' what do I care?" Thus Pinky philosophically dismisses his academic worries. (Score to date 1 to 1.) This same attitude enables him to brush aside most petty cares with a shrug of the shoulders. A liberty hound, Pinky is generally the first ashore, and is already securely established aboard the gravy train when the lesser enthusiasts finally arrive. Almost to the point of our disbelief, Pinky is a confirmed monogamist. O. A. O. to him is definitely *not* one among others. He will undoubtedly wind up, as he intends, at Pensacola, where his underlying seriousness of purpose, his level-headedness, and his resourcefulness will put him right on through without a hitch.



Reef Points 3, 2, 1; Crew 4;
2 Stripes.

N.A. 194, 3, 2, 1, Musical Club
Show 4, 3, 2, 1, Hop Committee
2, 1, Ring Dance Committee,
C.P.O.



ROBERT J. TRAUGER

AMES, IOWA

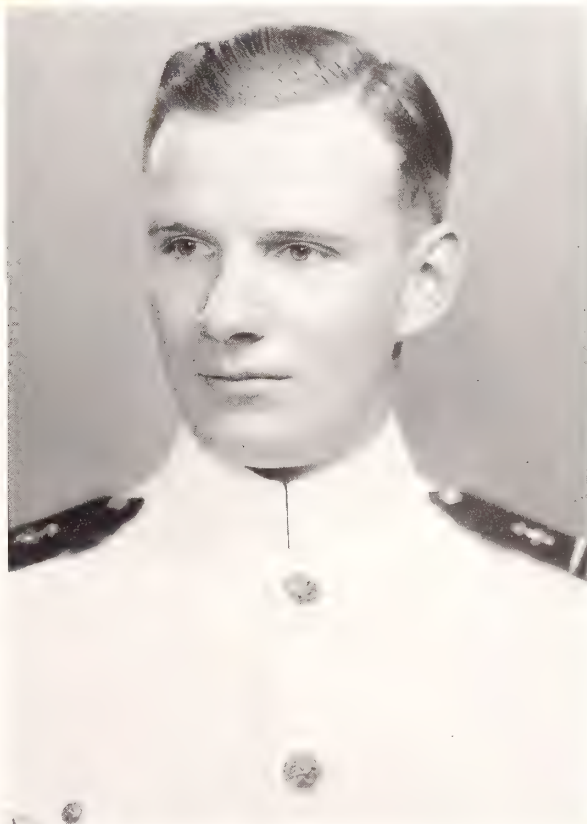
"Jaime"

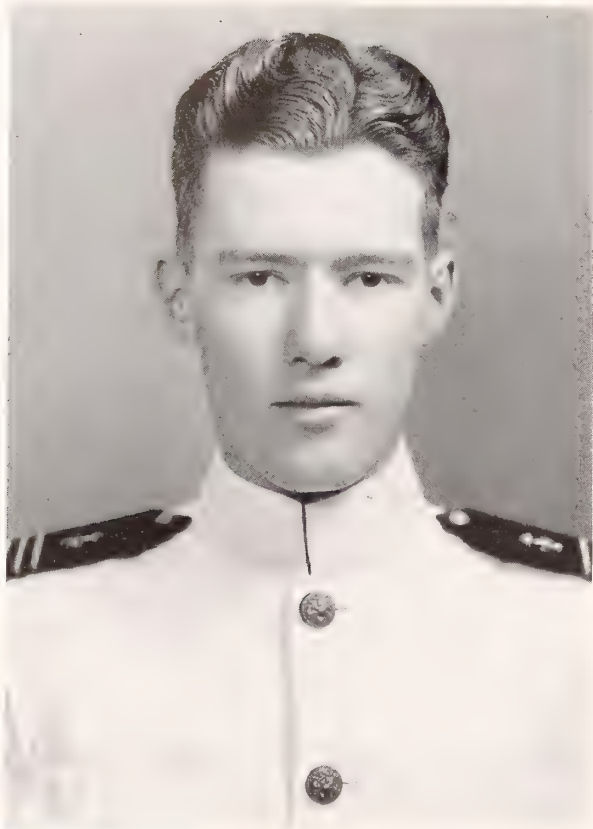
"Truck"

"Da-Da"

"Snookie"

ALWAYS, his humor and poise have proven an irresistible attraction to those who really know him. That certain "man about town" attitude explains at least a part of the fatal charm which our Truck exerts over his feminine friends. He likes "B" Goodman, jam sessions, bridge, and especially his guitar. The rare combination of common sense and book sense that enables him to gain maximum returns with minimum effort explains why he spends most of his study hours writing letters, or just settin', starin', smirkin'—remark- ing, "life is too complex." Possessing an independent mind, he is frank and definite in his opinions when he does express them. The good companion for any time, and a good shipmate to count on having at Pensacola.





FREDERIC WILLIAM CORLE
RENO, NEVADA

"Buster"

"Speedy"

CAPABLE of appreciating a sleek pair of hickory skis, a snug fit in sprinters' spikes, or sharp ice skates, Speedy is really good advertising for the West. Track and football have been his favorite academy sports. He is always in the best of humor, often the recipient of chow from the gentler sex, and invariably willing to turn to with a will to help the less fortunate pupils of the Bull Department. It is at sea, however, that Fred has best proved his worth to the Service. Alertness and adroitness in meeting the requisites of difficult situations are his most seamanlike attributes. With such qualifications, a great love for the Navy life, and a very striking personality, Fred steers for unlimited success and happiness.



Battalion Football 2, 1; Battalion Track 3, 2; Log Staff 2, 1; 1 Stripe.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1; N*; Battalion Football 1; Press Detail 2, 1; Director 1; Log Staff 4, 3, 2, 1; Regimental Editor 1; 1 Stripe.



HARRY LAFAYETTE HARTY, JR.
SIKESTON, MISSOURI

"Huck"

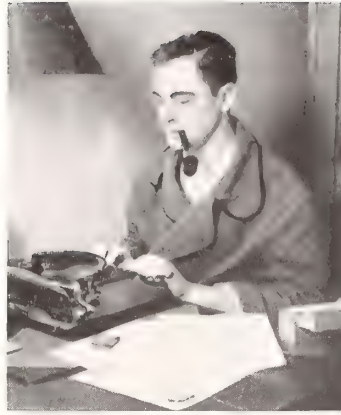
"Wowsy"

IT IS small wonder that he boasts such a host of friends within the regiment that '39 leaves behind. A true Rebel and proud of it, Harry is a lad of jovial disposition, keen wit, and ready sense of humor. Not without a serious side, however, he tackles assignments in a businesslike manner, and has made a commendable record with the academic departments. Log affairs have occupied a goodly portion of his spare time, but lacrosse is his specialty. Wielding his trusty stick with dexterity and skill, he is an impressive "ham-'n'-egger." Truly in love with the Service, Harry is going far in this man's Navy, and will continue to prove himself worthy in every respect to wear the Navy Blue and Gold.

HUGH AUBREY TISTADT, JR.
CARUTHERSVILLE, MISSOURI

"Tis"

COMING from the sunny banks of Missouri-on-the-Mississippi, Tis managed to reverse the wording of that old adage of his home state, "show me." He has assimilated all that the academic departments had to offer, technical stuff happily being his special forte, and well-deserved stars have lent that certain air to his full dress. "What's the answer, Tis?" has been a question frequently asked because cheerfully and trustworthily answered. His successful interests have not been limited to academics; for in spite of a taciturn manner, he certainly is not too socially retiring; and the sports column of the *Log* has been his pet. With a calm, collected, yet sharp mind, he has made real friends, an enviable record, and now, a well-fortified entrance into J. O. country.



Battalion Baseball 3, 1; Log Staff 1; G.P.O.



Battalion Baseball 3, 1; Battalion Football 1; Crew 4; Press Detail 2, 1; Log Staff 3, 2, 1; (Sports Editor 1); 3 Stripes.



EDWARD HERMAN SEILER, JR.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

"Ed"

"Pinky"

THE fact that he hails from the annual scene of the Mardi Gras cannot deny the unalterable truth that he speaks with a Bronx accent. Academics have been no worry, as his grades have been near the starring mark. This freedom from personal worries relative to the Little Red Books has given Ed spare time which was often spent helping some plebe to get out of the clutches of the Math or Steam Departments. Good-natured by habit, he takes the knocks of life as they come without wasting a lot of words that wouldn't help. His ambition includes either a pair of wings over his breast pocket or a bridge under his feet—maybe both, of course. And he's well on his way.





LAWRENCE RAYMOND GEIS
SALINA, KANSAS

"Joe" "Larry" "Salina Kid"

"LOOK out boys, here I come!" and with customary zeal Larry plunges into something new. Whether it be a bridge game, golf match, basketball game, or just another Juice P-Work, Larry throws himself into it with zest, deriving pleasure from everything he attempts. Aside from his fame as captain of the Golf team and his prowess as a forward on the basketball team, Larry's propensity for dragging two different femmes every weekend is by now legendary. A well rounded personality, at ease in any situation, a good sense of humor, and a strain of good common sense are all part of Larry's character. Equipped with these assets his life in the Service will be a continuation of the successes he experienced during the four years at the Academy.



ROBERT CHARLES GILLETTE
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Bob", "Bing", "Tiger", "Jeep", "Powerhouse"

AN independently operating all-powerful destroyer amidst a squadron of battleships! That's our Bing! For what he lacks in height and size he has made up one hundred per cent and then some with his flashy, energetic actions. Bob's tactics on the basketball court have been a leading factor in Navy's successful seasons for three years, and just as he flashed around on the court with speedy, tireless energy, so also has he acted in daily life. Possessing a cheerful, winning personality, full of wit (he is the best story teller on both sides of the Mississippi), Bob emerges from his four years here the possessor of the qualities which are destined to bring him continual success in future life.



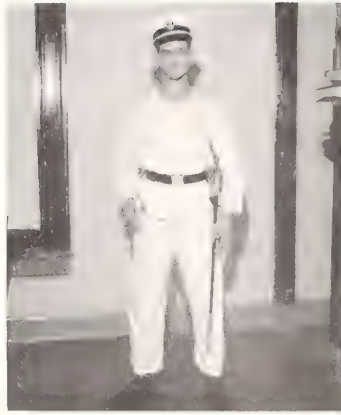
Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; N 2, 1; Golf 3, 2, 1; GNF 3, 2, 1; Golf Captain 2, 1; Class Secretary-Treasurer 2, 1; President Newman Club 1; 2 Stripes.



CLAUDE LAYTON GOODMAN
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

"Goody" "Laxton" "Benny"

GOODY has spent his whole life in a real Navy atmosphere. He gave up a career in medicine in favor of salt water, his first love. He laid his course through four years at the Academy and followed it in spite of all the uncharted rocks and shoals which the Steam Department threw in his path. He has never been a star man, but he's kept one jump ahead of the crowd by determined plugging. Layton spends his spare time with his camera or fiddle, or encouraging a man twice his size to "rassle" with him. Generous and conscientious, it is obvious that he hails from below the Mason-Dixon line. If the Navy ever loses Goodman, it will lose just that—a good man. He's "fine people."



Battalion Crew 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 4, 3, 1; N.A. 4, 3, 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1; Assistant Director 1; Great Guns Medal, M.P.O.



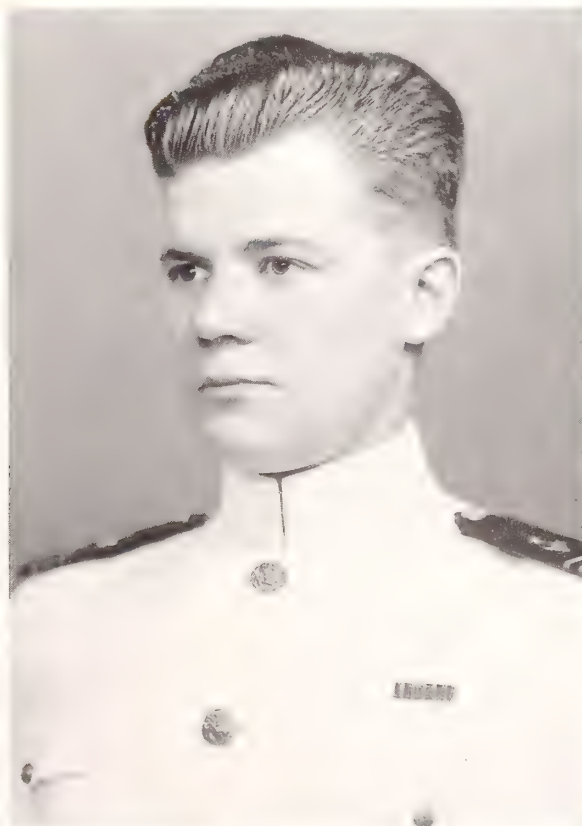
Baseball Manager 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Wrestling 3, 2; Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1; Musical Club Show 4, 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



PAUL RICHARD SCHRATZ
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

"Pete" "Scratch" "Adonis"

THE German haircut, broad shoulders, and bulging chest brand Pittsburgh Pete as a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Gifted with a brilliant mind, he possesses great potentialities, which probably by choice have not been used to place himself among the starring. Paul devotes leisure time to his hobbies, music and math, either evoking melodious tunes from his fiddle or developing his own formulae to solve difficult probs. His personality and genuineness make deeper impressions as the acquaintance grows. The puns for which he is famous throughout the regiment will occur without fail, and all efforts to suppress them are futile. The ability to think and act quickly in response to any difficulty is a natural attribute that will surround Paul with an at-home atmosphere on any ship in the Fleet.





HARVEY STEWART MOREDOCK, JR.
SHERIDAN, INDIANA

"Eddie" "Stew" "Smoothie"

THE years before his militarization Stew spent happily in Indiana, where (quote), "good Republicans, basketball teams and diplomats are developed for an ever-amazed but receptive and needful public." He has since punched tables with the most plodding of us, but technical subjects interest him far less than current world events, social functions, and womankind. Never harsh or satirical but always patient and good natured, he embodies the qualities of a good husband and a diplomat. Further, he possesses the blessing of good looks which always smooths the road of society. These gifts of nature plus work, toward which he hasn't even a healthy resentment, should fulfill his ambition, the making of a name for himself in the field of naval diplomacy.



WILLIAM CLAY MOORE
PORTLAND, OREGON

"Dinty" "Bill" "Cotton"

DINTY is fast and accurate and likes to get things done—an excellent student consistently making good marks. There is nothing he likes better than to putter around a one-cylinder engine or draw architectural designs of homes. His favorite sport is tennis—even if he invariably knocks one tennis ball per set into the Severn River. He has, however, one weakness: you must never ruffle his hair. His pet dislike is an Academy hop. Dinty has often been asked if they have an ambassador out there in that foreign country of Oregon where he apparently got such ideas. As the final balance, he has a very pleasing nature, gets along well with everybody, and is always ready and willing to help a fellow along the way.



Track 4, 3, 2, 1, Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 1, Boat Club, Senior Member; Language Club; Reception Committee; 2 Stripes.

Battalion Soccer 1; Company Outdoor Rifle 4, 2, 1; Company Indoor Rifle 3; Expert Rifleman; 2 Stripes.



WILLIAM THOMAS SAWYER
GARDNER, MASSACHUSETTS

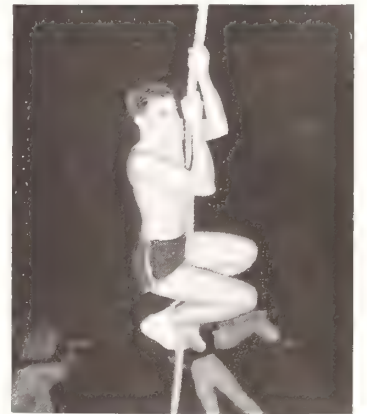
"Tom"

"Bill"

BILL gave up a scholarship to M. I. T. and spent a year at Severn School to enter the Academy. His favorite subject is Juice and he will undoubtedly go far in the field of Electrical Engineering. In addition to his high scholastic standing, Tom has managed to take part in a wide field of extra-curricular activities; for instance setting a new Academy record for the Plebe rope climb. Tom has been best known to the Regiment as the Log's photographer. Those who knew him best, however, will remember him for his inevitable letter-a-day which for four long years has been a source of envy. His quiet and unassuming manner, his friendly disposition, and his contagious enthusiasm will continue to stand him in good stead.



Small Bore Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Soccer 1, 1; Expert
Rifleman, Boat Club 2, 1; Great
Guns Medal, 3 Stripes.



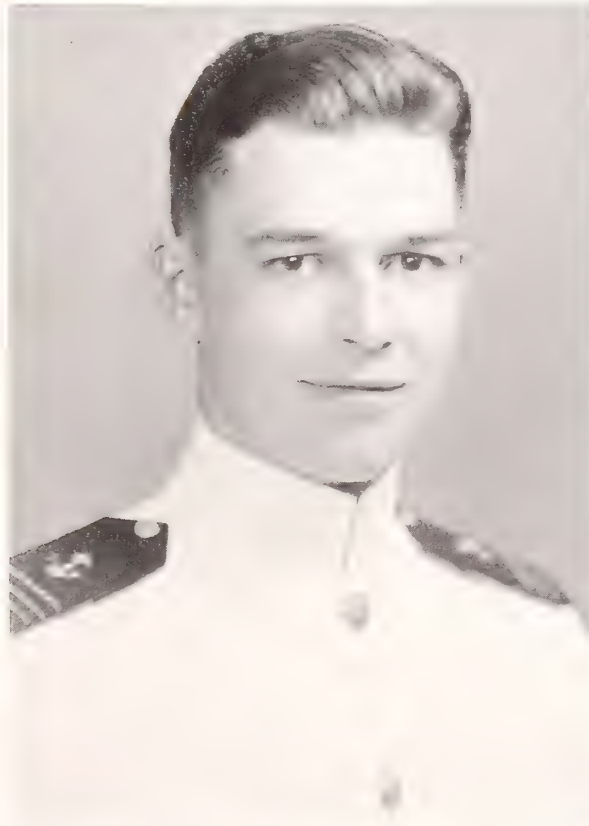
Gym 4, 3, 2, 1; Captain 4;
GNT; Lacrosse 4; Battalion
Lacrosse 3, 2, 1; Log 4, 3, 2, 1;
Press Detail 2, 1; Language
Club 2, 1; Stars 4, 2, 1; 4
Stripes.



DWIGHT OSTEN NESS
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

"D. O."

OUT of the North Dakota wilderness emerged this smiling, handsome, gay young Norwegian. He is still with us, as you see, and in fact close to the top of his class. With a minimum of effort, Dwight would be a star man; but he prefers to devote his time to designing airplanes. He will wear the Navy wings some day, for sure. When Dwight isn't sketching, he will likely be found at the small bore range. And now his love life: classmates beware! This "smoothie" considers each good looking girl his "one and only," and will undoubtedly break as many hearts in the future as he has in the past. Seriously, though, Dwight will undoubtedly be a successful officer, worthy, too, of the wings he will wear.

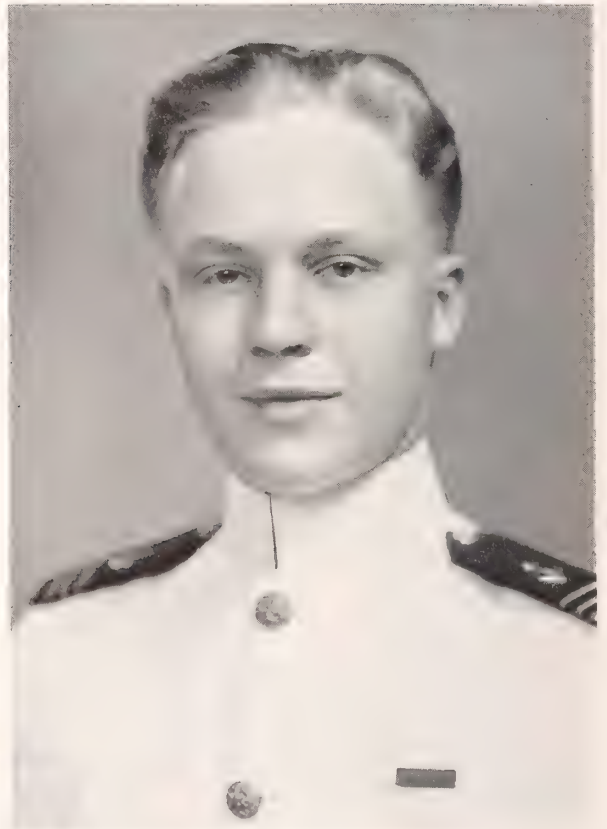




MARCUS LAFAYETTE LOWE, JR
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA

"Mark"

MARK has taken the system and liked it. His congenial disposition and enthusiastic outlook chase away the blues on Monday mornings. His ability to see the rosier side of a disagreeable situation and his absolute refusal to complain make him an ideal shipmate. Securing in Steam for the first two months has been his pet hobby. But those bimonthly trees could never faze Mark. He's always showed his profs up by pulling sat. If you wanted to find Mark on a Saturday afternoon and he wasn't in the gymnasium, you would be certain to find him in Dahlgren, suavely giving them a big rush one by one. From the conscientious and determined nature of Mark's philosophy, we foresee a consistently successful career.



HENRY GRADY REAVES, JR.
CARROLLTON, GEORGIA

"Blondie"

"Whitie"

HIS philosophy: "Keep your shop and your shop will keep you." He's always willing to lend (give) you anything he has, with that winsome smile that attracts so many of the lovely ones. Being fond of tennis, swimming, and "most any good sports," he never refuses a challenge at anything. And any hop in Dahlgren will probably find Grady there, dragging or "going to drag that little brunette over yonder—I just met her—to the next one." Conditioned to never-failing ability to cope with the academic departments, his handling of new setups facing him we predict with confidence: Give Grady the problem, plus ample time, and you can rest assured he will come through with a solution. If it's not the one in the book, it will probably still work.



Company Pistol Team 3, 2, 1;
Company Rifle Team 2, 1,
M.P.O.

Company Pistol Team 3, 2, 1;
1 Stripe.



HUBERT EARL CARTER
MIAMI, FLORIDA

"Bo" "Seminole" "He"

HIS popularity doesn't depend upon a smile, but that alone, indicative of his genial personality, has made him many friends. He is always ready to help a friend whether it be with money or studies. A minor genius himself, earning grades any savour might envy, he has never boned more than he could help, often avoiding study by some such method as spending considerable time helping a luckless classmate with a difficult problem. Never a great athlete, he chooses to divide his time between the glee club and the radiator squad, with annual attempts at learning to swim. His two weaknesses are singing and Florida. It's a pretty safe bet to find him either singing or bragging about his beloved land of oranges and hurricanes.



Electrical Gang 1, 3, 2, 1.
Electrical Director 1, Bugle
Corps 4, 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.

Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3,
2, 1; Musical Club Show 4, 3,
2, 1; Director 1; Mandolin
Club 4; 2 Stripes.



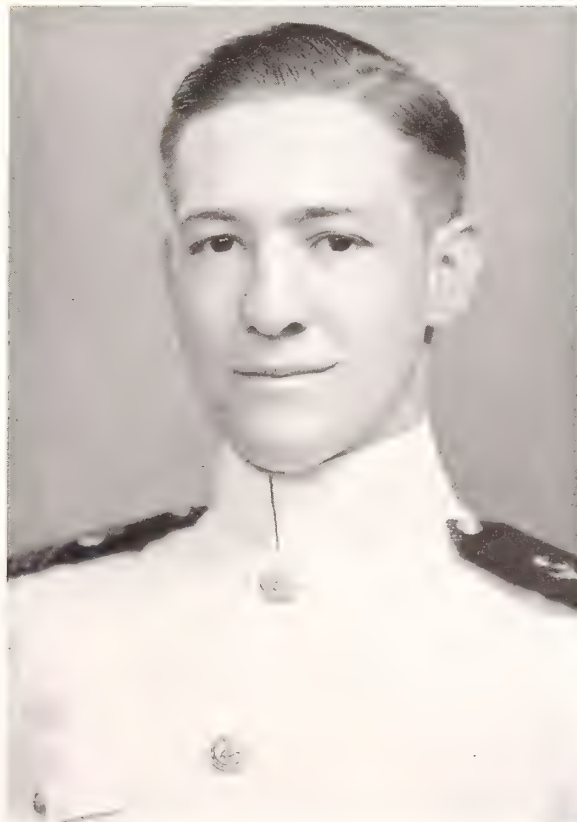
CHARLES STEPHEN THOMAS

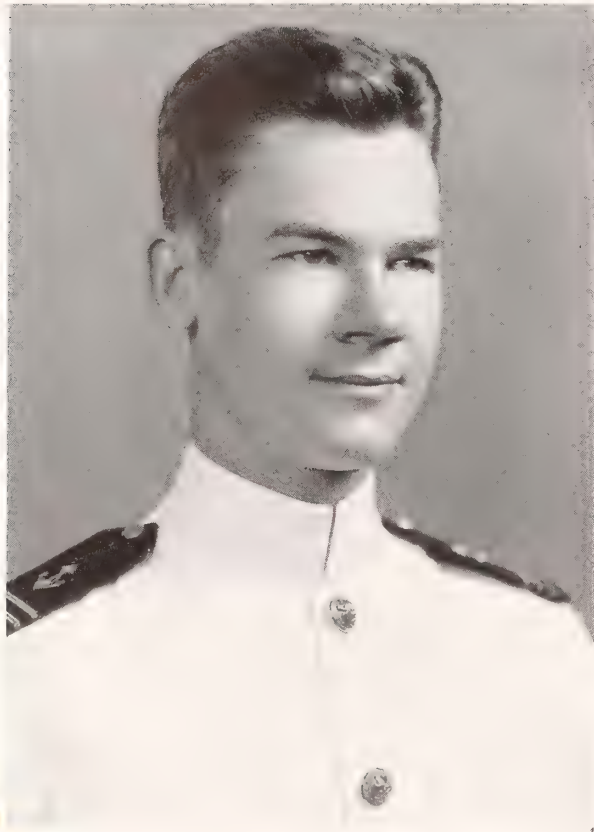
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Tommy"

"Charlie"

HOW about a game of cribbage? Why, what else? Any time of day we find Tommy ready to play, even in the face of an ordnance exam. He was never one to worry about the next lesson until 'long 'bout class time. Of all the things Tommy does well, the best is just sitting. He can sit more, and longer, and happier . . . He has managed, however, to ease over to Mahan once in a while to help furnish lights for the shows. Give him credit, by the way, that he does not harp *ad nauseum* upon the virtues of California. All in all, Tommy isn't half bad. A bit carefree at leisure, perhaps, but he enjoys life and sees the responsibilities, as well as the privileges, of friendship.

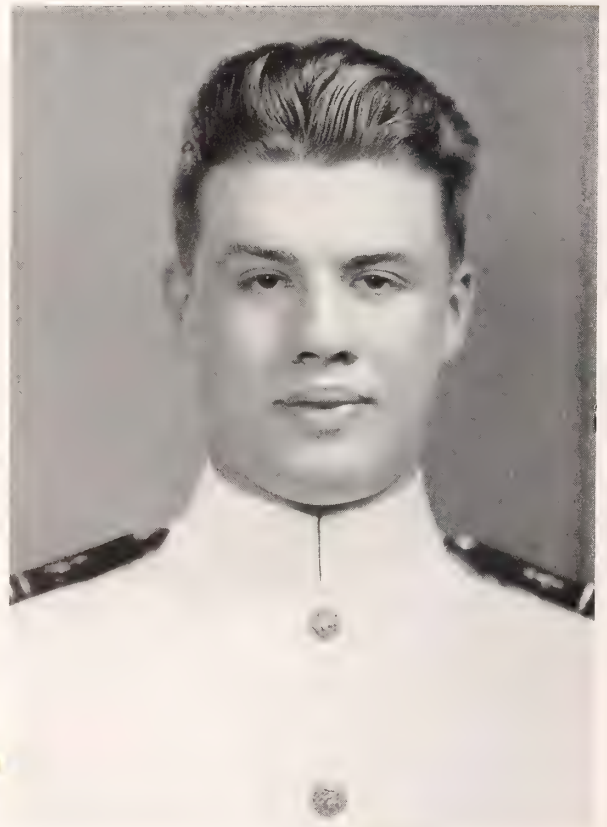




FRANCIS TAYLOR COOPER
UNION, MISSOURI

"Bud" "Fennimore" "Coop"

SOFT spoken and considerate to all, Bud needs but little time to gain his acquaintances' friendship and respect. He comes from, and practices with, the school of thought which maintains that a stiff daily workout is essential in smoothing off the rough edges of the academic day. Perhaps it is unjust to accuse him of being fond of femmes but a goodly percentage of the hops bear witness to his slinky shag. In this capacity Bud pleads guilty of one weakness—a love for cooing lyrics. Tennis, golf, and swimming all contribute to the recreational well-roundedness of this lad; and his laughing, energetic personality well adapts him to be not only a sportsmanlike contestant, but a welcome companion and roommate as well.



JOHN RICHARD BLACKBURN
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

"Blackie" "Moe"

WHAT made Blackie migrate from the foggy hills of West Virginia to Severn by the Sea, we don't know, but the gals way up thar surely lost an accomplished Don Juan. Other than women Blackie's hobbies are boxing, crew, track, and football, all of which aided in keeping his Greek-god physique up to par excellence. In academics our congenial giant leaves no gory trail behind him, being inclined to follow the axiom: "He studies best who studies least"; however, he always manages to get his without much trouble. His particular forte has been English and History in which subject his conversational powers come out. Optimistic in life, effervescent in spirit, always with a contagious smile, Blackie will remain foremost in our memories of Academy life.



Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Swimming 2, 1; Tri-
dent 3, 2; Boat Club 4; M.P.O.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Track 3, 2,
1; Boxing, 3, 2, 1; Crew 4;
M.P.O.



PAUL ALGODTE HOLMBERG
BRUNSWICK, MISSOURI

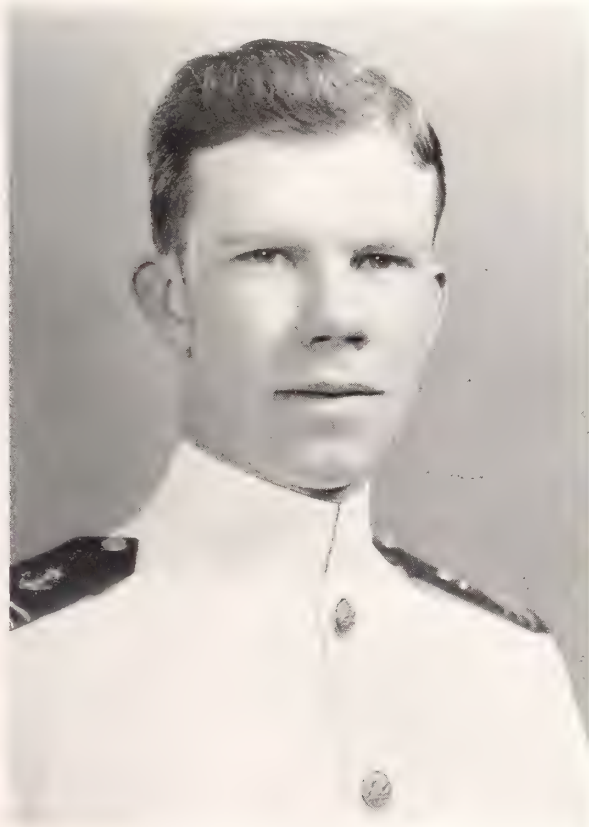
"Pappy" "Swede" "Pablo"

SWEDE'S frank, straightforward manner combined with unusual ability to diplomatically influence people will make him an officer who will command both the obedience and respect of his subordinates. From the feminine point of view, the impression he makes is always a favorable one, whether or not he follows it up. For in the spring, Swede's fancy turns to—baseball! Even though he is a follower and participant in many of the non-organized sports at the Academy, his real interest is in the Great American Game. During the season, you will find him out on the diamond in all his spare moments. Paul is an ideal friend, because of his amiable nature, droll wit, and unerring tact: the type of fellow who will make a real shipmate.



Baseball 4, 3; Battalion Baseball 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 2, 1; Company Representative 1; Log Staff 4, 3, 2; 2 Stripes.

Football 4, 3, 2, 1; N.A., Basketball 4; Battalion Baseball 3, 2, 1, M.P.O.



ROBERT LAKIN GURNEE

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

"Bob" "Champ" "Gus"

BOB isn't always the first to hit the deck at reveille; he doesn't exactly effervesce at groping into a new day; but after this boy has wiped the soap from behind his ears, watch him percolate. The whole tone of Bob's doings since he came charging out of the Midwest has been pretty well irresistible in style, as many a young lady this side of the mountains will testify. He is well known for his jolly chatter and as the spark of numerous bull sessions. Blessed with a truly delightful sense of humor, he can enjoy himself at any time. Though he has energy plus, he never wastes it. A fine academic record gives evidence of this quality coupled with a gift of logic better defined as good horse sense.





JAMES BRUCE WALLACE
WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

"Jim"

A PLASTIC sense of humor, varying as the occasion demands, makes Jim one of the very finest of roommates—a fellow who possesses that enviable quality of being able to be friendly with everybody. Unfortunately Jim broke his leg when out for Plebe football so his athletics have been confined to making up his mind what Batt sport he wants to go out for and then winning his numerals in any one he chooses. Scholastically he has had his difficulties along with the rest of us—*youngster Math* at the top of the list. But as you see, he is still here, and with his ability to apply himself, he will continue to go a long, long way—and not aimlessly, either, for Jim always knows where he wants to go before he starts there.



Tennis Manager 3, 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 2, 1; Battalion Swimming 3; 150 lb. Crew 3; 1 Stripe.



Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1; Captain 1; Basketball 4, 3; Battalion Basketball 2, 1; M.P.O.



JOHN CHRISTOPHER MATHEWS
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

"Jack"

"Slug"

JACK is an all-around boy who does well anything he sets out to do. His ability as a tennis and basketball player is well known. Piano playing is another of his achievements. His arrangements of such pieces as "Stormy Weather" and "Night Over Shanghai" would be pleasing even to those who normally might not like them. Women are no source of worry for Jack. He merely smiles and doesn't let them upset his stride. He has, however, one trouble: the books. Studies have never been as easy to him as they are to some, and week in and week out, have caused him many extra hours of work. A strong will and diligent effort have carried him through. We'll bet that they continue to do so.

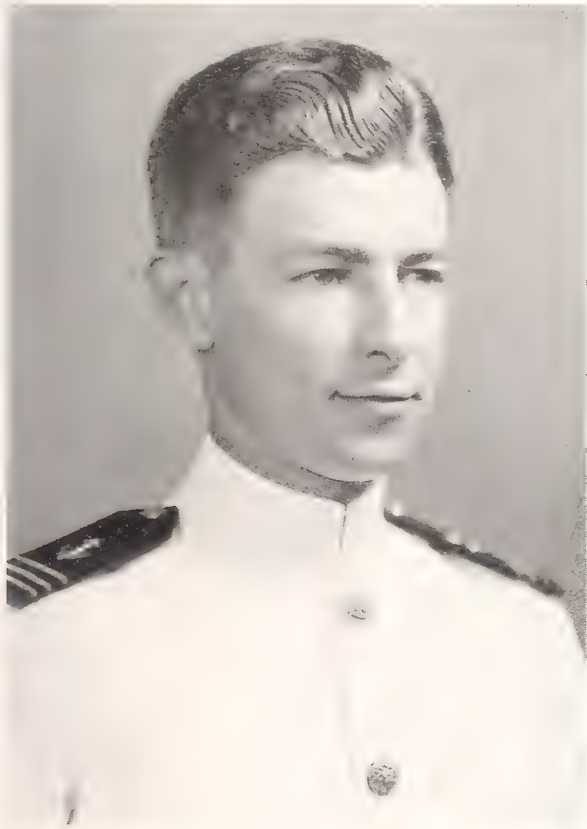
WILLIAM RAY LAIRD
SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

"Ray"

THE bright spots of Sioux Falls haven't been the same since Ray hung up his gabardines and adopted the Navy blue serge. Even three years of German haven't been able to dampen his cheerful nature and optimistic outlook. Ray has three weaknesses—bridge, *Collier's*, and golf. His golf clubs are his prized possessions, and his happiest moments are passed at the nineteenth hole. Ray's amiable disposition and wholesome personality have made him many lasting friendships. As we graduate and go to sea, only a few of us can look forward to being shipmates with him immediately. Not all of us can be so fortunate; but even though we're parting for a while, it is still with nothing but appreciation for having known Ray.



Golf 2, 1; Battalion Boxing 3, 1 Stripe.



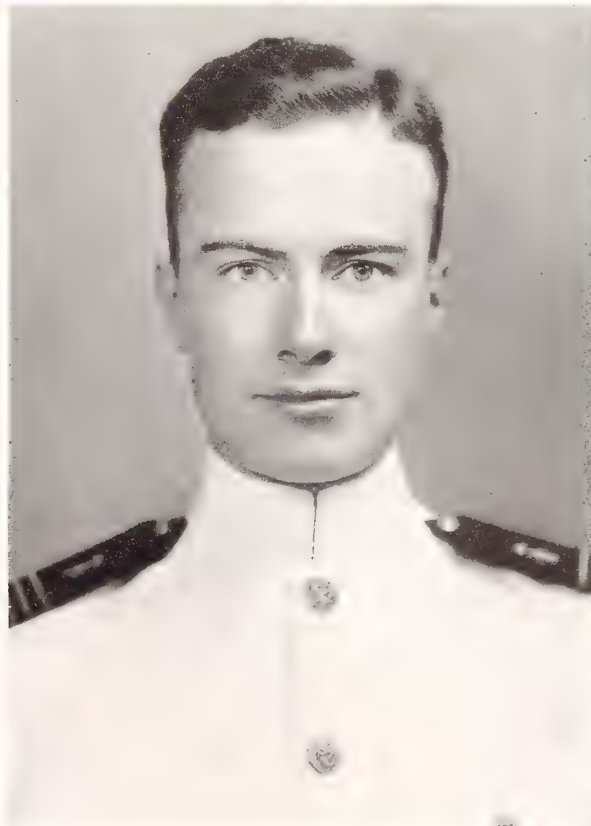
JUDSON CYRUS RHODE

READING, PENNSYLVANIA

"Jud"

"Dusty"

A LOT of us have contended for a long time that Dusty is a misplaced Southerner. His drawl, his good humor, his loose-jointed gait in the two-mile run at which he excels, and—with the exception of this choice of track events—his inherent love of taking things easy, all point him out as typical of the lower latitudes. But he just happens to be from Pennsylvania. His admirable traits of attitude were backed by thorough schooling at Duke to point him for inevitable success in the Navy. He's just naturally a man who impresses other men favorably. But once more there's an "if"; his eyes had given away by the end of second class year, so M. I. T. gets credit for him as a graduate.



Second Battalion

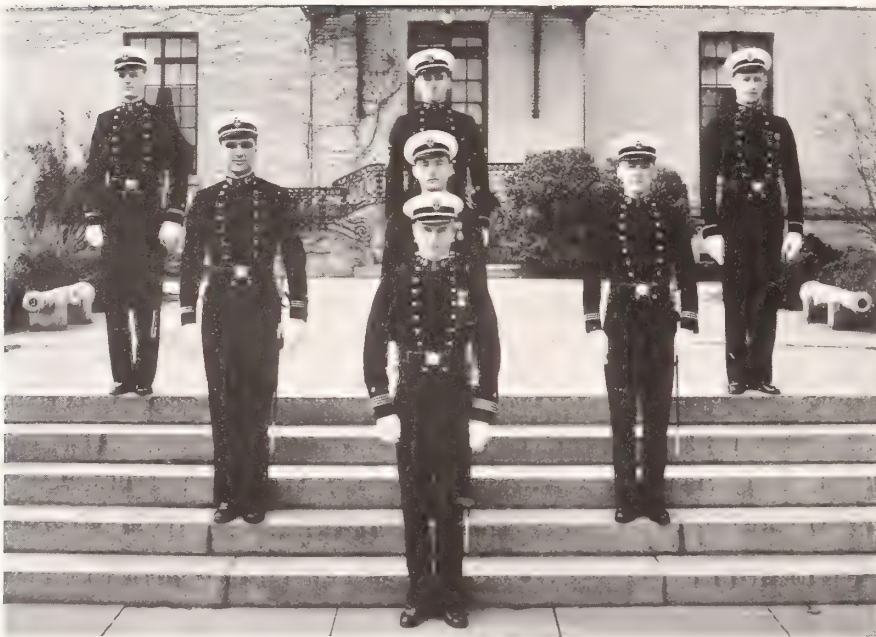


Lieut. Commander D. R. TALLMAN

JOHNSTON
DOLAN

HARMON
SMITH
de POIX

ROBB
HUSHING



FISCHER
HUSHING

McCARTHY
JOHNSTON
de POIX

FRAZEE
SMITH

FROSCH
SAVIDGE
DOLAN





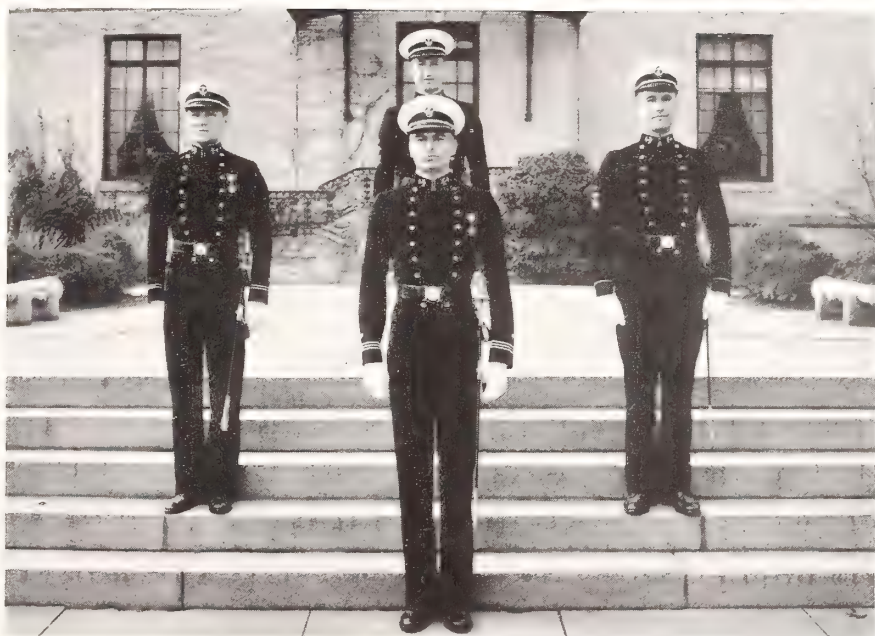
Lieutenant E. W. YOUNG

Fourth Company

PETERSON

THOMPSON
TAEUSCH

GREENE



RAMAGE

MOORE
TAEUSCH

WALKER

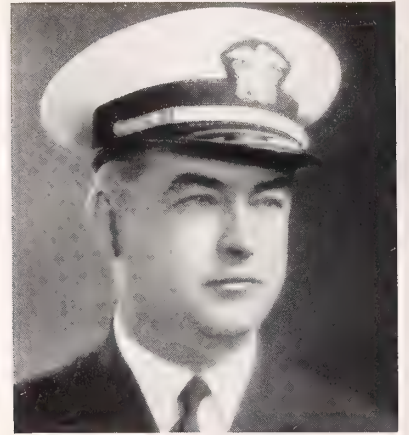
FOOTE

ADAMS
PETERSON

SHUMWAY



Fifth Company



Lieutenant H. O. PARRISH

REMINGTON

COOKE
GUILER

REILLY



BONNER

REILLY
GUILER

SNILSBERG

GLAES

DUNNE
REMINGTON

C'MEARA



Sixth Company

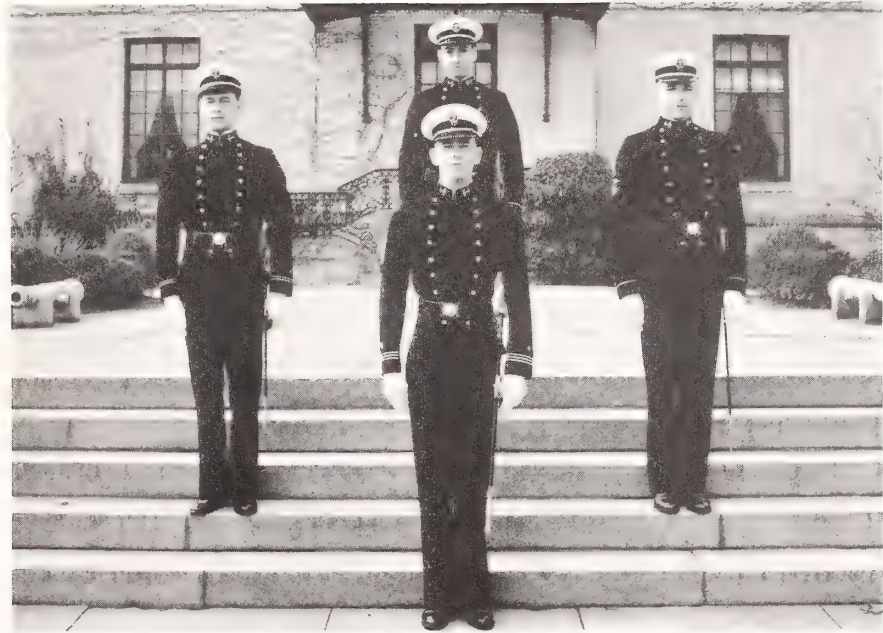


Lieutenant A. C. THORINGTON

MURPHY

AGABIAN
VOSSLER

MANN



KILPATRICK

ADAMS
VOSSLER

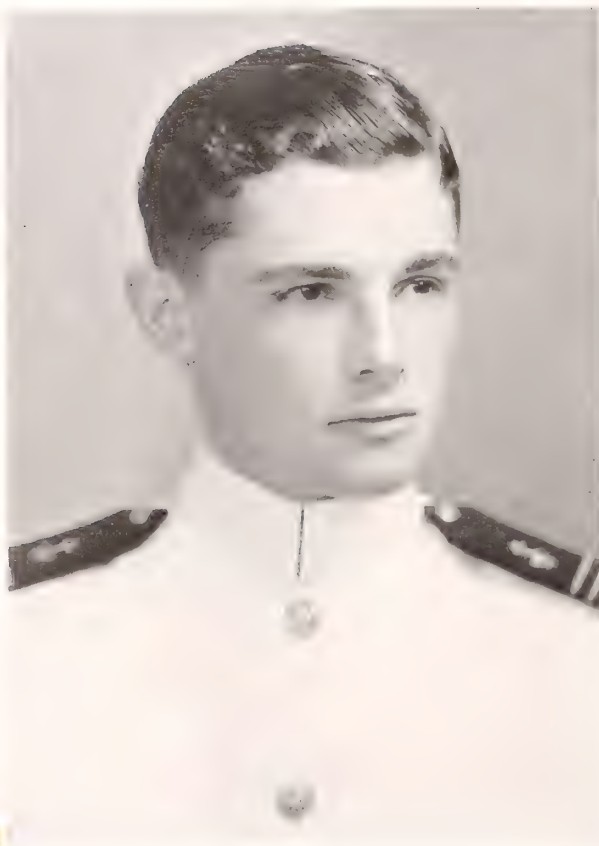
HENDRIX

ZOELLER

RINGNESS
MANN

McCONNAUGHAY

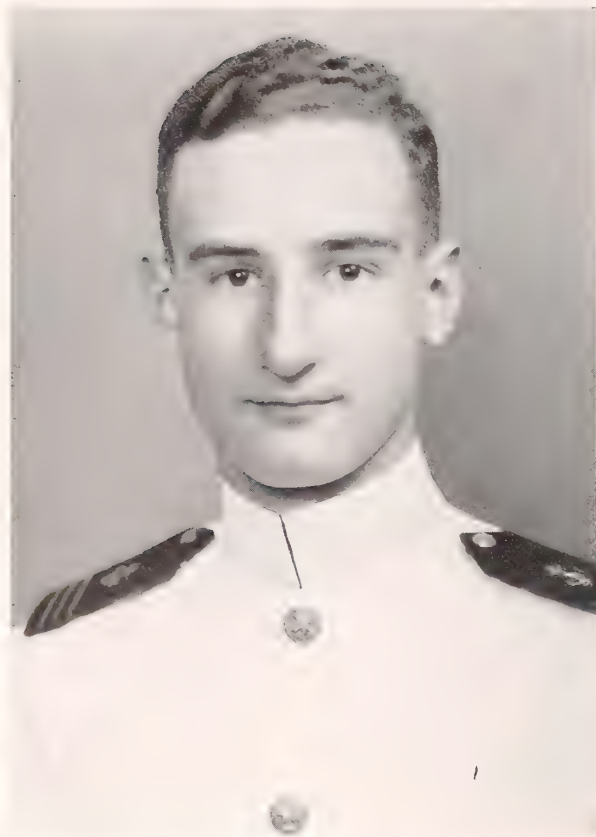




JACK CURTIS YOUNG
WELLSVILLE, NEW YORK

"Jasper"

THE closest Jack came to sailing before entering the Academy was playing in the oil fields of his native New York with wooden chips. Hearing there was an Academy supported by the government for the purpose of training young men to be admirals, Jack girded on his sword and started the wheels rotating, all of which ended with his wearing the Navy Blue and Gold. Plebe year took him by surprise; but, after learning the system, he started jumping numbers, with the result that he now stands in the upper portion of the class. His virtues are many and his faults few. Among the former are his ability to make lasting friendships, and to accommodate himself to any environment; among the latter, his snake complex and mighty appetite.



PAUL G. ADAMS, JR.
LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA

"P. G."

"Peege"

NO mistaking P. G.; his smile monopolizes everything from his head to his feet, and very little can disturb his genial Pennsylvania Dutch nature. Never angry, his ready smile on all occasions, his ability to take a joke, and his easy-going disposition are the secrets of his personality. He is the type of fellow that is always around when needed, would willingly give his last shirt to a friend; and yet he enjoys good fun to the utmost. Although not an outstanding man in athletics or academics, he keeps plugging and will undoubtedly get there. P. G.'s sincerity and straightforwardness have made him a "man's man," and a gentleman; furthermore, the ladies like him. When arguing with P. G., be careful; he is usually right.

Baseball 4 (Assistant Manager); Recf Points 3, 2, 1; Lucky Bag 2; 1 Stripe.



Battalion Soccer 4, 3;
Battalion Crew 2;
Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
C.P.O.



EDWIN CLARK AIKEN
SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Ed"

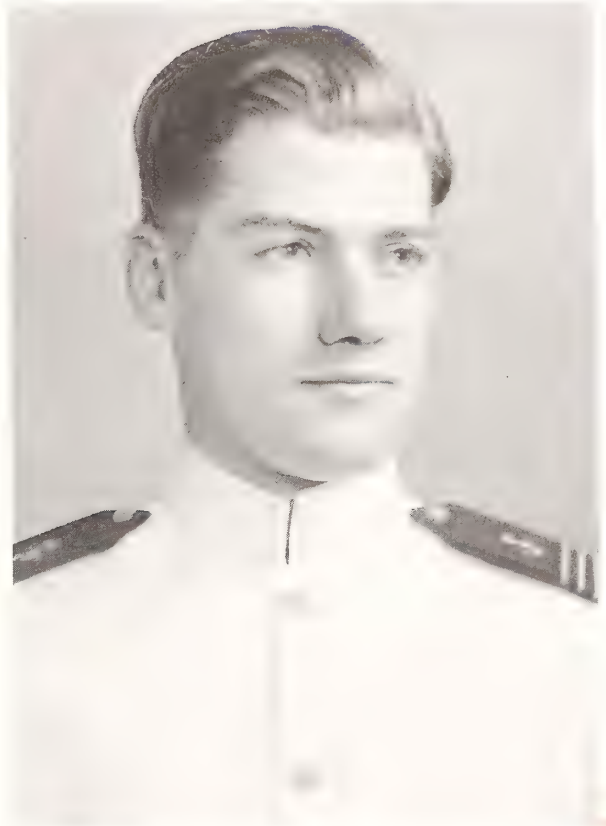
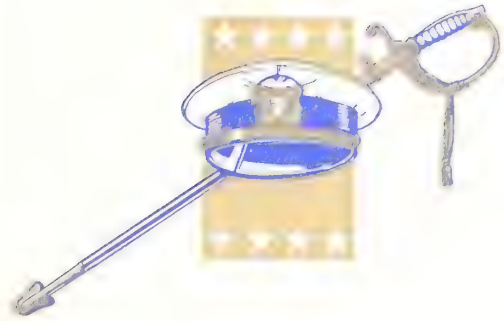
IF you want to learn how to turn into a snake from a redmike in ten easy lessons—ask Ed. His intentions were of the best plebe year but times have changed since then. As one of the savvier members of the class, he has breezed through the studies with little difficulty, agreeing with the adage that the picture works the prob. Ed's main hobby is writing; it pays good dividends, for seldom is the day when he does not get at least two letters, much to the discouragement of those who are not so fortunate. Always cheerful, willing to help and share even to his toothbrush, and never too busy to indulge in a bull session, he is one of the best of friends.



Battalion Football 1;
Masqueraders 1; Star
4; 1 Stripe.



Battalion Football 4,
3, 2, 1; Masqueraders
2, 1, President 1;
Musical Club Show
3, 2; Glee Club 3, 2;
1 P.O.



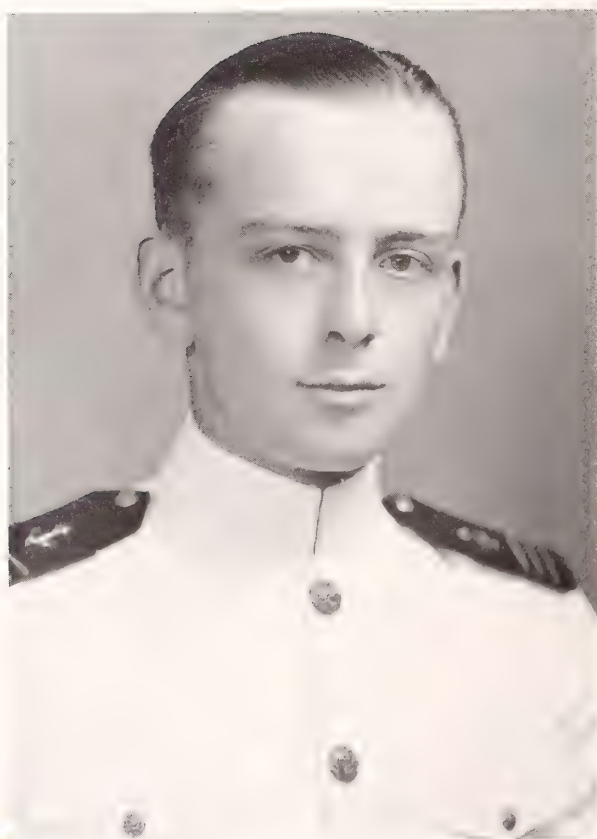
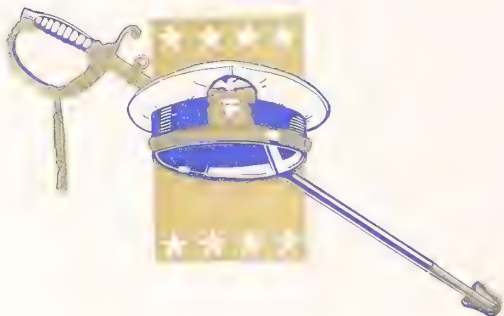
EDWARD JEROME FOOTE
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Moose"

"Ed"

"U"

MOOSE came to us from New York, embodied with much of its restless activity but little of its noise. His tireless effort and quiet efficiency win the esteem of those with whom he works. He has a greeting for everyone, but only a small group of intimates can fully appreciate his essentially undemonstrative friendliness. He is remembered as the hateful villain of the 1938 Masqueraders show, but in spite of the impression created by his vivid portrayal of that character, Ed is ever cheerful, good natured, mild-tempered, and sincere. A fondness for music has found expression in Musical Club shows, singing in the shower, and enthusiastic sessions on the piano. Whether the mission be work or play, Moose will always be a welcome addition to any group.

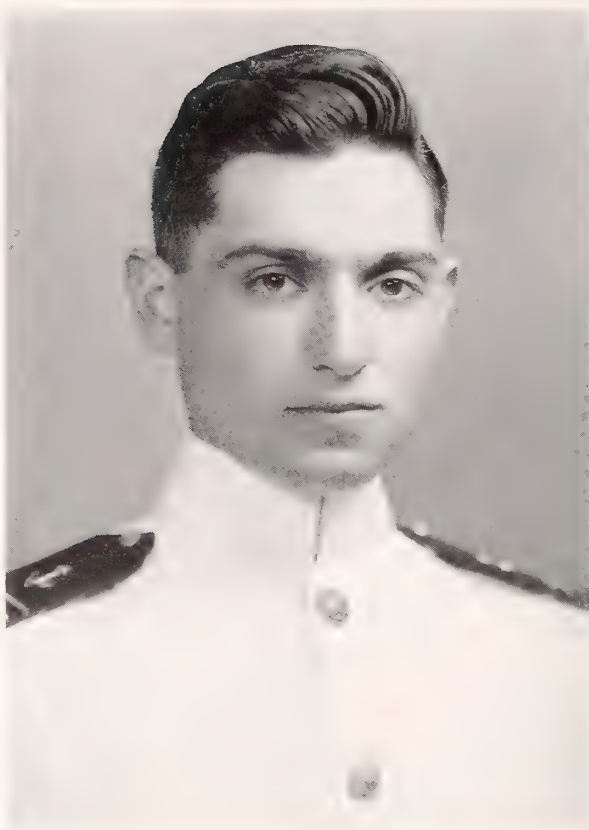


JOHN PAUL ZGURIS
HERKIMER, NEW YORK

"Joe Pete"

"Ziggy"

YOUNGSTER year Ziggy set his sights a little too low, and the docs almost got him, but he managed to squeeze out a 20/20. Now most of his study hours are spent boning magazines—being always able to meet the academic standards, he avoids the continual grind. A redmike here, despite all temptations, he has neither forgotten nor lost the gal back home. His modest ambition is to settle down some day. Remarkable in this trying world is the fact that Joe never worries. Three years of sub squad have never even bothered him. He has one great vice—buying Christmas presents on grad terms, and then debating whether or not to keep them for himself. Because of his never-failing humor, moments are never dull around Joe Pete.



MARLIN DAVID CLAUSNER APPLE
WENATCHE, WASHINGTON

"Marlin"

"Spike"

"Mattress"

HE'LL back his Washington State where "women are women, and the snow piles twenty feet deep" against the rest of the universe any time. With utter sang-froid he hits the books—very seldom; gets 4.0's—occasionally; and sleeps—continuously. Yet beneath this exterior, there's a wealth of latent pep; his habitual mad dashes to formation bear witness. Recognized by all is his passion for hill-billy ballads. To hear anything better than the "Kadoodlers," you have to listen to someone else's radio. A swell roommate, with an endless fund of humor to brighten weary weeks, a grand classmate, always ready to join anything from a poker game to a rough and tumble, he'll be right there with the best of them when St. Peter makes his final count.

Stage Gang 4, 3, 2, 1;
Lucky Bag 1; Radio
Club 4; Log 3; 1 P.O.



Battalion Tennis 2, 1,
Battalion Basketball
2, 1; M.P.O.



JOHN L. ARRINGTON
ROCKY MOUNT, NORTH CAROLINA

"Wimpy"

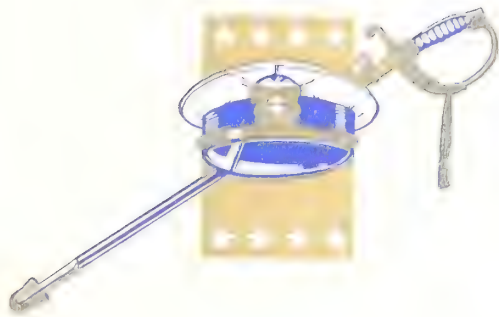
HERE is a true son of North Carolina. You can't get within five feet of him without hearing what you've missed in "God's Country"—with its marvelous June German, lovely girls, and wild leave nights. "Wimpy" earned his nickname eating hamburgers at Marion. His favorite occupation on his liberties (he hasn't missed one yet) is drumming on the nearest piano. He loves dancing, but causes great grief when he insists upon dancing around the room every time he hears music. His ambition at such times is to rival Fred Astaire. The Academic Departments caused him great trouble youngster year, with the Dago and Math Departments rivaling to rid the Naval Academy of his presence. Wimpy, however, is still fighting, no longer concerned about the final bell.



Tennis 4, 3, 2, (Manager); Battalion Water Polo 3; 1 Stripe.



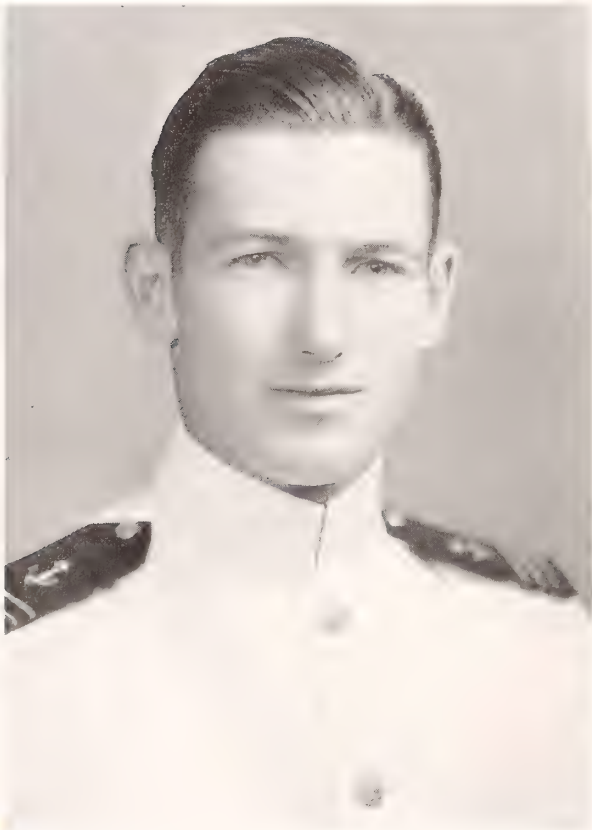
Lacrosse 3, 2; Battalion Cross Country 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



CLEMENT THOMAS LATIMER
ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Clem" "Buzz" "Timer"

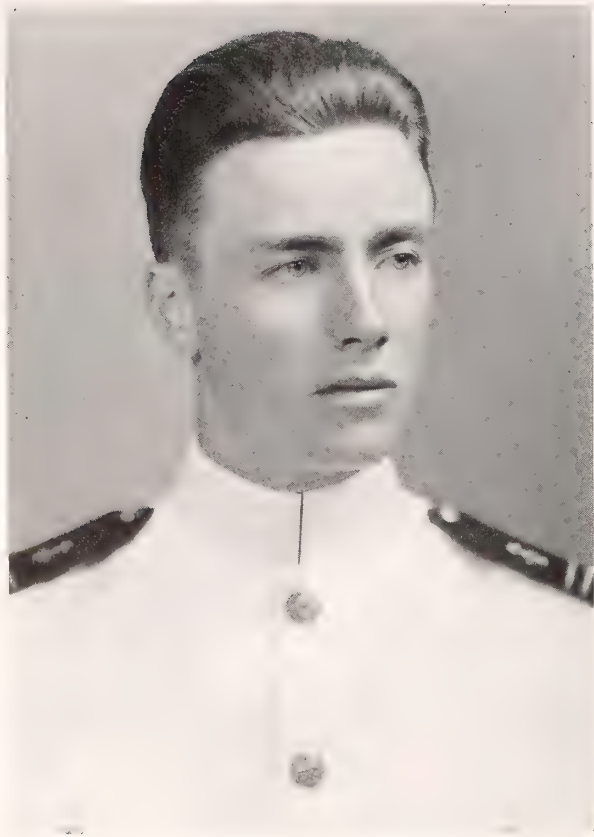
FROM down among the pines of Carolina came Clem, personification of the phrase "Southern Gentleman." An irrepressible good nature and a keen sense of humor coupled with an impartial friendliness account for his wide circle of friends. A pipe and a radio are his first requisites to living. He is the staunchest of rebels, and an endless source of hot dope. Femmes, as far as we know, have failed to impress Clem; and he remains a confirmed redmike. In a confidential moment he may be heard to say, "Shucks, what I like is a real banquet." Clem's tenacity as evidenced by the way he has kept his drawl through four years association with Yankees, assures us that he will achieve whatever he sets out to do.



HOWARD AUSTIN THOMPSON
BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS

"Tommy" "Titmouse" "Rowdie"

HERE'S the "little man" who takes Steam and baseball seriously. Although his principal indoor sport is convincing people that he "might just as well resign right now," he has always managed to get a 2.5. This Naval Reserve product began playing baseball Plebe Summer and has averaged about nine innings per game since. Tommy has as many nicknames as friends, acquiring both equally as easily. His radio is a necessity, unspoiled even by the drone of an electric razor; he'll even listen to classical music rather than have quiet. Although the Titmouse isn't exactly a social lion, he misses few hops. If you have ever seen him wearing a worried expression, it was probably because he got the Steam dope and couldn't remember where he put it.



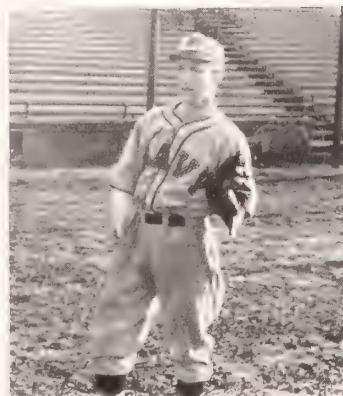
RICHARD FRANCIS BARRY, JR.
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

"Dick"

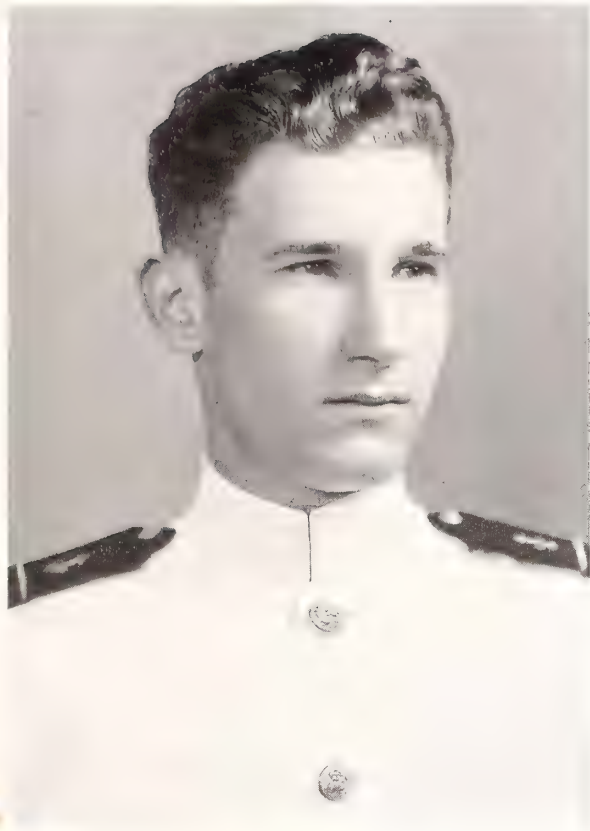
"Pinhead"

FOUR short years ago this youth with the Boston accent marched into Memorial Hall to take his oath. It was not the first oath of his life, as he had the distinction of being an Eagle Scout, Quartermaster Sea Scout, and Naval Reservist. Pinhead's life here has been dedicated to the invention of new and better practical pranks to play on his luckless classmates. In his spare moments, Dick entertains with impersonations of Academy instructors or an English Cockney. In the spring, sailing is his chief hobby. In the fall it is cross-country, and he is one of the outstanding reasons why the Second Battalion has kept that trophy. To Dick we wish all the success of his famous namesake, Commodore Barry.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1, N,
N*; Battalion Cross
Country 1; 1 Stripes.



Cross Country Manager 1, CNC; Battalion Track 3, 2, 1; Battalion Cross Country 3, 2, 1; Trident Staff; 2 Stripes.

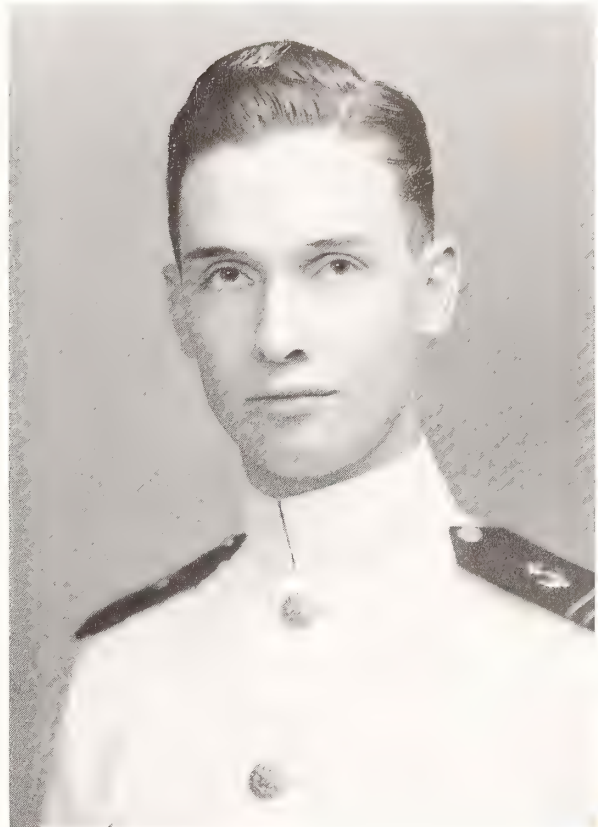
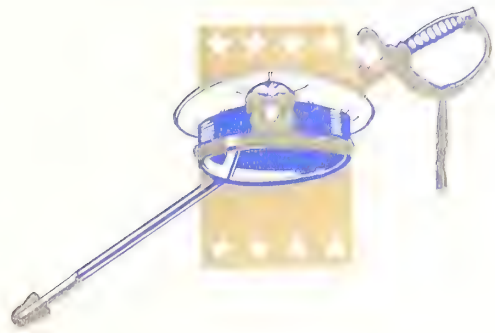


ROBERT EDGAR BLACKWELL
HARDINGS, VIRGINIA

"Bobbie"

"Blackie"

FORSAKING fresh mountain air for the sweltering heat of Annapolis, Bobby left the "West Point of the South" back in the summer of '35. The transition from one plebe year at V. M. I. to another here was not too abrupt, and he has since unconcernedly performed his required tasks without expending any unnecessary effort. Bobby studies some and, for diversion, reads, bowls, and drags—despite his assertions of redmikehood. He has been active in the radiator club. Nevertheless, you will find him always more than willing to join in a brisk game of touch or softball. Willing, that is, if you do not disturb him, for beyond a doubt his favorite sport is sleep. For four years we've found him to be quiet, unassuming and consistently congenial; a 4.0 roommate.



STANLEY EUGENE HINDMAN
BENTON, ILLINOIS

"Stanley"

"Stan"

"Rasputin"

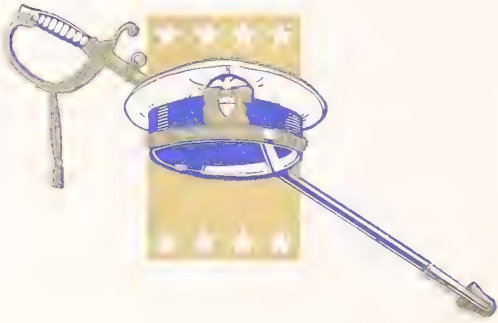
IN spite of a serious appearance, Stanley takes seriously only the fair sex. Even in the midst of the most difficult academic subjects, he keeps something in reserve. A highly developed sense of humor helps him through trying situations. Always ready and willing for a bull session, at the beginning of an argument Stanley knows he is right and at the end his opponent is usually convinced of that fact, for he has the rare capability of making the driest subjects light and full of humor. Aviation is his hobby, but dancing and music also have their deep appeal. Always generous and willing to help, he will take time from his own work to instruct a classmate in the best Illinois manner.



Battalion Boxing 3, 2, 1; Soccer 4; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



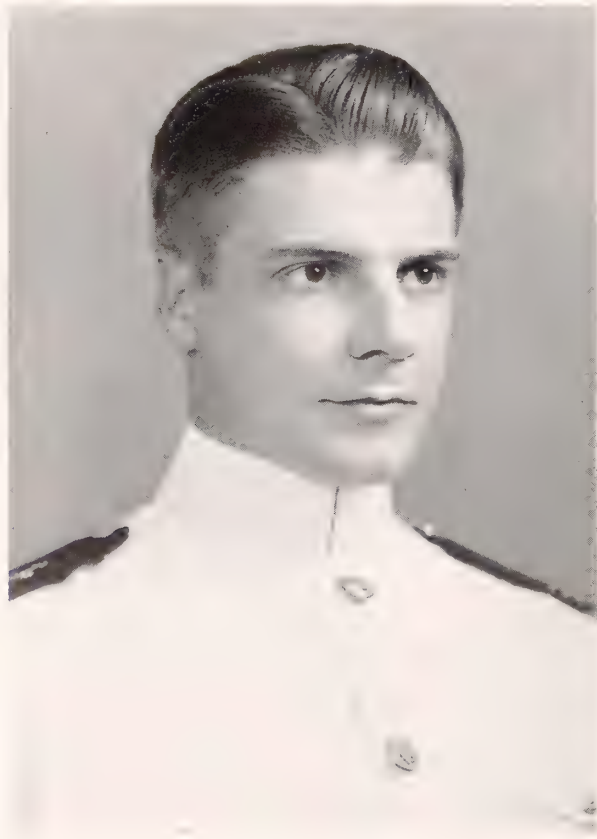
Company Soccer 4; M.P.O.



DONALD McRAE CHISHOLM
DULUTH, MINNESOTA

"Angus" "Micawbar"

DON'S two years at Dartmouth gave him a wealth of acquaintances in Eastern colleges. However, his love for laughter and his appreciation of seriousness soon turn all acquaintances into lasting friendships. Inherently precise, Don's clear analyses of involved problems have often helped to explain difficult lessons to less apt classmates. Unlike most of us, Don has been able to cultivate his esthetic senses without neglecting athletics and academics. He loves good music and literature, both contemporary and classical. His hearty congeniality and intense interest in people make him a versatile conversationalist. Don's secret ambition is to visit Inverness, in the highlands of eastern Scotland, where the Chisholm clan still wears with pride the colorful Chisholm plaid.



SIGMUND ALBERT BOBCZYNSKI
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"Bobo"

"Czar"

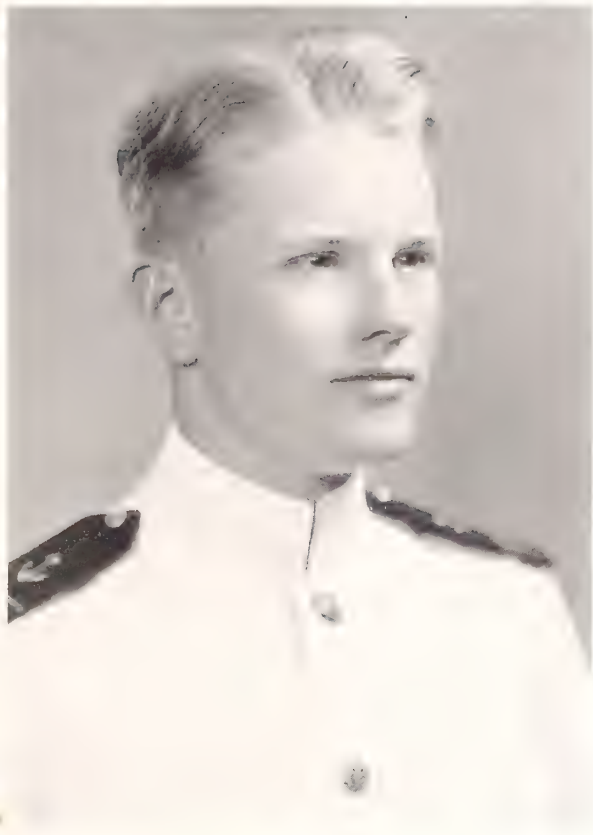
THIS fresh-water sailor from Michigan arrived at the Academy, equipped with a disarming smile, a naturally free and easy manner, and a cognomen that could be neither spelled, pronounced nor forgotten by our big brothers of Plebe Summer. Since then all have come to know him as Bobo, lover of concert music, member of the "B" football squad, a buoyant personality practicing the philosophy, "don't spin the wheels." Notoriously famous for his regular consignments and consistent supply of home-made foods, he has become 39's best-known commissary officer. If Bobo can carry into the fleet the same combination of good nature, sense of humor, and sincerity which has guided him through these four years, he will be a welcome addition to any wardroom.



Star 4, 3; 2 Stripes.



Football 3, 2; Bat-
talion Wrestling 2, 1;
Trident 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



EARL EDWARD CARLSTEN
BRYAN, OHIO

"Whity"

"Swede"

DON'T be deceived by his appearance; he really isn't the angelic lad you see in the picture. Changes from former college environment lent some difficulty to the towhead's final indoctrination, which came only after innumerable hours of cross-country hiking on the seaward terrace. Aside from extra curricular infantry his main hobby is defending the relative merits of Ohio's daughters. Perhaps he can back up his convictions with proof, but from his past experiences we wonder. We have found Earl even-tempered and tolerant, qualities which have won him many friends. Academic perplexities have caused him little trouble, his abilities being of great aid to some of his less fortunate friends. His nonchalance and ability make mole-hills out of mountains.



JAMES DAVID RAMAGE
WATERLOO, IOWA

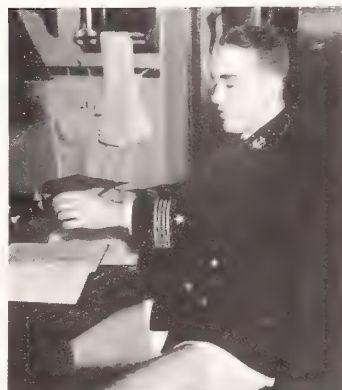
"Dave" "Jig-Dog" "Jig" "Uncle Phil"

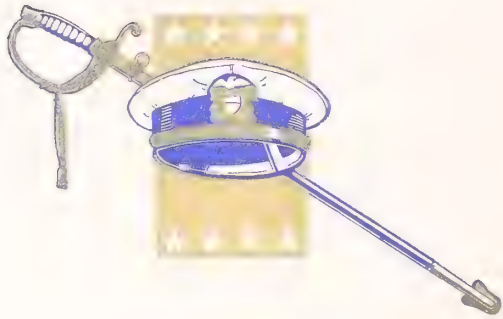
JIG-DOG is an even tempered fellow, whose cheerfulness and optimism cannot be dimmed—not even by the steam department. His easy going ways have made him a grand roommate and friend during these four years. Jig lays no claim to genius, but he possesses an enormous amount of common sense and reasoning power, which the savours too often lack. He has a lifetime membership in the radiator squad. The responsibilities of a striper have not bothered him. A large assortment of tonics and shampoos testifies to his bitter fight against total baldness. He rates all his own drags 4.0, and gives out nothing better than a 2.0 for all the rest. "Boy, what a goon!" is his favorite and most frequently heard expression.



Masqueraders 3, 2,
1; G.P.O.

G.P.O.

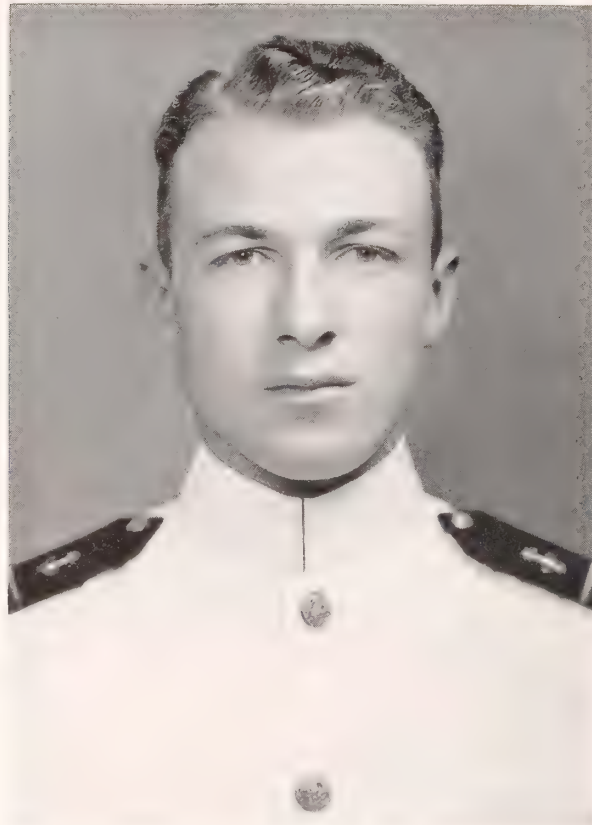




GEORGE STUART SIMMONS, III
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Sandy" "Sanox" "Stu"

FROM the fogs of San Francisco Bay Sandy brought his talents, his *savoir faire*, and his curly hair to Annapolis. When he isn't simulating his habit of relaxing on the sunny beaches of his native state by assuming a similar position on his bunk, minus only the gentle sun, Sandy also may often be found in the natatorium practicing a new fancy dive to add to his already diversified repertoire. With the exception of a short skirmish with the Steam Department in his youngster year, he has always managed to stay well on the blue side of the academic records. When the Fleet takes Sandy back to San Francisco he will take with him a wealth of friendships to add to those he left there four years ago.



CHARLES MOORE CASSEL, JR.
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

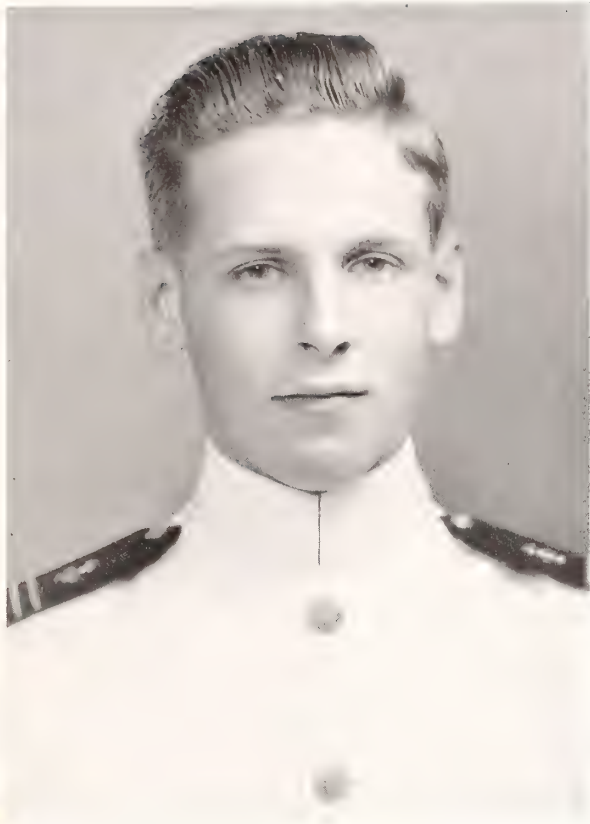
"Charlie" "Cass" "Chuck"

CHARLIE, he of the mellow baritone voice and contagious smile, came to Annapolis with an excellent scholastic record behind him. He takes this Navy life in easy fashion and is sure to go far as an officer. An excellent student, he does not spend all his time with his books, being a varsity baseball player as well and one of the mainstays in battalion football and wrestling. A great pleasure to his classmates is his ability, and willingness upon request, to sing anything from "Margie" to "On the Road to Mandalay." Easy to get along with, cautious and reserved but always ready for some fun, when Charlie receives that diploma it will be the Regiment's loss and Fleet's gain.

Battalion Swimming
4, 3, 2, 1; Football 4;
2. P. O.



Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1,
N.A.; Football 4; Bat-
talion Football 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Wrestling
2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1,
Leader 1; Trident 3,
2, 1; Company Repre-
sentative 2, 1; Glee
Club 4, 3; 2 Stripes.



CHARLES ROBERT CLARK, JR.
PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK

"Honey"

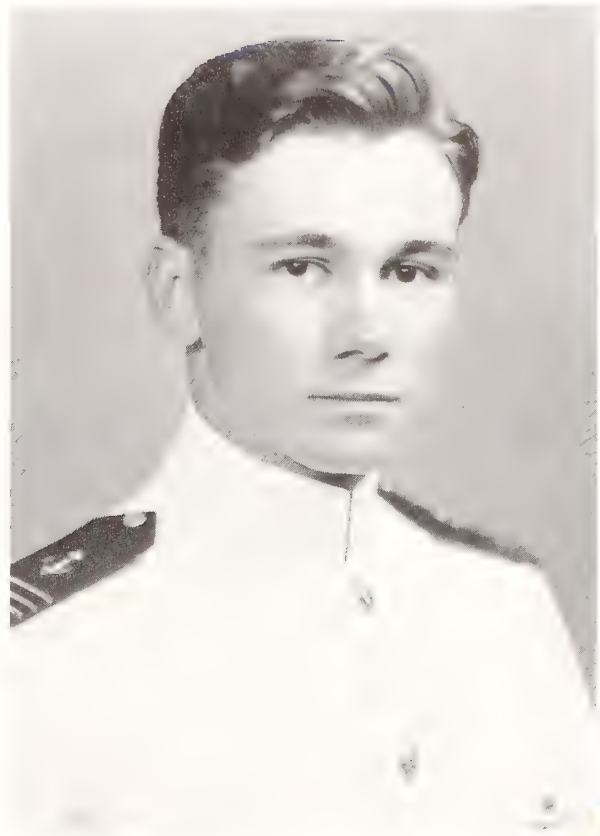
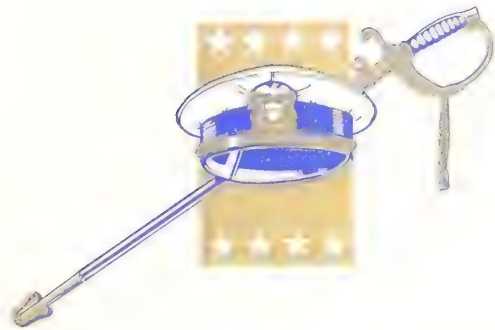
"Bob"

HONEY graduated from high school the youngest in his class. He was youngest at Virginia Military Institute, and, again, here at the Naval Academy he is among the youngest. As a result, youthfulness is the key to his personality. His occasional spasms of uncertainty and irrationality are more than offset by an uncommonly unaffected and fresh outlook on life. Dullness of routine he hates. He is carefree but not usually careless. Failure to always distinguish between these two qualities has caused several minor tussles with the Executive Department. Perhaps he would make a more efficient naval officer if he became more stabilized and rational but somehow we prefer him as he is—for Honey lends to life his own characteristics and makes it colorful and unpredictable.



Wrestling 2, 1; Battalion Track 2; Battalion Water Polo 3; Quarterdeck Society 3, 2, 1; M.P.O.

Quarterdeck Society 4, 3, 2, 1; Interbattalion Debate Championship 3; Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3; Trident; 2 Stripes.



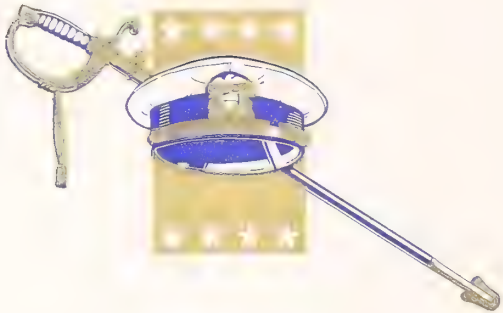
JOE FREDERIC HARMON
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

"Joe"

"Face"

"Combullron"

JOE started his career by taking Law at the University of Michigan. This inspiration, however, did not come entirely to naught, for when he obtained his appointment, he brought his inclination toward liberal arts to the Academy and soon talked himself into the Quarterdeck Society, an enviable class standing, and the position of Combullron. Of the many privileges of this latter position, he especially appreciates getting some of that good sleep. And with his "Navy line" it is inevitable that as extra-curricular activity he should specialize in snaking, although several brickings and squelchings have almost placed him back into the ranks of the misogynists. Because of his sound judgment in practical matters and his loquacity, he will probably find a desk in the Judge Advocate General's Office.



KENNETH LEON KOLLMYER
KEOKUK, IOWA
"Kenny"

THE far-reaching arm of the Navy dragged Kenny forth from the cornfields of Iowa. He began his naval career by reporting late for his physical exam. The reason—he overslept. Kenny is a potential star man but he is firmly convinced that eight hours sleep are insufficient and therefore his evening study hours becomes his evening siesta. His habitual smile, his thoughtful consideration and his bright and cheerful "good morning" make him a desirable roommate. His inherent good humor and seemingly endless knowledge of subjects of general interest make him an ideal addition to any bull session. When Kenny receives his commission the Navy will receive an officer and a gentleman who will be ready and willing to carry on the customs and traditions of the Service.



FRANK JOHN COULTER
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Butch"

ON 18 June, 1935, Butch came down from Baltimore to give the Naval Academy a casual once over, and just as casually he has been with us ever since. A graduate of Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, Butch, although not a star man, has always had the academic situation well under control; he has not, however, been quite so fortunate with the rope climb. Despite his shyness which would lead one to think him a redmike, hop nights usually find Butch and his drag giving their version of some of the latest dance steps at Dahlgren. His inherent good humor, reticence, and modesty have won him a host of friends in the Regiment, and the anchor man in '39 will make admiral before the Academy gets another like Butch.

Golf 3, 1; 1 P.O.



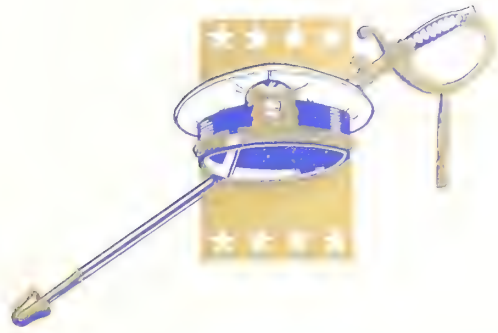
Baseball 4, 3, 2, N.A.;
(Manager); Battalion
Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1;
1 P.O.



JAMES ASHTON DARE
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Jim"

A CHARACTER expert could read a lot in Jim's eyes and the laugh behind them—they have that friendly attraction. We know, also, the active mind and generous heart behind his calm exterior. His wit, like his sabre, strikes true. There is no finer comrade for work or play. His principal interests include sailing, painting, fencing, and enjoying life. Two years in the University of Washington and its Naval R. O. T. C. gave him a good start in both academics and worldly experience. He has put his knowledge of boats and sails, acquired in the waters of Puget Sound, to good use in the Boat Club, in racing, and in his "foul weather" pastime of painting. On to the fleet and the West Coast again!



PETER SHUMWAY
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

"Pete"

"Shum"

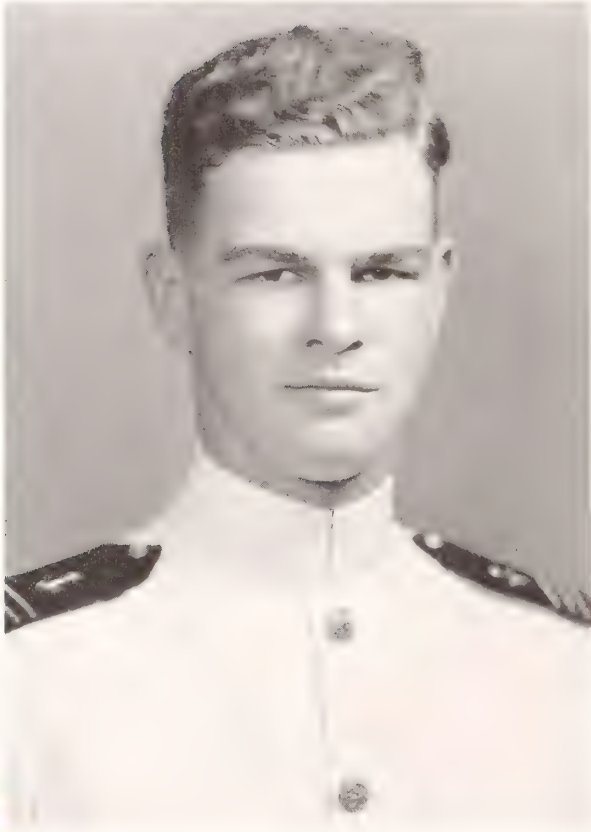
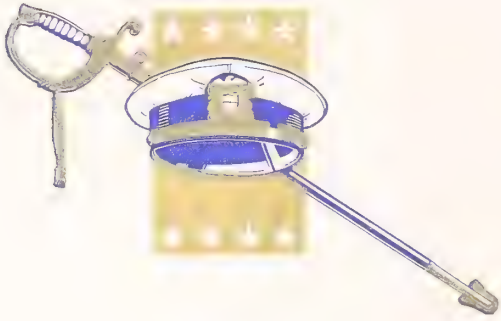
DIRECTNESS and thoroughness characterize Pete's work. His earnest nature is tempered but never compromised by an excellent sense of humor. His many interests keep him busy from reveille till taps. Pete came to the Academy after spending two years at Northwestern, where he was a member of the Naval R. O. T. C. and affiliated with Phi Gamma Delta. He is known for his many activities, for the quality of his drags, for being one of the ace firemen at the Carvel Hall fire, and for occasionally producing an identical twin brother in civilian clothes. Although Pete can often be found aboard the ketch during spring week-ends, pole vaulting is his chief interest at this time. He is a pleasant and willing companion, and here's hoping that we shall be shipmates again.



Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1, FNT; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Ketch Captain 2, 1; Race Committee 1, 2 Stripes.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Gym 4; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Company Representative 4, 3; Reception Committee 3, 2; Hop Committee 1; Ring Committee 2, 1; Lucky Bag Assistant Editor; 2 Stripes.



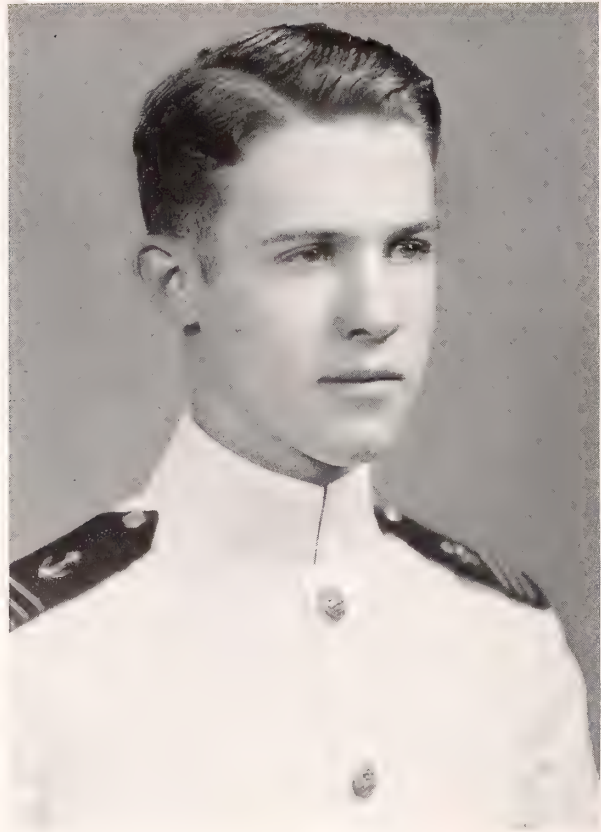


WILLIAM GREGORY KORNAHRENS
LEWISTON, MAINE

"Primo"

"Billie"

IMPERTURBABILITY personified! — That's Primo! He forsook the beautiful land of pine trees for four years in Crabtown, and although his accent has been a little subdued, the more strenuous life of the Academy has left him with the same good humor and mild temper of earlier days. His bold nonchalance, supported by a large smile that radiates personality, wins for him a place in everyone's heart. The Academic Departments once took advantage of his good nature and threw him for a small loss, but it didn't seem to faze him in the least. Six feet two into the atmosphere and possessing the original body beautiful, he is truly the answer to a maiden's fervent prayer; but all applicants are reminded that competition is plentiful.



EDWARD LAWRENCE DASHIELL, JR.
SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Ed"

"Dash"

"Larry"

LARRY could have easily been the prototype of the subject of Tennyson's lines, "A prince I was, blue-eyed and fair of face, of temper amorous as the First of May." "Prince Charming" from the heart of the deep South; lilting troubadour and gay devotee of Terpsichore; rabid, rampant Rebel, fighting anew the battles of the rebellion with his "down east Yankee" roommate; sturdily battling the Academic and Executive Departments, asking no quarter, but deserving of honorable mention for countless hours of extra-duty; studying only when compelled to; delightfully insouciant as to aptitude for the service; possessor of a delicious drawl; debonair, as the Lorelei; a steadfast friend, who easily captures your respectful envy, for life to him is such a glorious adventure.

M.P.O.



1 P.O.



WILLIAM DENTON
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

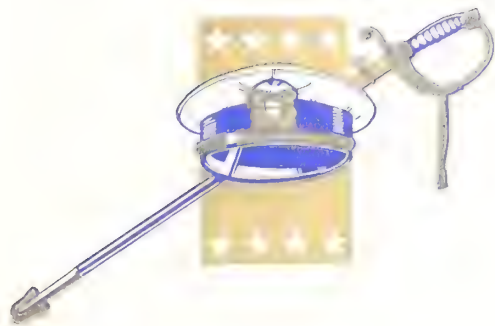
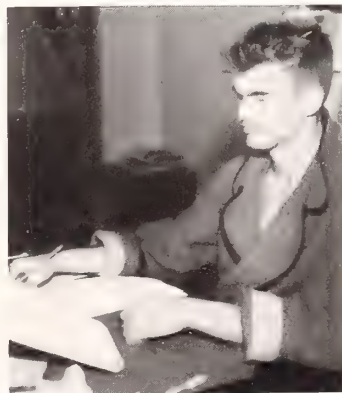
"Willie"

IF ONE adjective could describe Bill, it would be cosmopolitan. Being an Army Junior, there are not many places that he has not been, and he has learned from all of them. Born in the Philippines, he early acquired the desire for independence, and he still has his own ideas about things in general. Willy is a college product to the extent that he was deeply steeped in the liberal arts before taking up the technical side of life given us at the Naval Academy. As we said, he is at home in almost any situation, especially in Dahlgren Hall. Versatile—that is Willy—art, writing, tennis, song, the lively arts—infinite riches in a small space—except that he is a first platoonier.



Tennis 3, 2, T39T;
Track 4; Battalion
Basketball 4, 3, 1; 2
Stripes.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1;
Wrestling 2, 1; Boat
Club 4, 3; Language
Club 2, 1; 3 Stripes.



FREDRICH LEONARD TAEUSCH
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Fred"

"Rasputin"

A HEARTY, infectious laugh is a sure indication of Fred's presence, and behind that laugh there's a disposition just as amiable. His heart is with anything that sails, and if it doesn't sail, then he rows it. Most of the year you'll find all six feet of him pulling a shell. The philosophy of maximum results with a minimum of study covers Fred's stand on the question of academics. Women fail to enter very deeply into his plan for living. A knack for doing and appreciating the unusual give him a personality all his own; yet there's a sincerity and depth to it that impresses even the most casual acquaintance. Often tried, but never found lacking, Fred possesses all those qualities which mean character.



WALTER LAWRENCE DOUGLAS, JR.
SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

"Punchy"

"Junior"

WITH two years pre-med study at Boston College at his back and a Harvard accent on his lips, Doug arrived with a Hey—Bud—when-do-we-start?" attitude and has never lost that aggressiveness. Since he put on the gloves with the academic departments he has taken a count of nine, but came up scrapping and won the decision. He can hold his own on any field of sport and is especially apt with the rifle. Neat in all things and habitually well groomed, Doug is as much at home in the ballroom as on the ball field. He has a knack for making friends, a record of never having lost one, and, we confidently prophesy, a strong likelihood of continuing with similar success his associations in the Fleet.



JOHN WILLIAM DOLAN, JR.
JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA

"Beetle Brow"

NATURALLY savvy, John has an unusual aptitude for assimilating knowledge that has enabled him to wear stars for four years. Besides making his own excellent academic record, he has willingly aided less fortunate classmates in keeping on the right side of the books. His accomplishments have not been confined to academic pursuits alone. He has been a consistent performer on the battalion football and basketball teams for four years. His ready smile and winning personality have won many friends at the Academy, and will win many more when he reaches the fleet. His ability to do the right thing at the right time has always kept him among the leaders, foreshadowing his subsequent success as an officer in the line or in the Construction Corps.

Golf 2, 1; Water Polo
4, 3; Battalion Foot-
ball 4, 3, 2, 1; Rifle
4, 3; Battalion Box-
ing 2, 1; Hop Com-
mittee 1; 1 P.O.



Battalion Football 4,
3, 2, 1; Battalion
Basketball 4, 3, 1;
Trident 3, 2; Star 4,
3, 2; 4 Stripes.



RICHARD LEE DOWNING
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

"Dickie"

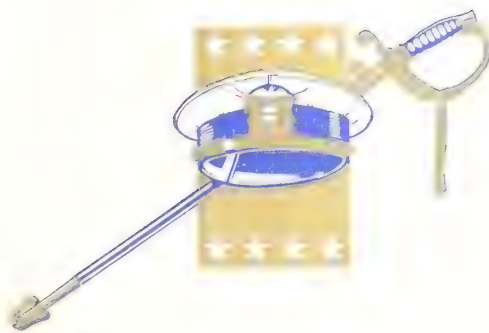
EARLY in the summer of '35 Dick arrived in Annapolis for a four year visit, following the footsteps of his brother. From this brother he had heard many stories of the Academy, and he knew the things required of plebes. His cheerfulness and willingness to assist anyone needing help, especially those arranging blind drags, soon gained the admiration of his classmates. Members of the second batt touch football squad will long remember this Minnesota flash who needs nothing more than a football and a one step lead on the field. Dick has carved a niche for himself, not by any individual accomplishment, but by proving himself capable, each day, of performing his tasks well. And that, we have been told, is the best indication of true greatness.



Battalion Track 2, 1;
Soccer 4; Lucky Bag,
M.P.O.



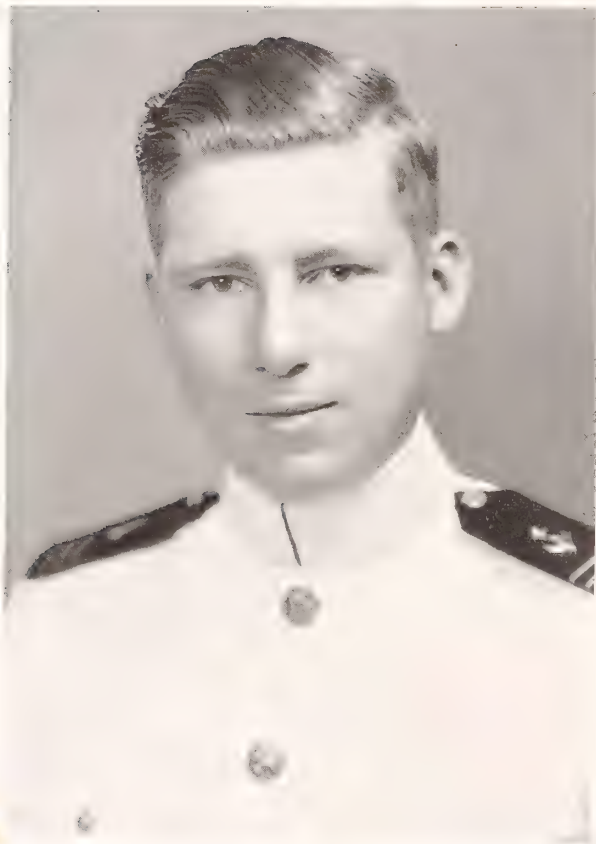
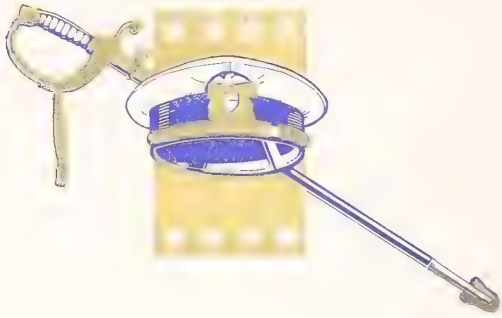
Boxing 4; Tennis 4,
3; Company Representative 2. Radio
Club 4, 3; Star 4, 3;
2 Stripes.



DAVID HAYWOOD MADDUX
COOKEVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Her'-bert"

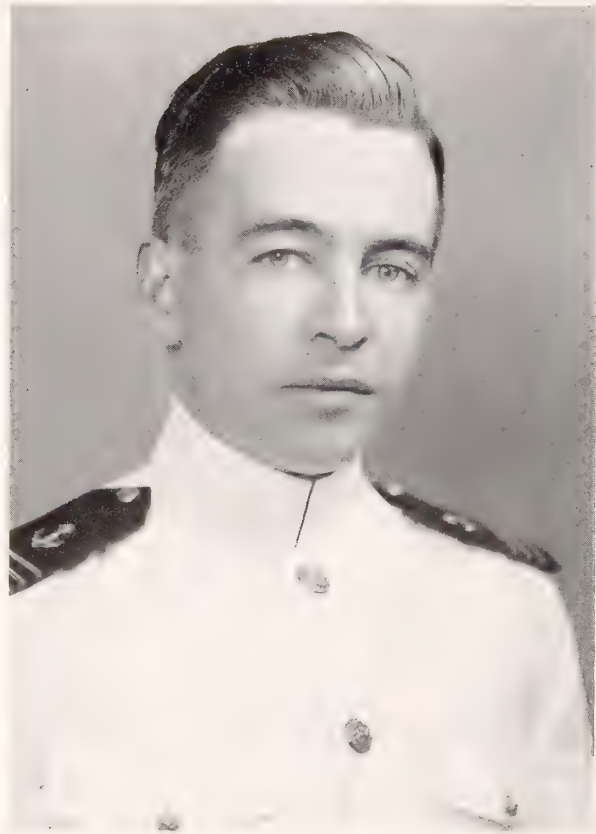
UP FROM the South came Dave early in June, 1935, to be encompassed within these grey walls for four years. His loyalty to Sunny Tennessee is undiminished these long years as will be evinced to any doubter anytime. A savoir of no mean ability, Dave has always been a cheerful helper to those not quite so fortunate academically. However, Herb differs radically from most savours in that he possesses a shrewd, practical common-sense that has won the respect and admiration of a wide circle of friends. Although not a snake, he is far removed from the redmike class, as evidenced by an almost unblemished record of hop attendance. Genial and good-natured, Dave has been an ideal roommate and a true friend.



ROBERT FLETCHER WADSWORTH
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

"Red" "Bob" "Wad"

BOB comes from Rochester, N. Y., the world's best city, according to him. He is an old salt, having served in the Naval Reserve before entering the Academy. Bob is one of the happy fellows who early in life cast his eyes seaward, and longed to serve in the United States Fleet. His years have been devoted to the attainment of that goal. His capabilities are of a practical rather than an academic turn, and no doubt his fitness reports will testify to his value aboard ship. The J. O. mess will welcome him, with his light, even temperament and sense of humor. His shipmates will soon learn to avoid learned discussions on pipes, photography, and orchestras, for Bob will surely bilge them all on these so well-loved subjects.



JOHN EDWARD DUNN
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT
"Tony"

HAVING once set his heart on entering the Academy, Johnny applied himself to the task, and succeeded. Right away he had some rather interesting skirmishes with the Steam Department. These lasted for the first couple of years, but he finally gained the strategical advantage, and has held it ever since. Despite his experience in the Naval Reserve, he has still managed to bang up a few subchasers. He is rather serious at times, but enjoys a bit of fun as well as the next. Aside from his prominent place in battalion sports, his joys are his pipe and his books. He never tires of talking or reading about the Navy. Genial, likeable, a true gentleman, "Submarine Charlie" is sure to go far in the Service.

Wrestling 2, 1; Water Polo 4, 3; Boat Club 3; Battalion Pistol 2; M.P.O.



Battalion Lacrosse 3, 2, 1; Battalion Soccer 3, 1; Battalion Boxing 1; 1 Stripe.

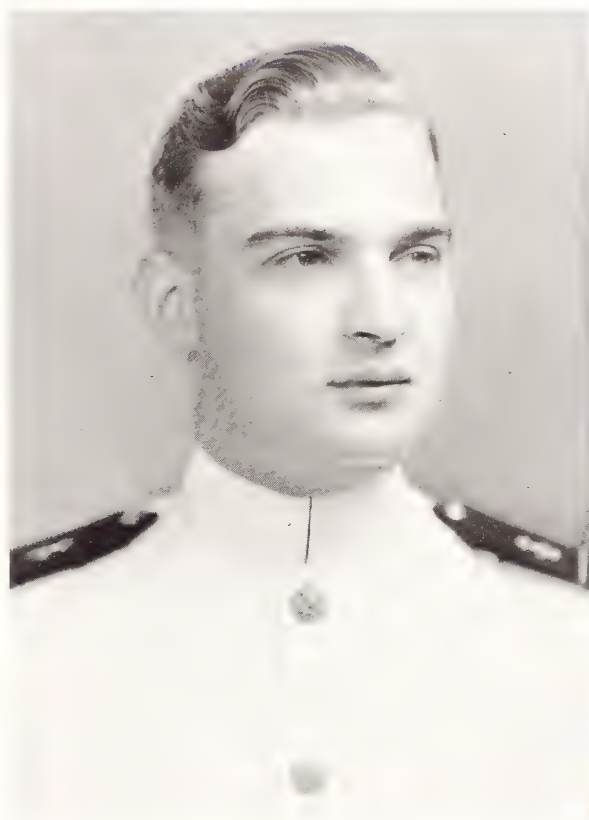
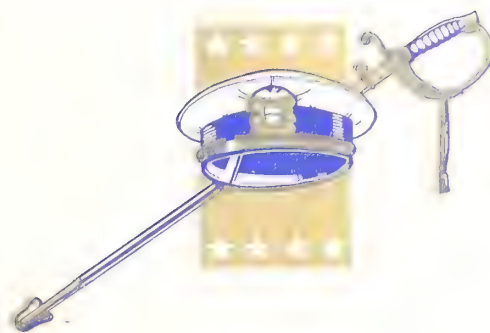


ROBERT JOSEPH DURYEA
BROOKLYNVILLE, NEW YORK

"Red"

"Rosepetal"

WITH a firmly established philosophy of "What difference will it make ten years from now," Red left Flatbush and Bell Telephone to collaborate on wrong numbers without his assistance. It didn't take us long to find out that he was destined to be the idealist of the class. If the devil has any good points, Red will find them. His generosity of spirit is further enhanced by the fact that he is always on deck to help out in a pinch—financial or otherwise. Red has managed to keep himself pretty busy. He claims championship handball, and as a catcher his specialty is disarming batters with his smile. If willingness and persistence count for as much as we have been told, watch him—he's a winner.



JOHN CARROLL McCARTHY
WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Mac"

"Senator"

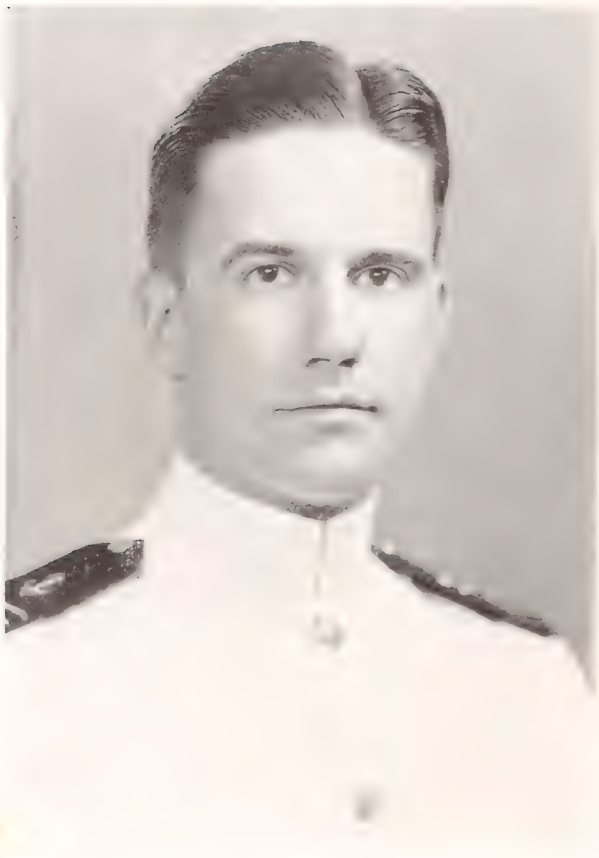
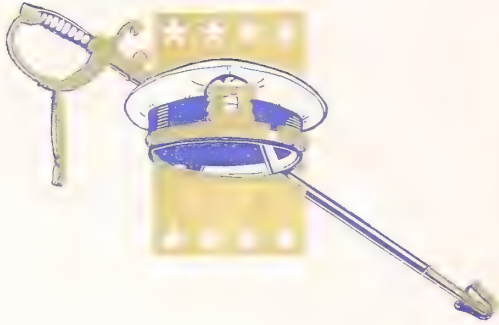
IN THE summer of thirty-five Mac arrived with the other Irish representatives of the Bay State. Typical of both his state and his race, he is genial, generous, savvy, and talkative. During his four years here, the Senator confined his activities to the Quarterdeck Society and the Boat Club. Among other things he learned in the Boat Club was that a foot is a poor substitute for a fender. Academically he always stood well. This required comparatively little effort on his part; in fact, many times studies had to wait until *Collier's* or *American* had been properly boned. In a few years, when Mac decides that it is time to settle down to some serious work, he'll make a top-notch engineer. He has what it takes.



Boat Club 3, 2, 1;
Reception Committee
2, 1; Quarterdeck 4,
3, 2, 1; C.P.O.



Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1,
N. A. Trident 1;
M.P.O.



HOWARD JAMES GREENE
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

"Jim"

"Hose"

EVERY once in a while there is born into the world a paradox. Such a paradox is Hosey. To the world he is a violent militarist with a face and figure to back up the appearance; yet, to those who know him, this cloak and the ease with which he drops it is one of the reasons he makes friends so fast and so often. His interests range from pretty girls to submarines to cryptography to pretty girls. His single purpose in life is to command his own ship and he is making a bee-line for the undersea craft in order to expedite this aim. His prize possession is without question his sword. He fingers its keen blade and mutters something to himself that may be: "Some day an Admiral!" Who knows? He lacks nothing in ambition and we hope he makes it!



WILLIAM JAMES FEHR
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

"Doc"

"Bill"

"Willie"

WHEN Bill left Saginaw to become a midshipman, he brought with him a multitude of vibrant ideas, an inexhaustible store of energy, and a gift for good fellowship. Although his natural inclination seems toward things literary and philosophical, he possesses more than ordinary ability for mechanical and scientific matters. He is an inspired force in Academy debating and his name is foremost among our authors; however, most remember him for his comic performances in the musical club shows. Glancing into his future, we can find no goal too distant to reach, and no obstacle too great to surmount. We speak of his future life with certainty—his own ability and the good will of his ever-increasing circle of friends make an irresistible force towards his success and happiness.

Boxing 4; Quarter-deck Society 4, 3, 2; Trident 2, 1; House Committee; 1 Stripe.



Wrestling 4; Quarter-deck 4, 3, 2, 1; Musical Club 4, 3, 2; Naval Academy Calendar, Editor 1; Trident 4, 3, 2, 1, Editor 1, 1 Stripe.



WILLARD YOUNG HOWELL
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

"Dixie"

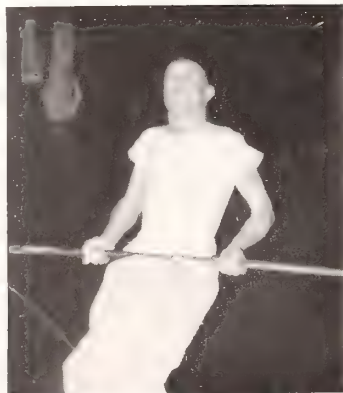
"Bill"

"Vi"

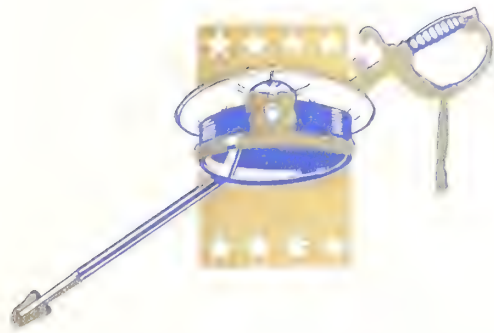
ACADEMICS at the University of Utah proved too "fruity" for Dixie, so he decided to tackle something a little tougher. Here he came—to be disillusioned again. Once more, no trouble in mastering the most difficult probs—Math, Ordnance (Belay that word), or Navigation. No need to bone these, so he spends most of his study hours reading good literature. Poetry, fiction, and philosophy all do their share to amuse and enlighten this man. But don't think he's bookish. Athletics have their place with him, too. In basketball, football, tennis, swimming, or gym he's better than most. His good nature, keen wit, and ability to find the fun in life have made him an ideal chap to have along. We all like Dixie and know he'll get along.



Battalion Soccer 4; 1
P.O.



Battalion Tennis 1;
Boat Club 1; 1 P.O.

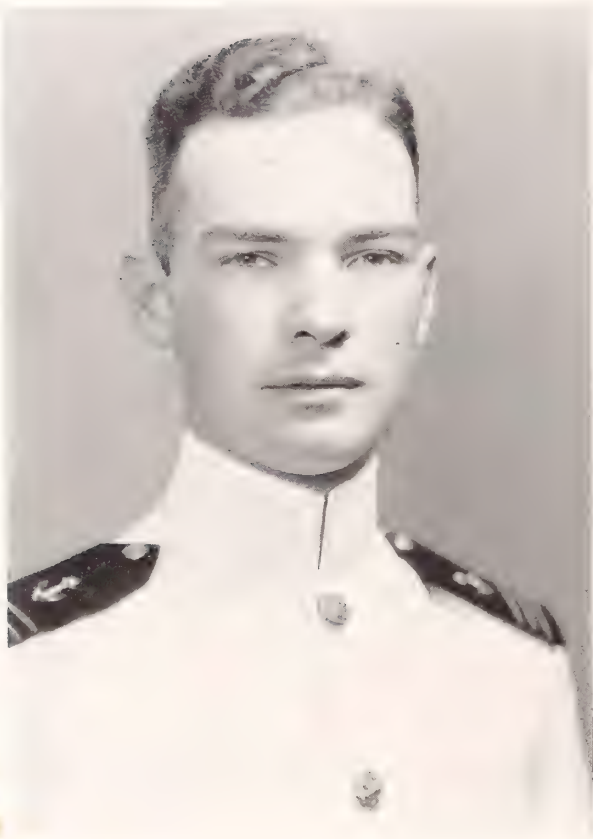
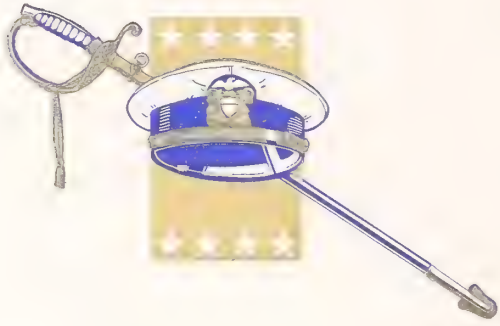


RICHARD WARREN ROBINSON
ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Dick"

"Robby"

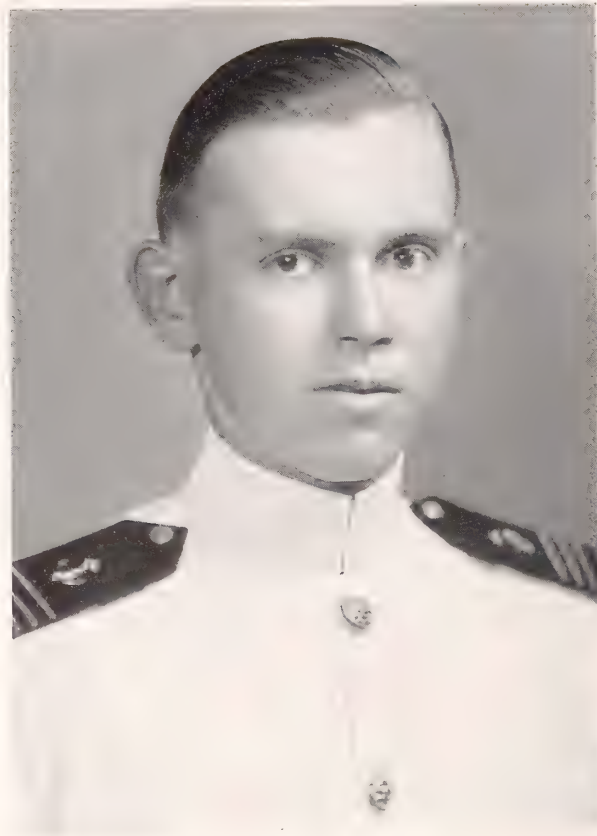
BY ACT of Congress? Ah, but no! Robbie, the favorite son of South Carolina, is a gentleman of the old school—just ask him! He has acquired a reputation as a snake, a great roommate (with a penetrating sense of humor) and a "good man to have along," be it a rough-house, a game of tennis, or a bull session. Although he has distributed his talents over a wide field, somewhat too wide to crash the first sections, a Southerner's love for a good fight has carried him over occasional battles with the Powers that be. Robbie's facility for making friends, his will to win, and his knack of doing everything well will make him a hard man to keep down and an asset to the Service. Skoal!



GEORGE RICHARD SMITH
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

"Smitty" "Rich" "Dick"

FROM the Hoosier State, Smitty has done much to uphold the reputation of the mid-west at the Academy. In spite of the fact that he possesses a mania for working crossword puzzles during study hours, Smitty has always managed to stand near the head of his class. Although he claims to be a redmike, he boasts an enviable collection of feminine photographs, and drags quite frequently. However, little-understood womankind has been one of his major philosophical problems. Smitty possesses all the natural traits which are indispensable to success in the Navy. His quiet modest manner and his willingness to help others make him an ideal roommate. Smitty is a hard-working fellow who will keep plugging away until he has achieved his ambitions.



ELBERT CRAWFORD LINDON
LEED, ALABAMA

"Spud"

"Ed"

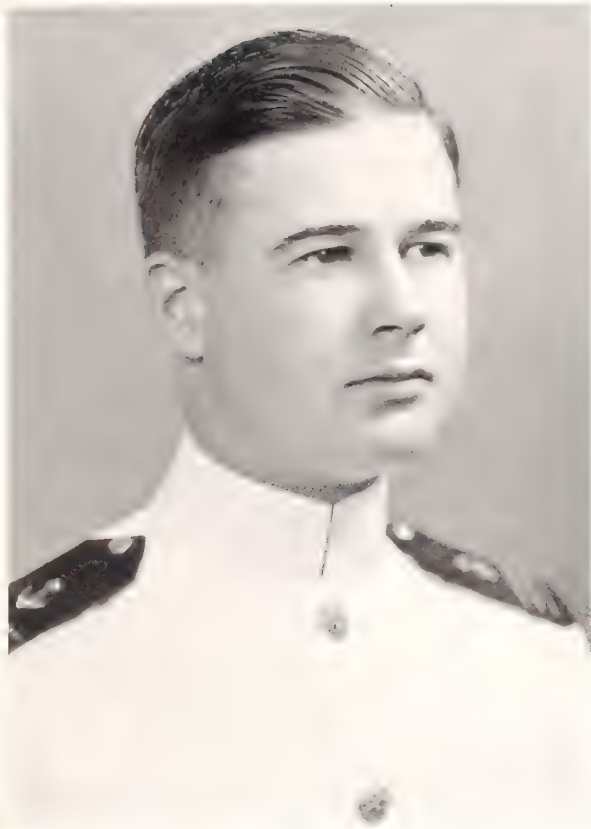
SPUD came north from Alabama after spending a year of college life at Auburn with the co-eds. In spite of finding life at the U. S. N. A. a bit more strenuous, he wasn't long in adjusting himself. Plebe year ended, and Spud found himself with shining stars on his full dress collar. Each fall finds him in the midst of the thin-clad cross-country runners usually puffing into the finish with the first group. His social activities occupy most of his time during the week-ends, and in spite of being some distance from home he can always find an attractive drag. As a roommate he's one of the best. Quiet, congenial, and always ready to lend a hand with the academics—he'll get along.



Cross Country 4; Battalion Cross Country 3, 2, 1; Battalion Track 2, 1; 1 Stripe.

Fencing 4; Lacrosse 4; 3 Stripes.





★
MONTROSE GRAHAM McCORMICK
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

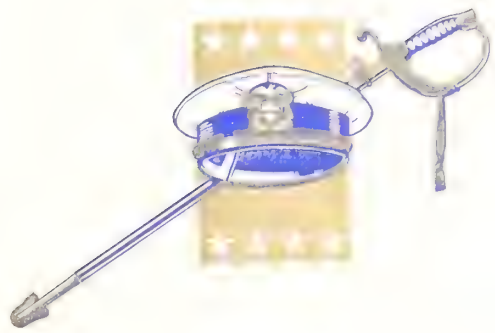
"Mac" "Mongoose" "Monty"

IN SPITE of many likeable qualities, Monty has been notoriously unsuccessful as a hitch-hiker, but no doubt from this lack of success comes his never-say-die spirit. Cheerful and persevering, he has many accomplishments to his credit in extra-curricular activities. However, it's easy to tell his favorite activity on a happy week-end. His sincere and tireless efforts toward getting the most out of life (Goethe was apparently influenced by McCormick in forming his philosophy) are only enhanced by his enthusiasm for the companionship of a charming girl. In the trouble and turmoil of this world, Mongoose can always be counted on to see the brighter side. We hope he will always be around to cheer us up.



*Battalion Soccer 3, 2;
Lucky Bag Advertising Staff 1; 1 P.O.*

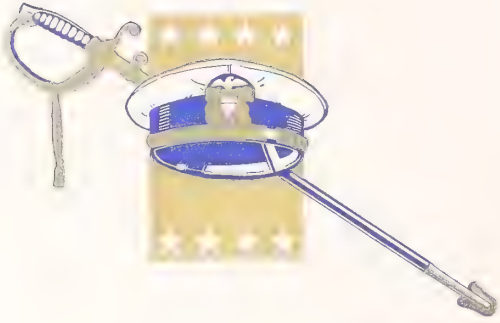
*Reef Points 3, 2, 1;
Assistant Editor 1;
Log 4, 3, 2, 1, News
Editor 1; N. A. C. A.
Council, Vice-President 1; Stage Gang 2,
1, Property Manager
1; Press Detail 2, 1;
Christmas Card Com-
mittee 2, 1; Glee Club
2, 1; Musical Club
Show 2, 1; Quarter-
deck 4, 3, 2, 1; Naval
Orders Prize 4; 2
Stripes.*



WILBUR SUMMERS WILLS, JR.
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Bill" "Willisy"

CALM and imperturbable, Willisy can let the worst storms pass over his head without disturbing a hair. His academics have produced good but not starrng grades, and every year has seen him on the soccer field, not a varsity man, but a good man nevertheless. He has that heads-up aptitude for always getting the word, and except for one fateful time during second class summer, has allowed the reg book to carry him serenely along. Many's the Washington belle who has visited Crabtown since their Bill became a midshipmite, and the enjoyment is mutual, too, for he knows just how to have and share a good time with any one. Willisy's record here makes us recognize in him a true example of an officer and a gentleman.

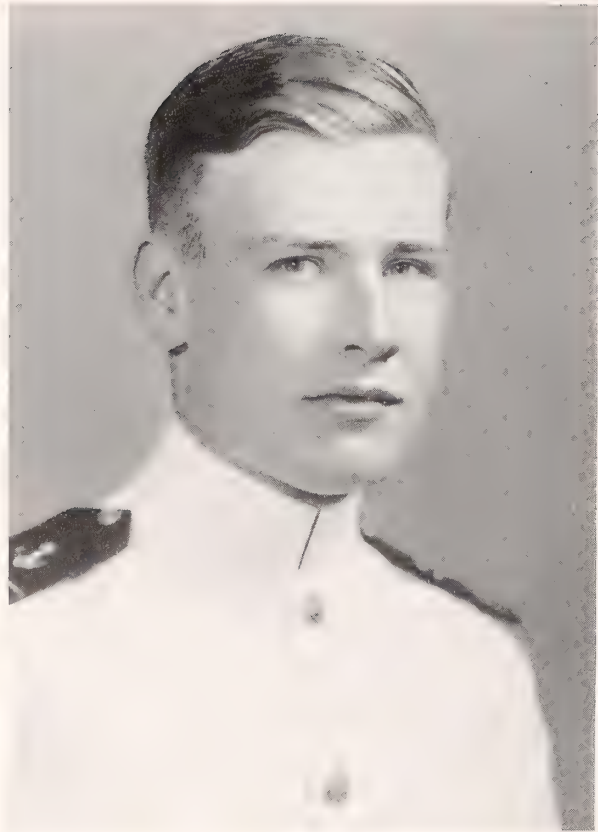


WILLIAM LEE SAVIDGE
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

"Lee"

"Cox'n"

FRESH from the College of Puget Sound, Lee came to the Naval Academy knowing more things nautical than most of us. He still does. You'd call him versatile. Has worried about Bull continually, and has never gone unsat. (He'd rather just worry.) Excels at Nav; even finishes the P-works. Has never missed a weekend trip on the *Bullfrog*, and consequently is seldom around for Sunday inspections. Swears by six battered pipes. Claims to have dragged once, but long enough ago not to be held against him. For all his varied fields of endeavor, Lee has shown a singleness of purpose in learning the trade of the Navy. That coupled with a great liking for the Service can only lead to final success.



GEORGE EVERETT MOORE, 2nd
LEBANON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

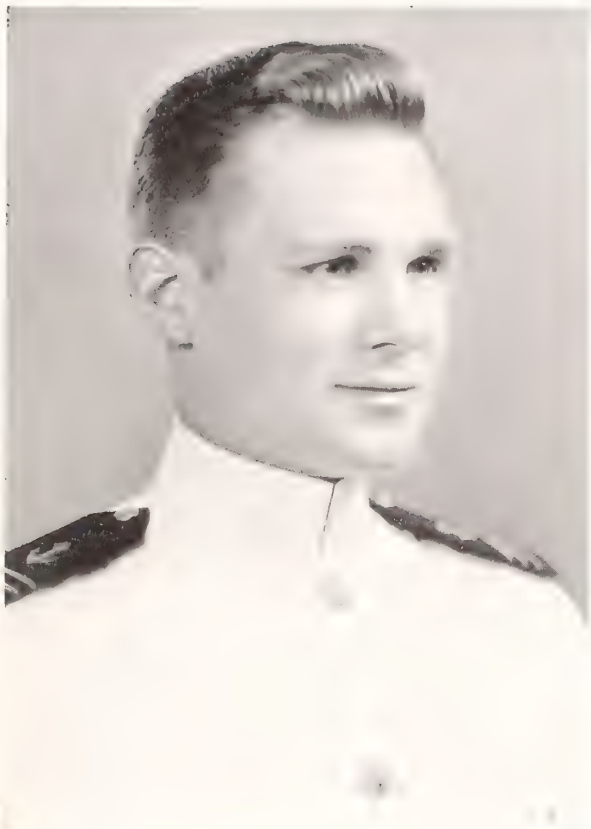
"Rhythm"

WHEN this ambidextrous musical artist of the tom-toms graduated from Ben Bash's band, and plunged into the technical sea of the Navy, the dance band world lost one of its best drummers. If you go with him to "see the sights" you'll probably see more than just "sights." George has that unusual ability of knowing his own faults, so you soon learn to accept his critical witticisms with a grain of salt. It is rumored that he dragged once, but that quizzical look in his eye shone a warning to the fair sex. To meet George in a bull session is to invite defeat. Pierce that slightly cynical exterior and you find a delightful, whacky humor, a keen sense of showmanship and loyalty, and a real friend.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1,
N. Manager 1; Log
4, 3, 2, 1, Board 1;
Movie Gang 4, 3, 2,
1; Press Gang 2, 1;
Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
Orchestra 4, 3, 2;
Musical Club Show
4, 3, 2; 2 Stripes.



Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1,
N*; Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1;
N; Battalion Water
Polo 4, 3; Orchestra
4, 3, 2, 1; Musical
Club Show 4, 3, 2, 1,
N.A. 10 4, 1; Glee
Club 4, 1 og 4; C.P.O.



ALVIN ATLEY PETERSON
MADISON, WISCONSIN

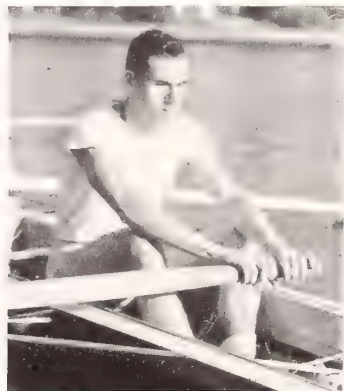
"Pete"

"Doc"

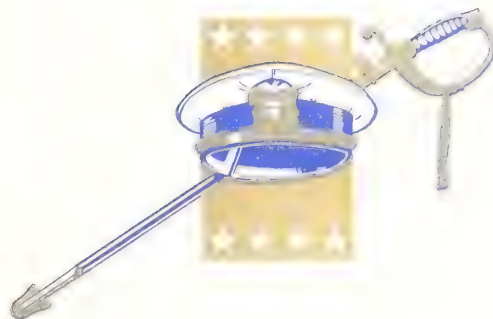
PETE entered the Academy after three years of pre-med and a year of medicine. To us he is still the "Doc" not only for physical casualties but also for academic ailments. Not content with mere answers he digs into the theory of all our studies and many not in the curriculum—philosophy, psychology, law, architecture, and medicine. He tosses spikes with the best as one of Navy's distance runners; yet he is a polished gentleman, an accomplished dancer, a profound thinker, a writer, and, on the speaker's platform, as forceful as any. The University of Wisconsin granted him his A.B. in his second class year. With his powers of concentration he studies rapidly, and Pete doesn't waste a waking moment in his persistent search for knowledge.



Cross Country 4, 2, 1,
CNC*; Track 4, 3, 1,
N.A. Quarterdeck 4,
3, 2, 1, President 1;
Lucky Bag Staff 2, 1;
Trident Staff 2, 1;
Star 4, 3, 2, 3 Stripes.



Crew 4, 3, 2, 1, N;
Class Crest Committee;
Class Vice-President 3, 2, 1. Company
Representative 4; Movie
Gang 3; Star 4;
2 Stripes.



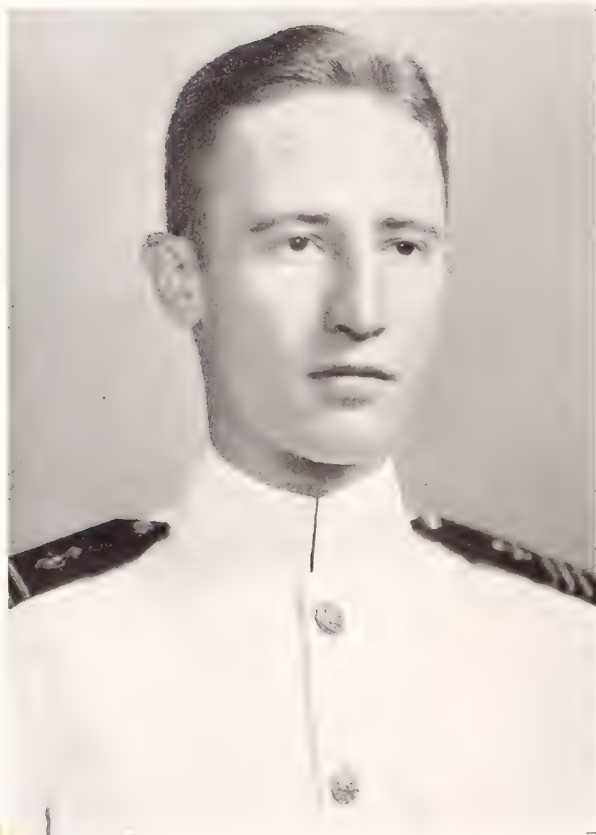
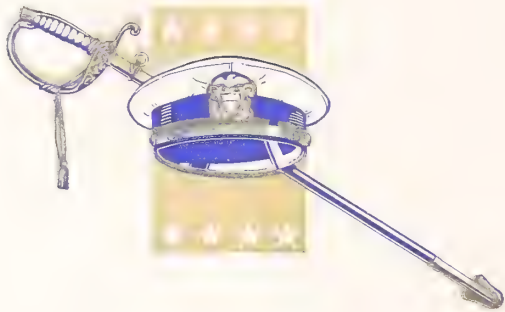
THOMAS JACKSON WALKER, III
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

"Tom"

"Syd"

"Tommy"

TOM, tall, dark, husky, a mixture of masculinity and charm, is a man's man because of his athletic ability and a woman's man because of his polish. Stubbornly practical, his alertness fits him well for handling ships. Able to relax, his energy is limitless. His good-natured roar is as much a part of his cribbage, as his cold analysis is part of his stroking at Poughkeepsie. Everything he attempts is marked by dogged but confident persistence. Beautiful drags and an excellent choice of clothes bespeak his good taste. However, his taste in food considers quantity first, then quality. He has an unorthodox idea of efficiency, believing in doing a job before he is told. Life he takes casually, but lives it well.



CARTER BERKELEY SIMPSON
SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Sy" "U" "C. B."

CARTER first appeared at our yacht club in the guise of a Marine. We found that "Semper Fidelis" was an old family tradition. During our four years together C. B. took academics without too great a strain and found abundant time to devote to his more "serious" pursuits—bridge, football, magazines, darts, and bull sessions, in which his ever-ready supply of interesting conversation earned him well deserved popularity. Only because he remains partial to the girl back in Carolina, we cannot call Carter a snake. Though he has never entertained any serious ambitions along athletic lines, he has demonstrated no mean ability at tennis, basketball, and that great unofficial N. A. sport—touch football. Here's to an ideal roommate and to a worthy addition to the Marine Corps.

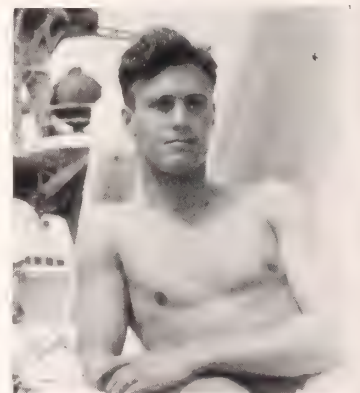


JOHN PETER SEIFERT
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

"Jack"

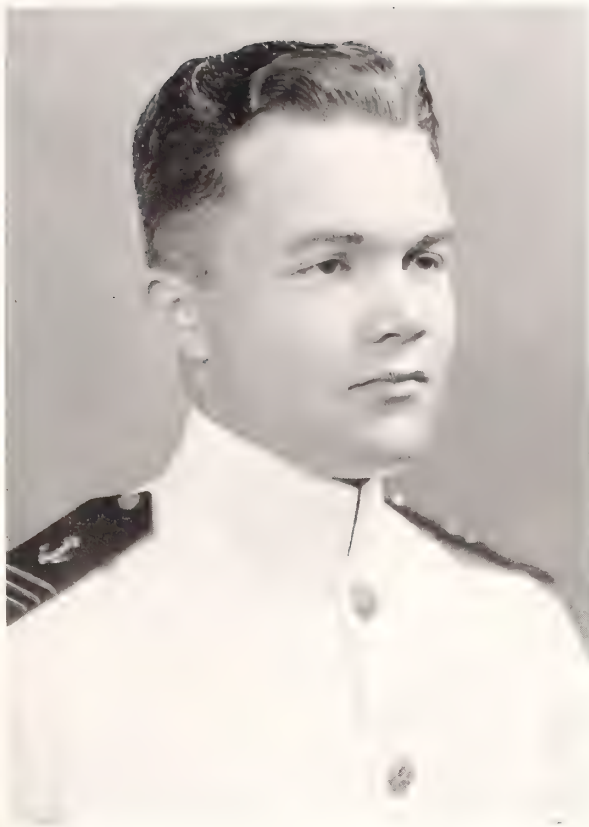
"WHOM are you dragging this week, Jack?" That is a question which is always *apropos*—for Jack drags at every opportunity and never misses a hop. Whether dancing, sailing, or skylarking, his ready smile and habitual good humor win friends for him wherever he goes. An untimely accident cost the Navy a stellar gymnast when Jack fell from the flying rings. Although this prevented his being a varsity man, it did not prevent his daily trips to Farragut Field, the gym, tennis courts, or the boxing ring. Despite his varied outside interests, academics never fazed Midshipman Jack, who gets at the bottom of things with amazing regularity. So here's success to a good roommate and a grand guy when he rejoins his first love, the Fleet.

Soccer 4, 3; Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Tennis 1; Battalion Pistol Team 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Small Bore Team 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3; M.P.O.



Battalion Gym 3, 2, 1; Battalion Track 2, 1; Battalion Boxing 1; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; Radio 2; 1 P.O.



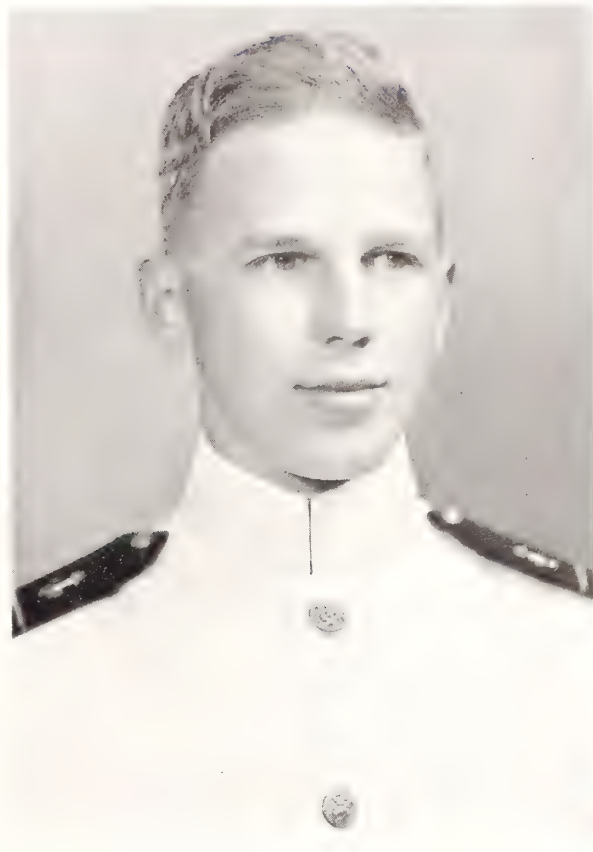
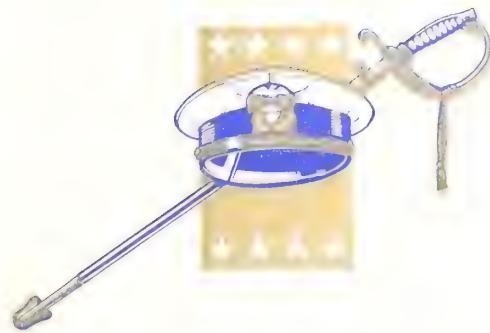


EDWARD LATIMER BEACH, JR.

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

"Ned"

NED believes in doing something even if it is wrong; and he has the uncanny knack of seldom being wrong. He barges right into a knot of struggling soccer players, and the ball soon emerges in the direction of the opponent's goal. This same drive characterizes his more professional activities. As a midshipman officer Ned displays both loyalty to the Naval Service and genuine loyalty to his comrades. Knowing Ned "at ease" is quite a pleasure. Association with him reveals numerous mannerisms, expressions, and humorous points of view. His weakness seems to be a desire to make freak inventions, to the alternate delight and consternation of his friends. We shouldn't forget his high-wheeled Pierce-Arrow second class summer. Ned loves the Navy. Here's the best of luck to him out in the Fleet.



EMMETT PAYTON BONNER

MACON, GEORGIA

"Foxy"

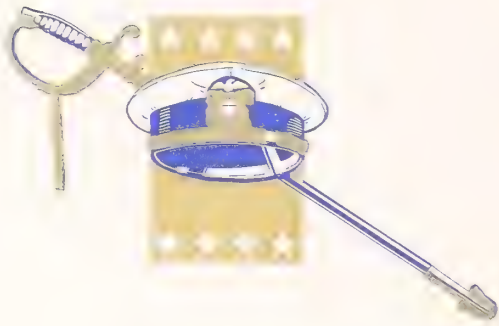
THE Fox is sitting over there with a happy smile on his face. Tilted back on the hind legs of his chair with his feet on the table. "Listen at this!" he exclaims as he reads another absurdity out of the lesson. Nothing delights this man Bonner more than proving the book wrong. When Emmett first put in his oar here, a first classman in a moment of inspiration named him Foxy, and the Fox he has been ever since. When enjoying himself, he is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. The sly upturn to the corners of his mouth simply makes one laugh. Foxy gets this Navy stuff. We wish him a long and happy career, because he has what the Navy needs.



Battalion Swimming 2, 1; Battalion Soccer 2, 1; Battalion Cross Country 2; Water Polo 4, 3; Trident 3, 1; 5 Stripes.

Battalion Cross Country 2, 1; Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Property Gang 3; G.P.O.





WILLIAM EDWARD MCGUIRK, JR.
NEW YORK CITY

"Bill" "Will" "Mac" "McGuire"

HERE is a man that knows everybody. Not only is he familiar with their faces as many of us are, but he knows their first name, middle initial, home town, and favorite pastimes. Needless to say, everyone knows Bill. He is obviously a product of our largest city, well pictured with ticker tape in one hand and surtax blanks in the other. The Navy is concerned, however, with an inimitable rolling gait and a cap of daring rake, which, no doubt, resulted from frequent yachting off Long Island. Those who have encountered him here will maintain that he is a winner. Like opinions come from the basketball floor, squash court, and golf course. It may well be said of him, "hit him again, he's Irish."



MAX ARNOLD BERNS, JR.
RIVER FOREST, ILLINOIS

"Maxie"

MAX is the antithesis of all that his Teutonic ancestry would seem to imply. A wealth of talent in artistic fields lead him far above and beyond the ordinary sphere of activity. His excellent voice goes hand in hand with an inherent love for better music and a keen appreciation of the fine arts. A tribute to his genius and his ability as an extemporaneous speaker is the fact that Max is the first man in history to go through the Academy without solving a problem. A perfect sense of humor, more than his share of "sang froid," and an undimmed touch of that "old college spirit" instilled by a year at Amherst make Max at ease in any gathering.



Lennis 4, 3, 2, 1, N. A.; Quarterdeck Society 4, 3, 2, 1, Secretary 2, Vice-President 1; Class Crest Committee Christmas Card Committee 2, 1; Battalion Debating 4, 3; Foreign Language Club; Choir 3, 2, 1; Musical Club Show 3; Glee Club 4; Log 4; M.P.O.

1 Stripe.





CHARLES MILTON BOUNDS, JR.
WEST POINT, VIRGINIA

"Muscle"

"Charlie"

THERE'S not much of him, but he really gets around. Anyone who doesn't think so should try to keep up with him on the way to a movie some afternoon. Charlie came to us after a year at V. P. I. so the not-so-drastic changes gave him no trouble in adjusting himself. Too small for athletics, he wasted no time in becoming associated with other activities of our varied life. Not a pronounced snake, he cannot be called a confirmed redmike. Charlie's greatest achievement during his four years with us was to keep his home town a secret for nearly all of plebe year. That was only the first of many, and we're looking for big things from the little man in coming years.



HARRY WILLIAM McELWAIN
DEER LODGE, MONTANA

"Mac"

"Harry"

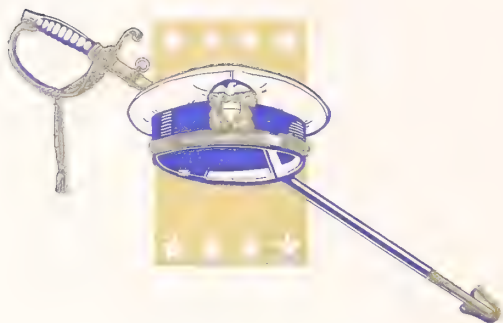
MAC came to us from the West, a fact which might explain that bit of daylight between his knees, his ever-ready smile, and general good nature. These are only a few of Mac's attributes, one of the outstanding of which is his gift of speech. He'll stop almost anything to engage in a bull session; and his per avocation is expounding his ideas of love and life. Mac has three main ambitions in life—to get married, to retire early, and to settle down on a chicken farm out West. He'll realize these, too, and anything else that he undertakes; for during his time with us, Mac has proved himself one who succeeds in whatever he undertakes.



Lucky Bag Staff 2, 1;
Reef Points 3, 2, 1,
Circulation Manager
1, Movie Gang 4, 3,
2, 1 Stripe.

Battalion Basketball
4, 2, 1; Company Rep-
resentative 2, 1; 2
Stripes.

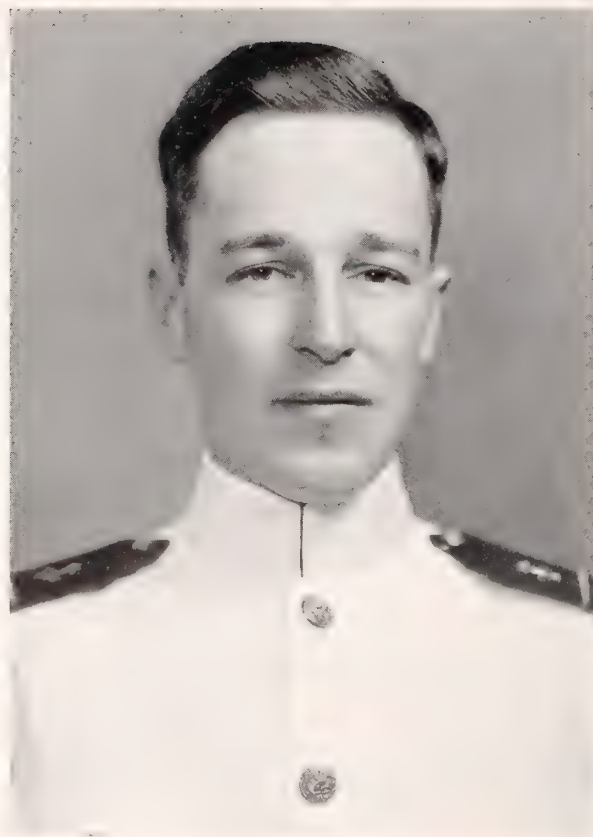




MURRAY BENNETT FRAZEE
GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

"Fraz"

MURRAY'S decision to ignore the Army, regardless of the crucial part the Army played at Gettysburg, definitely establishes his character. His personality immediately attracts those with whom he comes in contact. Plebe year Murray had an O. A. O.; youngster year, a different one—and so it goes. English is his specialty; swimming, his jinx. Murray's dreams of excelling in athletics were shattered when he discovered that sports did not mix with dragging, movies, novels, and staying sat. Perhaps he was a little easy on the plebes, but this only made them like him the more. A regular fellow except for one mad desire, "I want to be a Marine and wear all that fancy gold braid on my full dress." One need look no further for the finest companion.

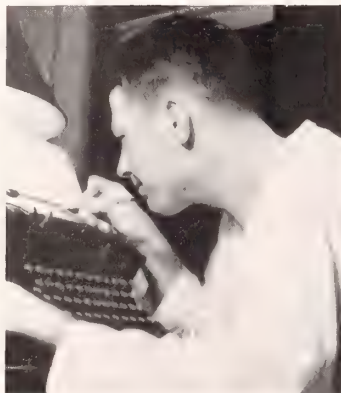


ROBERT MARVIN BROWNLIE
VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

"Bob"

THE most fluent and most persistent booster of the state of California in the class—thar's Bob. Hailing from Vallejo in the Golden State, he was early interested in the Navy by the proximity of the Mare Island Navy Yard; and, by now, due to his efforts, a large proportion of the plebes have acquired at least a simulated interest in this same subject. Besides California, Bob's other major interest is the female sex, and the interest is apparently mutual. His social history at the Academy is the complete metamorphosis of redmike to snake, and many are the broken hearts in the process. But seriously, Bob has been the ideal roommate and we can predict a maximum of success in the Navy for him.

Lacrosse 4; Battalion
Lacrosse 3, 2, 1; Bat-
talion Soccer 4; 1
Stripe.



Battalion Soccer 4;
Battalion Lacrosse 4;
Company Outdoor
Rifle 4, 3; Battalion
Track; 1 P.O.

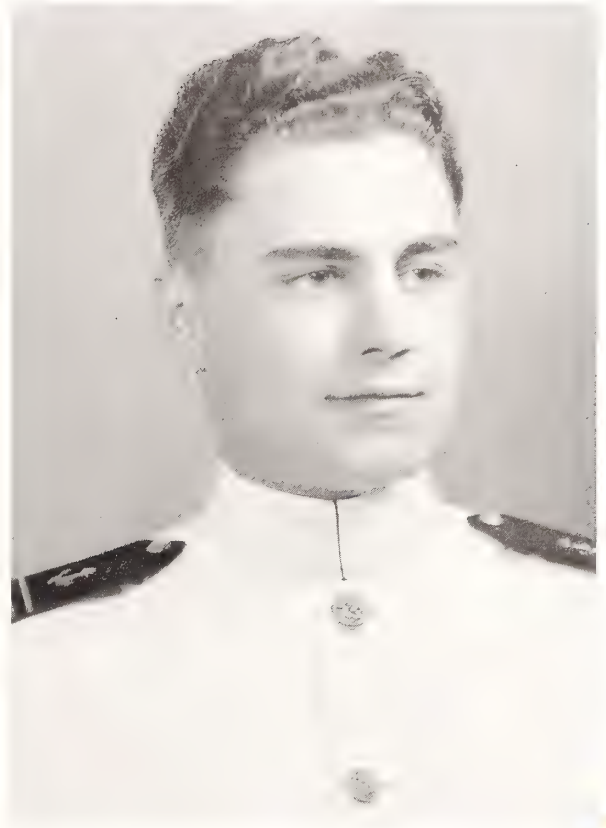


HERBERT ARTHUR CASSIDY, JR.
CANAL FULTON, OHIO

"Cass"

"Herbie-Werbie"

TALL, dark and handsome—"Cass" is the answer to a maiden's prayer. Immortalized during second class summer as "Herbie Werbie," his name is often heard echoing throughout the mess-hall. After two years of college life, majoring in physics, Herb left his care-free college days behind him forever and came to us from the fertile Ohio valley. Quiet and sincere, Herb's greatest joy seems to be chasing fancy stamps and envelopes with post marks of strange places. A man of initiative and foresight, he is an ardent believer in the proverb: "A job worth doing is a job worth doing well." Although not troubled with academic worries, Herby is a hard and conscientious worker and should go far in his chosen career—the Navy.

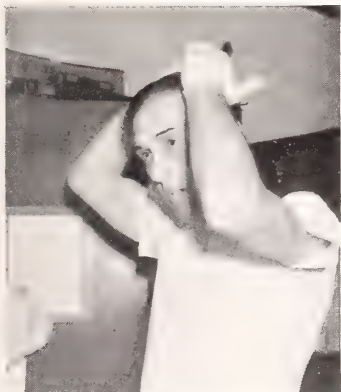


JOHN EDWARD PARKS
DES MOINES, IOWA

"Johnny"

"Jep"

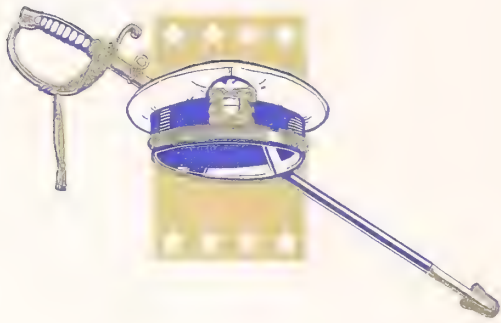
FROM the land where the tall corn grows, Johnny came to join the pampered pets on the Severn. After his early misgivings in Dago, Academics have never bothered him. Always congenial, happy-go-lucky, and more than willing to do his part, he has made one of the best of friends and roommates. When the feeling for exercise comes along, he just turns in until the feeling goes away. Both pessimism and optimism can be ascribed to him. "What, no letters?" and then "We aren't so bad off." His one true weakness is dragging, missing an opportunity only because of duties required by the Executive Department. With his determination, we feel sure that Johnny will reach his goal—the golden wings of Naval Aviation.



Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Track 3, 2, 1; Orchestra 3, 2, 1; Musical Clubs 3, 2, 1; Stamp Club 2, 1; M.P.O.

Battalion Baseball 4, 1; Battalion Basketball 1; Hop Committee 1; 2 Stripes.





FREDERICK MALCOLM RADEL
WHARTON, NEW JERSEY

"Raddle"

ALASKA, Nevada, California, and New Jersey have all done their part to give to Malcolm a very becoming *savoir faire* which makes him at home in any circle—whether it be one of tea sipping, "java" sipping, or what have you. Raddle can talk for hours on 'most any subject that comes up—and not without interesting anecdotes. He is not only an engaging talker but also an intent listener. There is no worry or joy to which he is asked to listen that he does not sympathetically understand; and, if either a solution or stabilization is wanted, Raddle will give it. In his quiet and straightforward manner, Malcolm has always shown us good common sense and a likable personality. But don't ask him to play that saxophone.



JAMES PAGAUD COLEMAN
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Jim"

"Planter"

TOPPED by auburn (not red) hair, the Planter sauntered into the Naval Academy after two years at the University of South Carolina. Although he cannot be classed as a *savoir*; Jim always has enough velvet to remain well beyond the grasping hand of the Academic Department. He enjoys all sports and of an afternoon may generally be found indulging in impromptu games either in the gym or on Farragut Field. Cribbage, at which he is quite adept, is his solitary vice, and nothing is too important for him to refuse a "quick" game. Sincere and generous, his disposition is best exemplified by his broad smile and his willingness to lend a hand at any difficulty. Don't bother him before breakfast, however—it isn't safe.

Battalion Pistol Team
3, 2, 1; Battalion Rifle
Team 3, 2, 1. Reception
Committee 2, 1
P.O.



Reception Committee
2, 1; Wrestling 4, 3,
2; 2 Stripes.

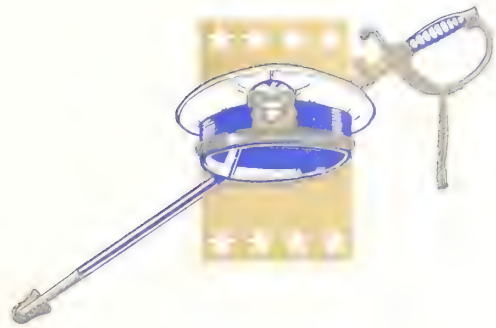




LEMUEL DOTY COOKE
HERNANDO, MISSISSIPPI

"Leri" "Dusty" "Cookie"

HIS transition from the red hills of Mississippi to the banks of the Severn was the realization of Dusty's dreams. At first he was slightly disappointed to know he had to study so hard and so often in order to be a Naval officer. However, these few academic worries did not prevent his participation in athletics. A fitting name given him by the sports writers, "Navy's backfield find," describes his rapid climb to fame in football, made during second class year. Baseball, next to dragging, is the sport he likes best, and his performances on the diamond are always admirable. His good disposition is evidenced by his many friends. Truly a Southern Gentleman, he is a man of whom the Navy can well be proud.



MEANS JOHNSTON, JR.
GREENWOOD, MISSISSIPPI

"Zip" "Mike" "Suabo"

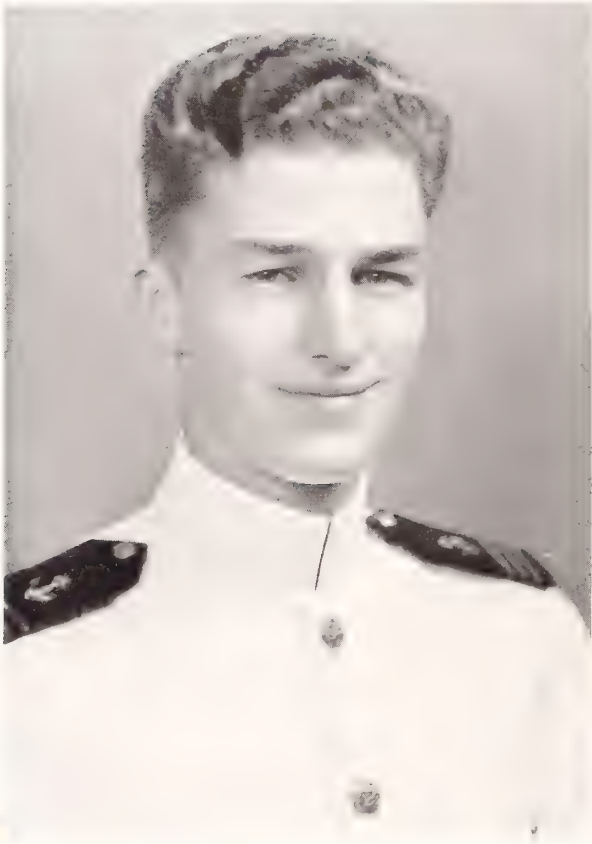
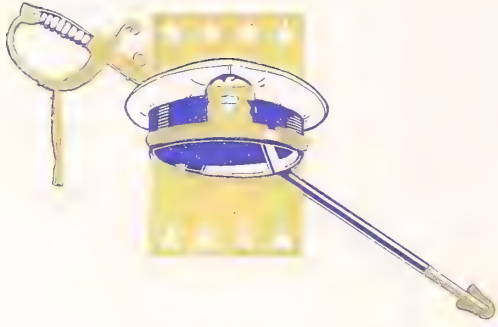
MIKE is another one of those Southern gentlemen from the Delta who like their good times and usually find them. From his father, a lawyer, he gets that inclination to argue which prompted him to enter the Quarterdeck Society. Although his little white bunk is usually his preference, should the occasion arise to fight an uphill battle (as it once did with studies), Mike can put forth the necessary effort in such a manner as to warrant praise and admiration. Entering the Naval Academy without having seen salt water, he has worked hard to uphold the Navy tradition of being an officer and a gentleman throughout. Laughingly he asserts that a beautiful girl with a million dollars may come along to make something of him yet—who knows?



Quarterdeck Society 4,
3, 2, 1; 2 P.O.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N;
Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1,
N*, Captain 1; 1
Stripe.

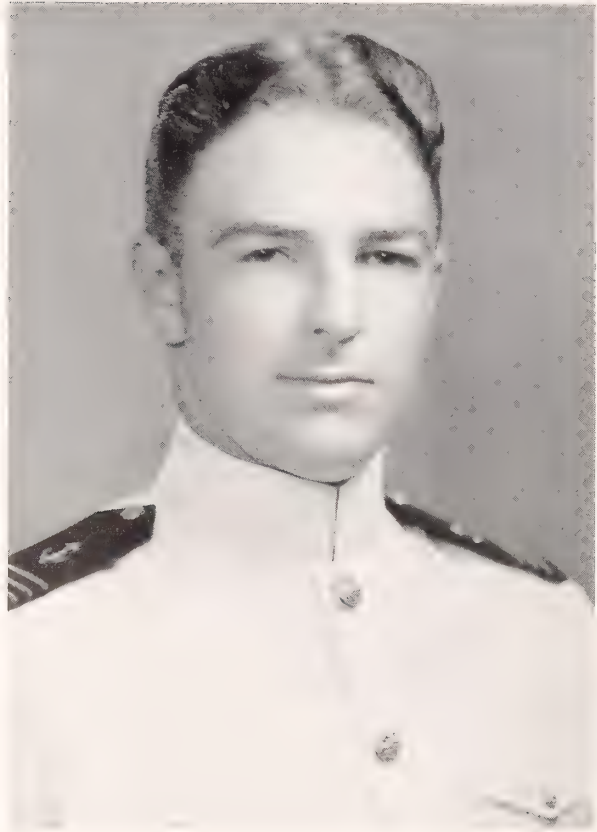


JOHN FRANCIS QUINN
WHITESHORE, NEW YORK

"Jack"

"Country Cousin"

LET'S see, who am I dragging Saturday? There-in lies his failing; for there is no greater tragedy for him than a dragless weekend. That is quite properly so, for Jack is at his best in a mixed conversation. You will observe, however, that he is of that quiet type, always ready to listen, and only if asked, to give his opinion. The longer you know him the better the things will be that you think and say about him. Throughout the four years Jack has been progressive. He has not only solved his own problems but has become the final authority for the academic problems of his friends. Generous amounts of his time have been given to smoothing out paths difficult for others to follow.



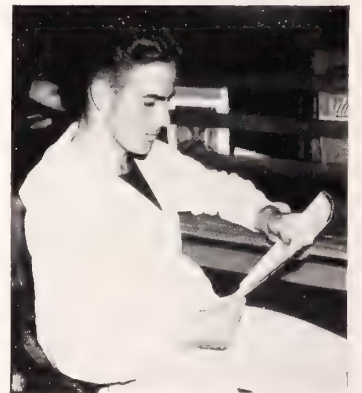
NORTON EVANS CROFT
LANCASTER, WISCONSIN

"Crofty"

"Nort"

WHERE Lancaster's local boy got the idea of seeing the world, even he can't say. After seventeen years on the farm and two at Superior State Teacher's College, Butch came to the sunny shores of Spa Creek and promptly went to the hospital to form his single deep impression of the medical department. He troubles himself little over the system, for Nort is a capable fellow. Whether fathering a battalion of plebes, expediting in the battalion office, rooting his horn in the hell cats, keeping up a brisk correspondence with four queens, maintaining the neatest locker and room in the regiment, or holding the academic departments at bay, he never seems the least officious, or even hurried. Considerate, cheerful, comradely—it is hard to avoid superlatives writing about Nort.

Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Battalion Cross Country 4, 2; Battalion Crew 3, 2; Boxing 4; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Quarterdeck Society 3, 2, 1; 1 Stripe.



Battalion Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Company Pistol 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 4, 3; Log 3, 2; 2 Stripes.



PAUL ALBERT DIMBERG
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"Dimmy"

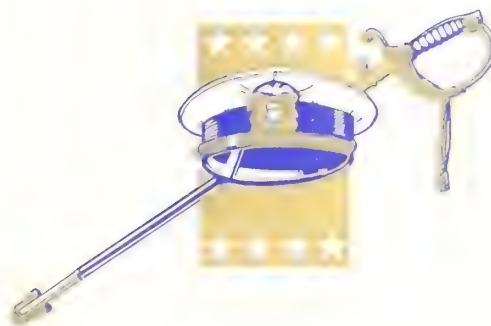
NO MATTER what the world has in store for Paul in other ways, he will always be rich in friends. He is a fellow who will go the limit for anyone he likes, and he likes a lot of people. Paul's weakness for the fair sex has led him to Dahlgren Hall on many Saturday nights, each time with a more lovely partner. His abilities, however, are not limited to the dance floor. He can pull an oar in a shell with the best of them; and he is equally at home on the tennis court and basketball floor. Even his greatest adversary, academics, has never gotten him down. There is a big niche in the world filled by a fellow of Paul's sincerity and determination to carry on.



Crew 4, 3; Soccer 4;
Battalion Soccer 2, 1;
Battalion Basketball
2, 1; M.P.O.



Battalion Soccer 4,
2; Lucky Bag 1; 2
Stripes.

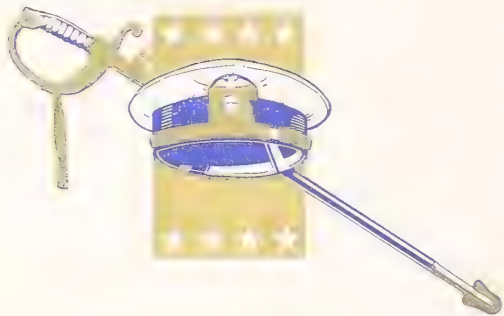


GEORGE LOUDON GOW
BUTTE, MONTANA

"Moo"

"Oscar"

RELIABLE, energetic, and thorough, George has demonstrated an aptitude for the service we all may well envy. His persistence and enthusiasm have made him a valuable asset to our class. Even academics proved smooth sailing for him. George began plebe year with the idea that social functions were a waste of time. He has retained this original idea but varied the application of this basic principle slightly in that he now explains his occasional dragging as just a necessary evil. His chief afternoon occupation is sailing, but he is always enthusiastic when anyone mentions whacking out a game of tennis or a handball match. Ease for making lasting friendships and a willingness to work hard will certainly carry George to the top.



ROBERT RALEIGH

BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Bob"

"Sir Walter"

SIR WALTER hails from the Bay State and is thoroughly inculcated with its traditions, even to that Bostonian accent. Paradoxically, he has the easy going traits of a typical Southerner. Academics never gave him any grey hairs; they have been more or less an after-thought. He has that enviable faculty of getting a lot accomplished in little time. Bob's great stumbling blocks were the radiator squad, that awful eye chart, and Baltimore. He was able to get over the first two, but the last had him licked from the outset—and such a pleasant licking it was too, from such a pretty gal. With his ability and well balanced disposition Bob won't have much trouble getting up that mythical but ordinarily steep ladder of success.



WILLIAM RICHARD DUNNE

TROY, NEW YORK

"Bill"

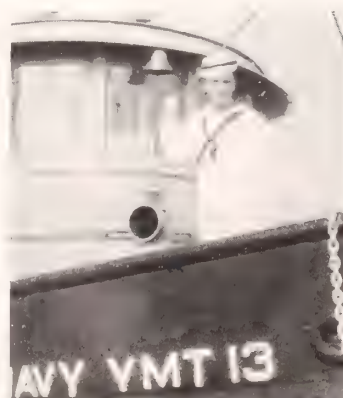
"Deacon"

A SERIOUS-MINDED chap, Bill has refused to be intimidated by academics, since one major brush with them in youngster year. However, there is also a brighter side of life—the Saturday evening swing sessions over in Dahlgren. And we have it on very good authority that his dancing is highly appreciated by those who have to stumble around with the rest of us. He's always ready to help anyone at any time with anything. When he isn't busy with his books, he is always ready for a good bull session. He can talk for hours on the Navy, usually getting down to good fatherly advice. All in all, with his undaunted persistency, Bill is going to keep right on coming out on top.



C.P.O.

Boxing 4; Foreign Language Club 1; 1 P.O.

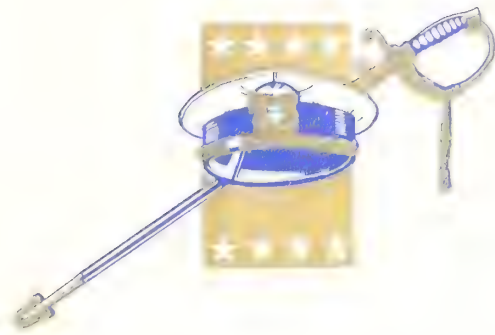




FREDERIC CLAYTON FALLON
MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS

"Slash" "Freddie" "Drico"

"MY foot's down," says Freddie, "No women" but don't let him fool you, it's just his line and it does get results! He is a native of the heart of Yankeeland but if you aren't too prejudiced you'll find that he makes a first-rate companion. His ready wit, translated from New English, is his big asset. Bull sessions over the bar are his specialty and he has never been known to be out argued. At least, he never admits defeat. His usual comeback:—"Oh, yeah." If he's a little punchy when he reaches the fleet it's because the back of his head has taken such a beating first class year, both from the pillow and from passing classmates.



JAMES McCROREY HILL
ALBANY, GEORGIA

"Jim" "Bunker" "Hill Billy"

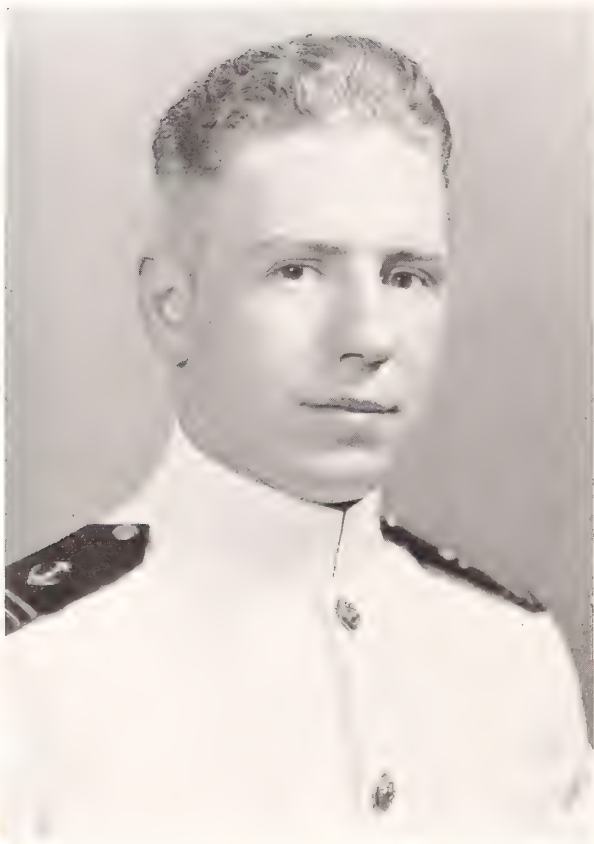
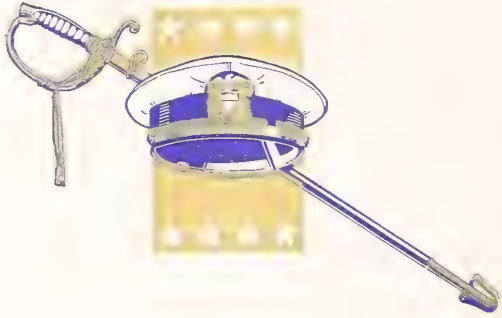
HAILING from sunny Georgia, this man has become famous for his last minute "pullsats" in Bull so that he might go home for Christmas leave. Bunker never worries about academics, though. A hop without him is a rarity, and you will usually see him escorting some young lovely. Afternoons, when not working out with the pinpushers, he will probably be found batting out a game of tennis. A letter a day is his mark and, strangely, he almost always makes it. Don't try to argue him into believing that the North won the war—it's like butting your head into a stone wall. Ordinarily rather peace-loving, though, his ever-ready sense of humor and his generosity make Bunker an individual not easy to forget.



Crew 4; Boat Club 2,
1; Foreign Language
Club 2, 1; 1 P.O.

Fencing 3, 2, 1, Manager 1; Battalion Tennis 3; 1 P.O.



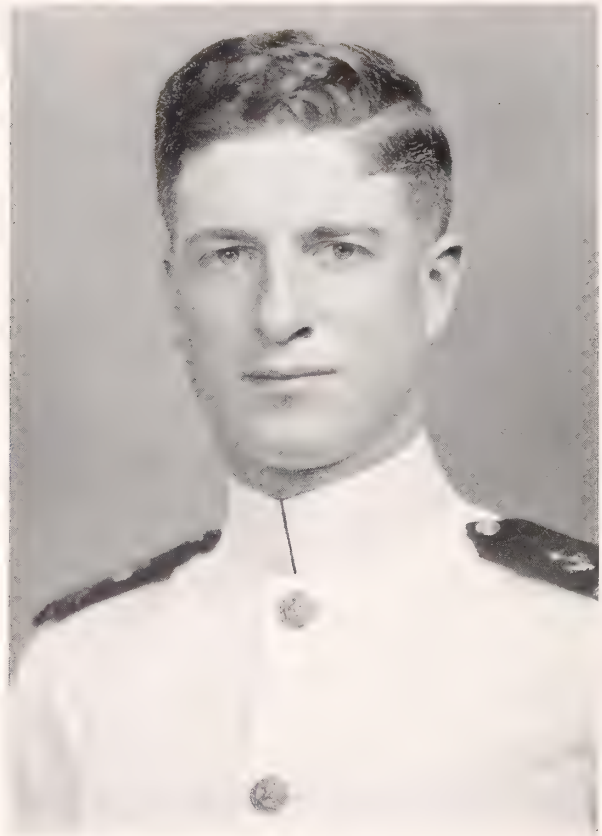


JOHN JOSEPH REAHL
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"J. J."

"Jack"

HAILING from Baltimore was two strikes on John. So far, no one has been even close to giving him the third one. The Academic Departments have never given him the slightest trouble. The Dental Corps, however, is the bane of his existence. His frequent encounters with the "men in grey" at Dental Quarters are sources of no end of personal discomfiture. However, he schedules his appointments with his recitations admirably. John satisfies his love for exercise and personal encounter by being the mainstay of our battalion soccer team. He is practically a redmike, having dragged only four or five times. However, if it weren't for him the rest of us would never drag, for he is the financier of the crowd. None of you could have had a better roommate.

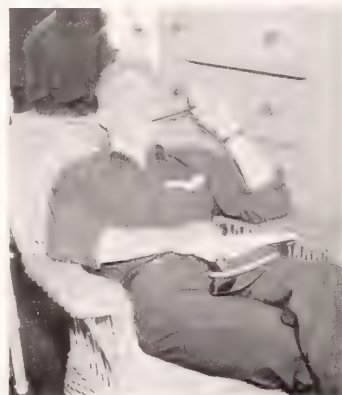


JAMES GORDON GLAES
WILKINSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

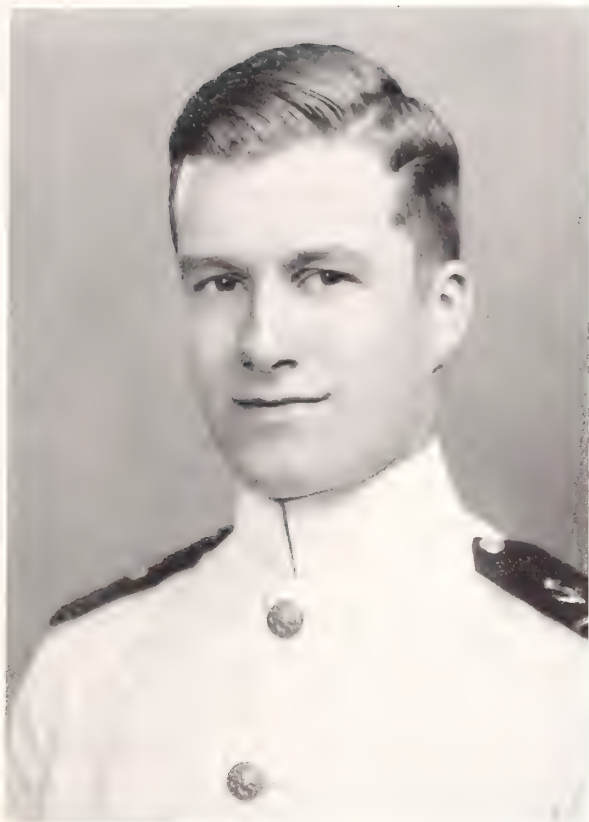
"Gee"

FROM the hills of western Pennsylvania, the land of smoke and steel, came "G," feeling he would have more opportunities to play with machinery here. Since Plebe summer he has been taking things apart to find out what makes them work. Not being content to limit his interests to engines he has extended their scope to include the conquest of young ladies' hearts. He has tried to mix the two but discovered that Fords and women do not mix, or rather his car "Peggy" and his light of love will not, because the former is very temperamental. Best of luck to you, Gordy, and our sincere hopes that you have more success with the ships of the Navy than you've had with your car.

*Battalion Soccer 3, 2;
Lacrosse 4; Battalion
Lacrosse 2, 1; M.P.O.*



Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Boxing 4; Battalion Lacrosse 1; Boat Club 4, 3; G.P.O.



EDWARD THOMAS GRACE
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Ned"

FOUR years is all too short a time to fully evaluate and appreciate all the aspects of Ned's multilateral character. A strong love of music is not the least of his catholic tastes in arts and letters. As one of Ortlund's most promising mermen, Ned has proved himself an athlete, as well as an æsthete, of no mean ability. Even with time out for all his outside activities, academics have never been able to daunt this little giant of the fourth platoon. His analytical mind is always quick to reach the core of the most difficult lesson or the most controversial question. Ned's broad viewpoint on life coupled with an ability to make friends everywhere will always keep him where he belongs—on top.



LOUIS PIOLLET SPEAR
WHYSOX, PENNSYLVANIA

"Lou"

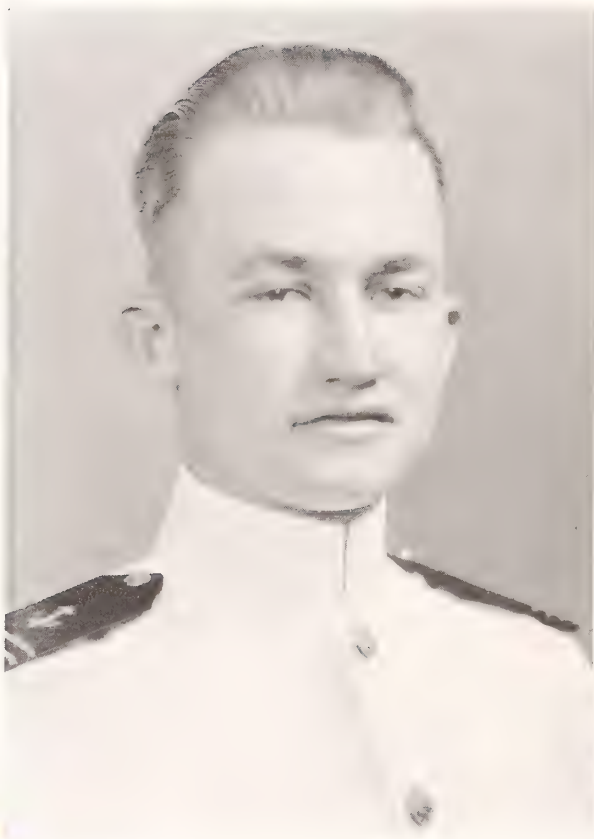
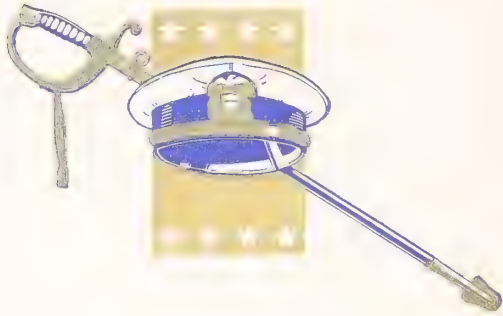
HERE is a man who stands head and shoulders above most of us. That is literally speaking of course. This physical attribute of altitude combined with a vast enthusiasm for the sport make him a valuable man around the boathouse. As might be expected, crew is really the only worthwhile sport. Outside of this opinion shared in common with all crewmen, we find a grand diversity of interests. An unending curiosity about a great number of subjects keeps the bookshelf cluttered with an ever changing mass of literature. Philosophical and musical volumes rub bindings with seed catalogues. It is easy to see that Lou is keeping his viewpoint broad and his mind, which grasps his studies easily, well trained in many fields.



Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1;
1 P.O.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1, N;
M.P.O.



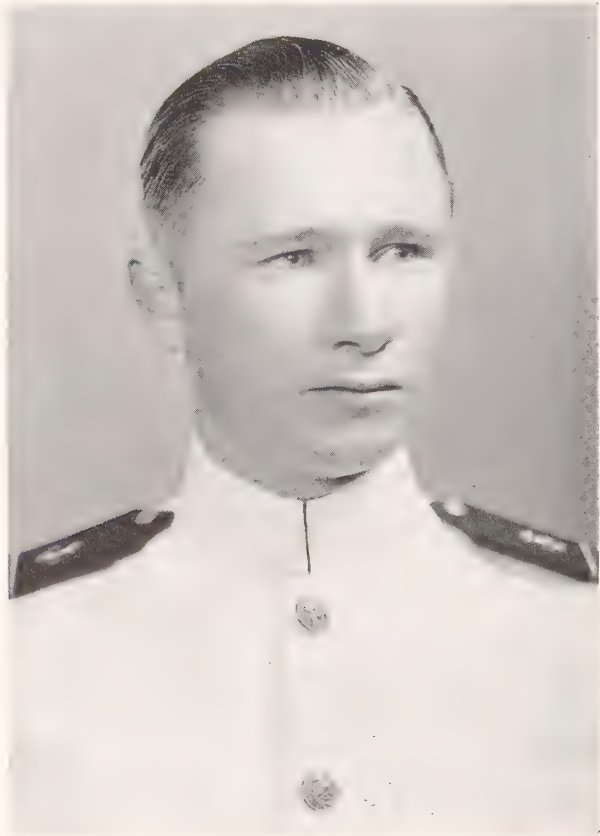


EDWARD DURAN MATTSO
DEERWOOD, MINNESOTA

"Ed"

"Mat"

FROM the cold climes of America's miniature Scandinavia, where the numerous lakes and rivers had filled him with the spirit of Neptune, came this young Swede into our four grey walls. Academics have never held any horrors for Duran. In fact, he seems to like the books, especially Dago, at which he is especially proficient. Fall and spring sports hold only minor interest for Mat; but in winter his thoughts turn seriously to boxing, and around the ring he spends most of his spare time—the remainder being used in admiring a certain picture on his locker door. Mat is rather a mystery to all except a fortunate few who really know him. Yet his friendly disposition, generous character, and willingness to "play ball" make him the best of classmates.



FRANCIS BUNYAN GRUBB
GAFFNEY, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Frank"

"Grubby"

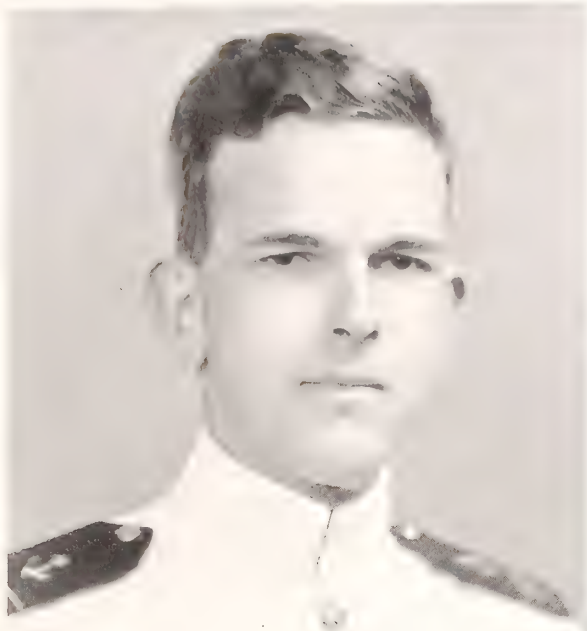
STRAIGHT from the South and willing at any time to fight a damyank, his friendliness and genial humor have made him one of the best liked men in the class. Frank has never gone out for the swimming team, yet he likes to disport in the pool. Basketball and football also furnish him with an afternoon's diversion when he is not wielding a pen in answer to the mail appearing daily on his desk, the quantity of which is a source of constant wonder to his roommate. Despite this voluminous correspondence he has been able to show a clean pair of heels to the academic departments. Never have they endangered his leaves. Cheerful when possible, serious when necessary, he has been the ideal shipmate.

Battalion Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Boxing 3, 2, 1; Battalion Track 3, 2; Foreign Language Club 2, 1; 1 Stripe.



1 P.O.

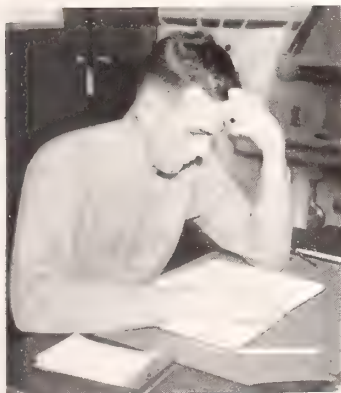




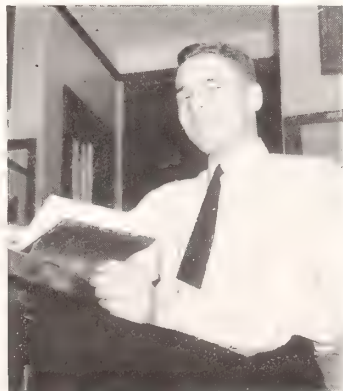
ROBERT POLLOK GUILER, 3rd
SUMMERFIELD, OHIO

"Bob"

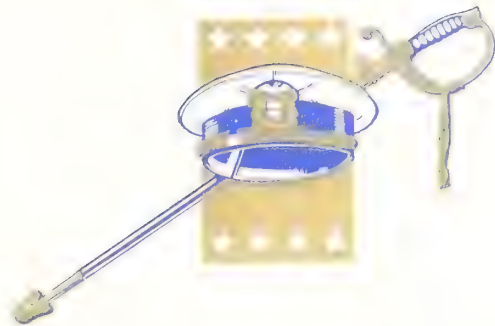
A MAN who spends his academic leaves in perusing the possibilities of the ship yards and the naval gun factories; a man born and brought up in direct contact with the nation's first line of defense; a man positive in his convictions as to his course in life and determined in his application to reach the goal; loyal to the service in which he serves; and the possessor of a dry humor and a sardonic outlook on the system. A lack of interest in routine academic subjects is more than overbalanced by a thirst for professional knowledge. The cruise he counts as time best spent. By these words you will know him, "A hundred years from now what difference will it make?"



Lacrosse 4; Battalion
Lacrosse 3; Battalion
Water Polo 3; Battalion
Track 2; 3 Stripes.



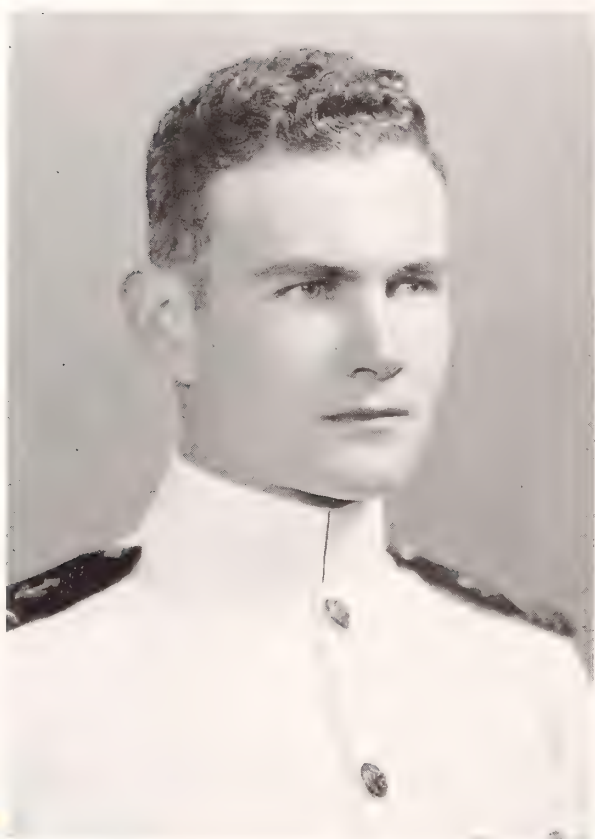
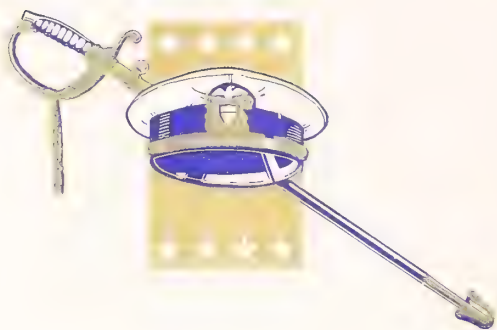
Crew 4; Boat Club 4,
3, 2; C.P.O.



JAMES DUNHAM REILLY
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

"Dunny"

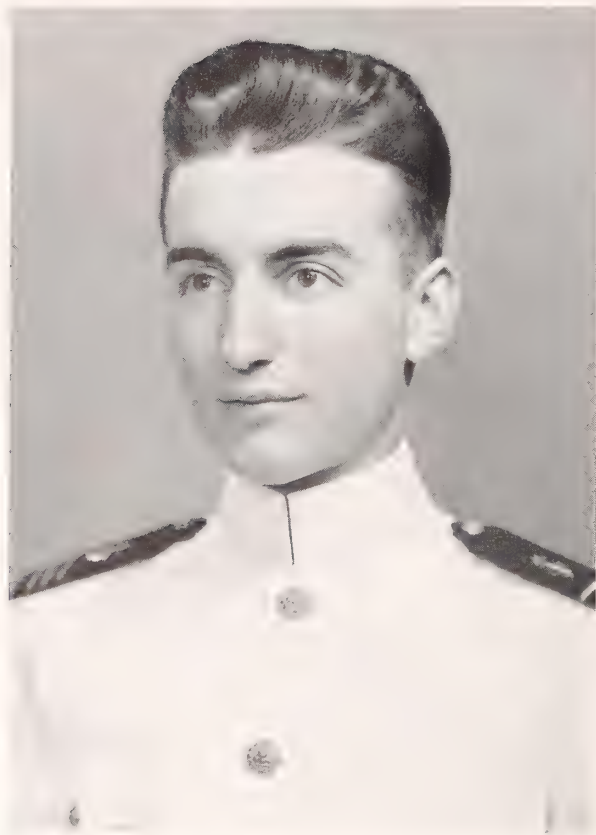
WHEN Dunny came to the Naval Academy he was not just another kid influenced by the uniform or the romance and color of the Navy. He entered after he had been two years in the Naval R. O. T. C. at Harvard, made a few happy cruises, and had become familiar with a naval officer's life. When he shifted his ambitions to the actual profession he looked ahead to the navy afloat, the shooting navy. He is convinced that the navy offers each one of us all that a man can ask for in life, and this belief he fits to each occasion. Add to a keen rational mind, good looks, and manners, the knack of making close friends, and you have Dunny—a man the Navy will be proud of.



RICHARD WADE LOMBARD
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

"Lobo"

AMBLING out of apple-ridden Yakima Valley with a most characteristic Western roll, Lovable Lobo brought to the Naval Academy a light heart, a disarming grin, and completely tolerant friendliness. When he ambles out of Annapolis into the stations of the fleet he will carry to them an undiminished measure of all three. Dick is absolutely imperturbable and the quirks of the system which sometimes make even the staunchest tear their hair trouble him not. His two most evident vices are horizontal studying and practical jokes. A firm believer in sports only for the fun involved, Dick has preferred playing everything here to concentration on any one line of endeavor. That he has a good time at it is evidenced by his absence from the room every afternoon.



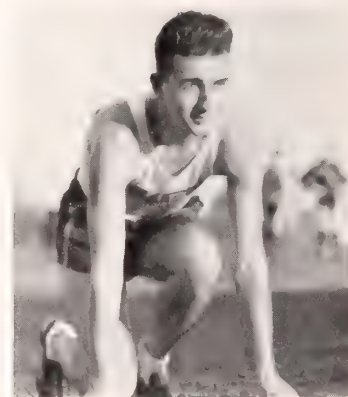
JACK DE LA MOTTE HARBY
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

"Rabbit"

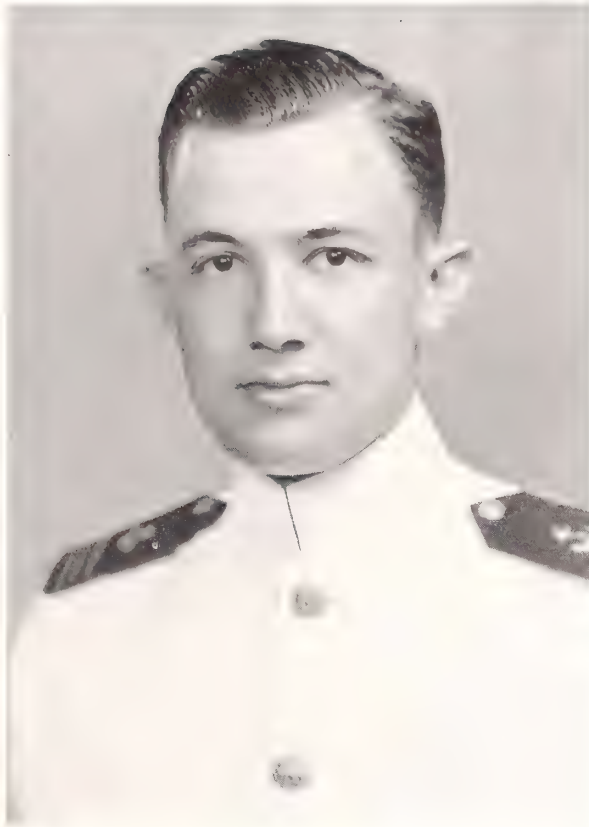
"Jack"

WITH the characteristic aggressiveness of the sandblower, an unfounded fear of becoming bald, wholesome tastes, a positive personality, a pleasant touch of diplomacy, Jack is well fitted to grapple with life's forthcoming problems. Jack has religiously observed the implications of the term O. A. O.; and Rochester being some five hundred miles distant, he has diverted his agile mind and body to less gentle pursuits than *Cherchez-la-femme* during spare moments. Running, singing, photography, philosophy, and art are among the hobbies which have attracted his attention and enthusiasm. Light-footed Harby is likewise endowed with an unburdened heart. His ability to perceive and appreciate humor in even the most discouraging situations makes him a delightful companion and a welcome addition to all bull-sessions.

Battalion Football 3,
2; Battalion Lacrosse
2, 1; Battalion Soccer
4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



Cross Country 4, 3, 2,
1, CNC*, Captain 1;
Track 4, 3, 1, N*;
Christmas Card Com-
mittee 2, 1, Chairman
1; Ring Committee 2,
1; Trident Staff 2, 1;
Choir 4, 3, 2, 1;
M.P.O.



NOBLE CLARK HARRIS, JR.
MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY

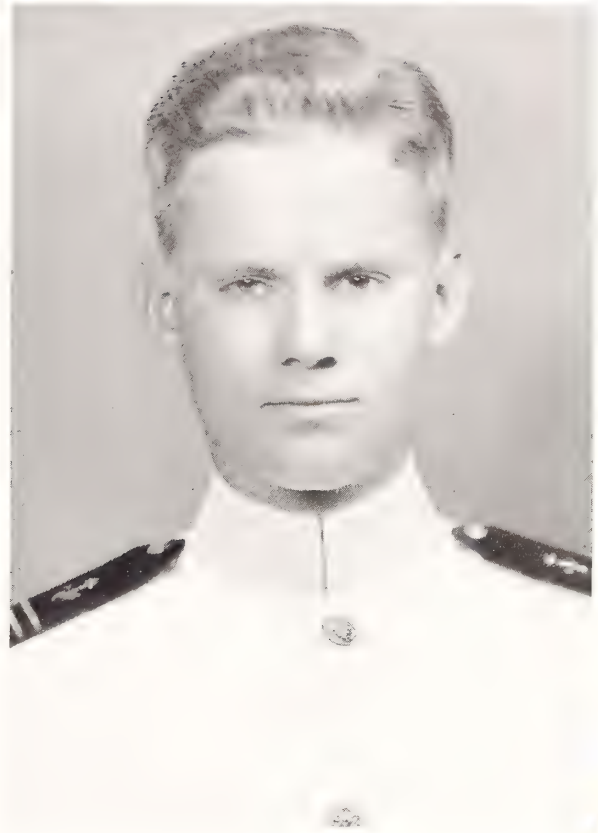
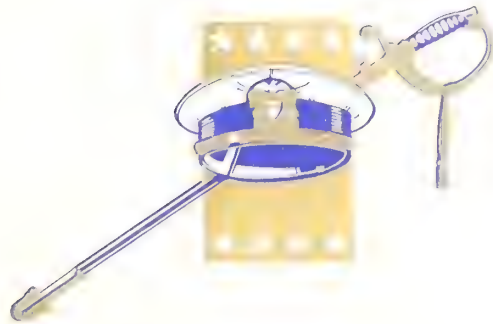
"Dooney"

FROM the land of thoroughbred horses and beautiful women came this genial fellow; an easy-going, sunny-hearted Southerner with a ready smile, a pleasant drawl, a rich stock of stories, boundless tact and a winning disposition. To those of us though who know Dooney better, there is more. With a smile for all, he seeks favor from none. Behind the friendly exterior lies determination and tenacity of purpose which have raised his class standing from the dangerous border to a region well beyond reproach. With an instinctive appreciation of good things, he not only gets what he wants from life; but also, what is rarer, he enjoys it. Overshadowing all else, he possesses the most priceless of treasures—the rock which weathers every storm—true strength of character.



1 Stripe.

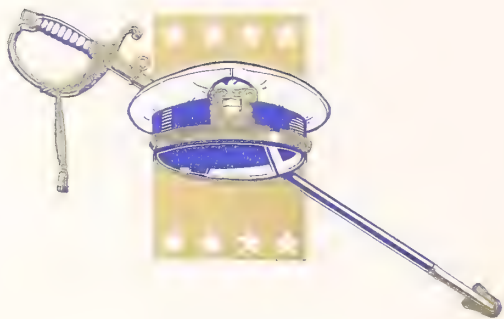
Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
Star 4, 2; 5 Stripes.



WILLIAM GILLMAN HAWTHORNE, JR.
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

"Budge"

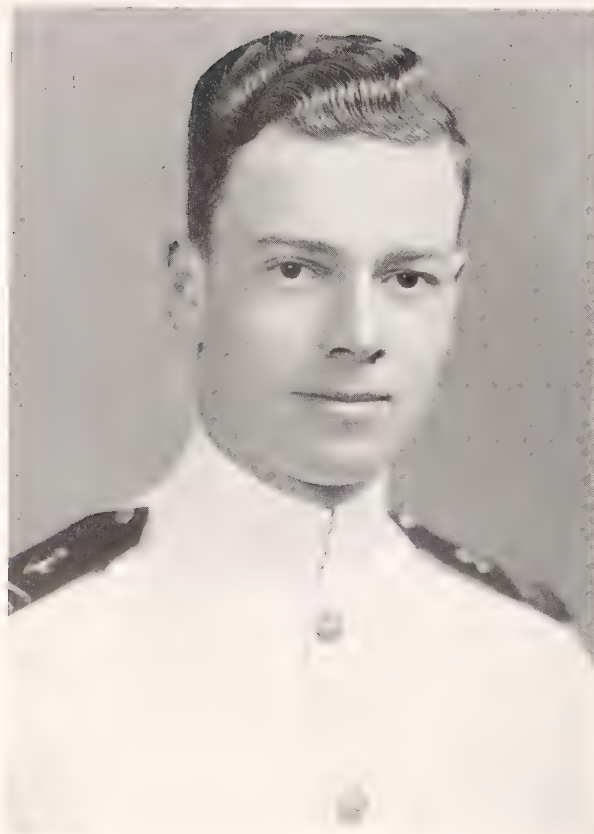
BUDGE is a third platoonier with twinkling blue eyes, a short crop of blonde hair, and a small, firm mouth. He is well adapted to military life, having attended New Mexico Military Institute for two years. Consequently he is a person who likes Service life and would be lost without it. He is very efficient and thorough in his manner and his every action seems to bear intense forethought. Everything he does is clocklike in its exactness. The nickname Budge implies that he is firm in his opinions and convictions—no bad dope. As a roommate he is very quiet and congenial. His frankness and unbiased manner go far in winning friendship and respect. Everything about him, posture, speech, walk, and resolute manner, denotes a truly military man.



RICHARD E. ROBB
BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Dick" "Rick" "R. E."

DICK'S from the limestone country. Do you suppose he speaks to people from the coal country? Actually he does, and that is a sufficient indication of the fellow's very democratic attitude. No favorites, and his friends aren't limited to his own class. He's the most conscientious person we've ever known. Everything he undertakes, no matter how insignificant, is given his undivided attention. Dick has a store of quaint expressions unparalleled in the history of the language. Little things make him jittery, big things find him cold and unmoved. If the urge ever strikes him to get a little exercise, he tries handball. Serious, thoughtful, and droll, he enjoys a quiet conversation with a friend more than any other single thing.



JOHN BROWN HOWLAND
PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND

"Jack"

"Stinky"

A GOOD book, a good opera, the music of the great masters—these are Jack's most cherished relaxations. Born with an appreciation for the better things in life, he has kept that spark aglow during his brief sojourn here on the banks of the Severn. His love for the beautiful, finds expression too, in his drags—the man has an uncanny knack of dragging a better-than-average number of forties. Jack is a man who can face any situation with unruffled calm, accepting victory or defeat with philosophic graciousness. Athletic but not an athlete, savvy but not a savoir in our limited conception of the word, a true friend, and an all-forgiving roommate, he's what we all hope to be—a gentleman.



Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1;
M.P.O.

Soccer 4; 2 Stripes.





OVERTON DICKINSON HUGHLETT

TRAPPE, MARYLAND

"Small Fry"

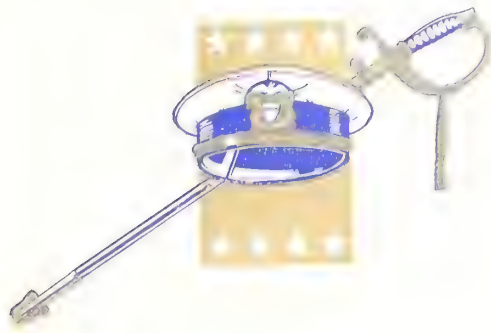
"Obie"

OBIE'S personality makes up for his short stature. We can never forget the many evenings after chow with him; he's been the life of the party wherever he went. Study hours provided more time for his hobby of reading the latest news and novels; however, reading most of the time evidently did not detract from academics, for his 3.7's and 3.8's on Juice and Nav exams prove that his class standing hasn't suffered. In sports Obie seemed partial to boxing, and he turned in some especially good bouts during plebe summer. He was schooled in the South, and to the South he sticks—at least as far south as Baltimore. Knowing Obie's ambition to wear those coveted Navy wings, we all join in wishing luck to a deserving fellow.



1 P.O.

Swimming 4, 3, 2, 1,
N.A.; Company Small
Bore 3, 2, 1; Track 4;
2 Stripes.

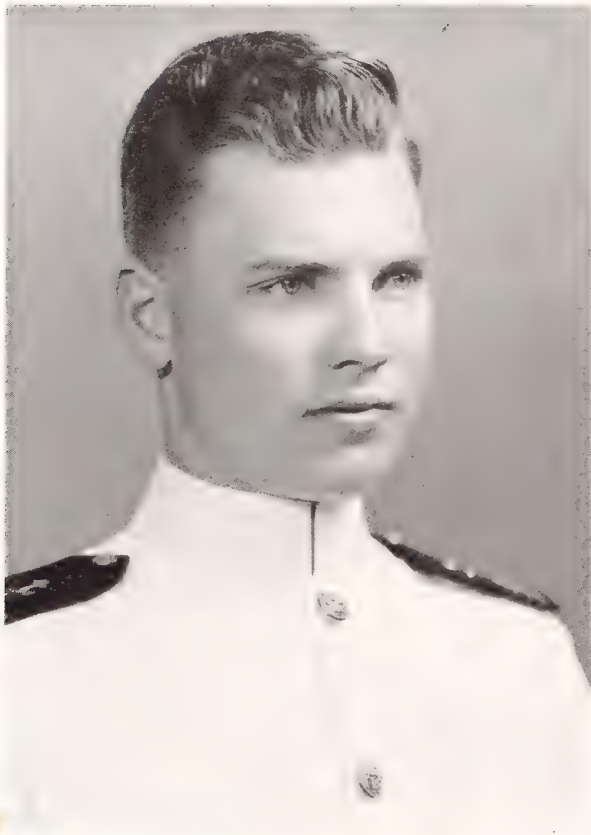
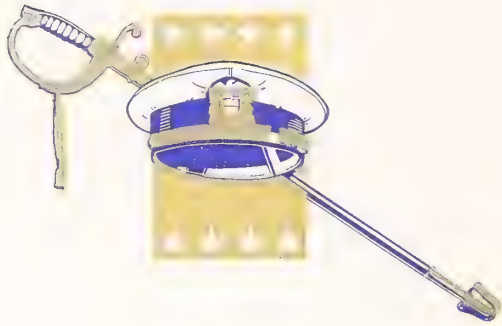


FRANK DONALD MILLER

WICHITA, KANSAS

"Don"

DON is one of those amazing fellows from the Middle West, where water is used only for drinking purposes, who still is able to grasp a knowledge of the sea immediately. But not only is he a good coxswain of a boat, he's a pacer in classes and athletics, doing everything with effortless ease. He is always willing to help anyone in anything they are doing, and he helps in such an unobtrusive manner that no one feels obliged to him, and as a consequence, he has a multitude of intimate friends. Don's favorite pastimes are complicated variations of diving, writing letters, dragging, and playing a hand of Rummy. Such a versatile fellow will be a valuable asset to our Navy.

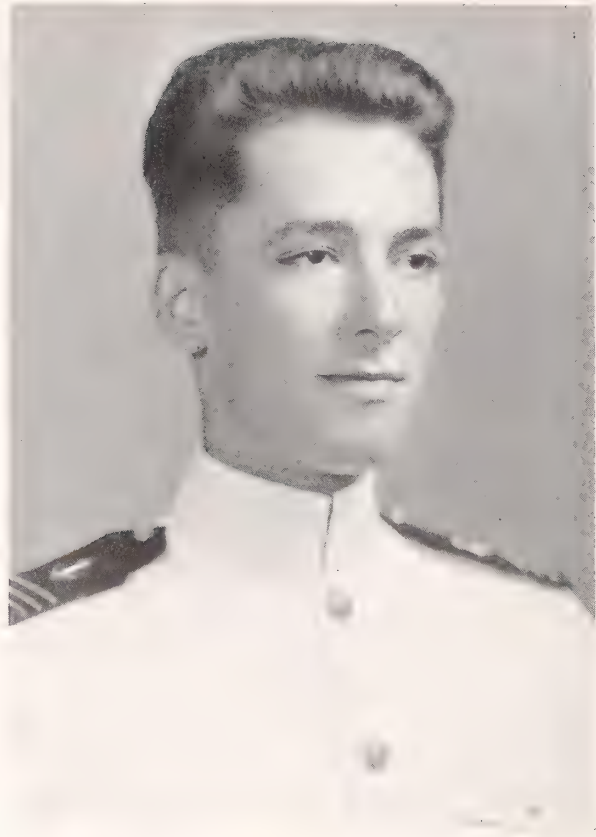


DONALD JOHN O'MEARA
MOSCOW, IDAHO

"Don"

"D. J."

THE serious mien of the Irishman above tells only half of the story, for Don is one of those composite fellows made of the "good stuff." He can be as serious as the occasion demands, as brainy as is necessary to solve the problem, and as strict as may be required to control a chaotic situation—yet behind it all is that carefree joviality characteristic of the Irish clan. Starting as a landlubber from Idaho, Don has shown such a remarkable interest in the seafaring profession that he is now regarded as one of the "men in the know"; an academic knowledge with a complete understanding of its practical application makes him sure to succeed. But more important, personality makes Don a perfect shipmate, for a few years or life.



WILLIAM COLLINS HUSHING
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

"Bill"

BILL'S cheery countenance and attractive personality have won scores of friends among his classmates as well as among the fair sex. This same buoyant nature and uncanny ability to give life to many a would-be-dull moment makes him an ideal roommate. Although he had a difficult time changing from a hey-hey College Joe to a pampered pet, Bill finally settled into the Navy harness and now takes his fun where he finds it. He has the ideal trait, particularly desirable in the Service, of being able to work hard when he works and to play hard when he plays. This quality coupled with initiative and exceptional ability to do his job well is sure to win Bill a high place in the annals of the Navy.



Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1,
BNT, Manager; Log
4, 3 Stripes.



Football 4; Battalion
Football 3; Boxing 4;
Boat Club 3, 2, 1;
Radio Club; 2 Stripes.



ROBERT LEAVENWORTH MASTIN

BOONTON, NEW JERSEY

"Salty"

"Bob"

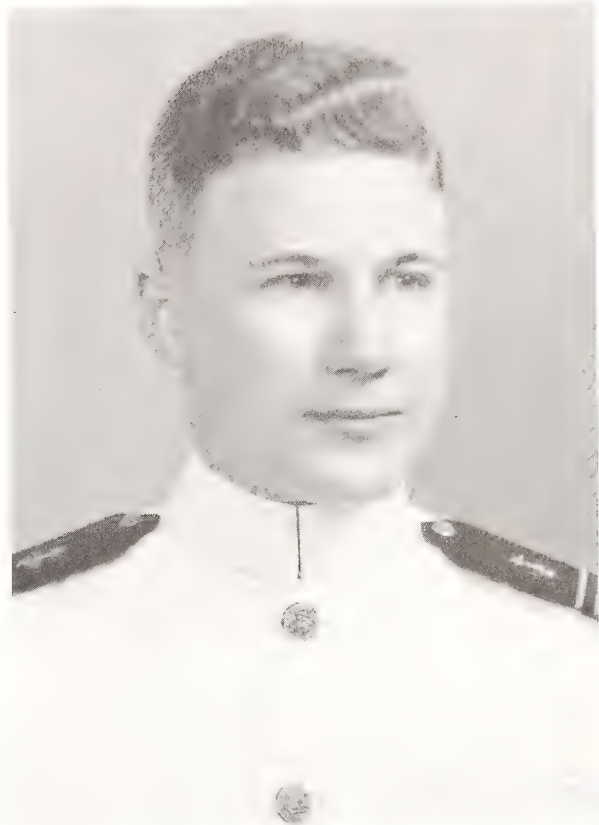
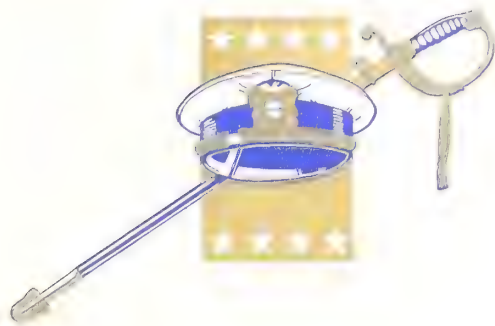
THE salt, the tar, the old sea dog! Bob reported aboard Plebe summer fresh from the Fleet full of enthusiasm to hurry through the Academy and get back out there again. Now he's moaning that he'll be lost with all these new fangled ships and gadgets developed in the rapid modernizing of the Navy during the last few years. Handling a slip-stick instead of a swab also presented a rather hard assignment to him at first but later it became smoother sailing. Fortunate possessor of a never-failing sense of humor, he is a great chap to have around when the going gets tough. But the water is his natural element, and his outstanding characteristic is impatience to feel a heaving deck once more under his feet.



Boat Club 4, 3; Radio Club 3, 2; Language Club 2, 1; Orchestra 4; Lucky Bag; M.P.O.



Battalion Track 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Stamp Club 3, 2, 1; President 1; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 4; 1 P.O.



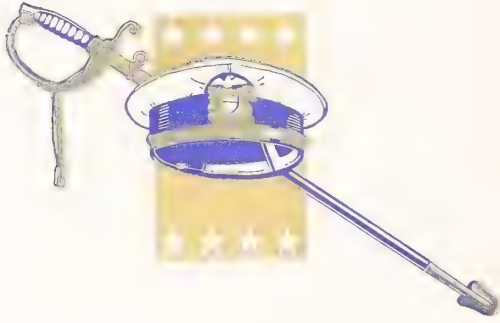
ALLAN GEORGE WUSSOW

CLINTON, IOWA

"Snuffy"

"Wuss"

WHEN Snuffy flashed his captivating smile on the Naval Academy, the grey walls of Bancroft Hall lost much of their sombre hue, and four years of academic struggle have not dampened his already cheerful outlook on life. He never missed a single hop if he could help it, and his knowledge of things terpsichorean is amazing. He is fond of all kinds of music; swing for dancing, concert for relaxation, and jam sessions for recreation. Versatile in athletics, tennis and swimming are his favorite sports. For a hobby he finds a great interest in philately. He learned from that bitter teacher, experience, that the system can't be beaten. Intensely interested in contemporary national problems, Wuss promises to be one of the Navy's outstanding officers with a flair for things progressive.

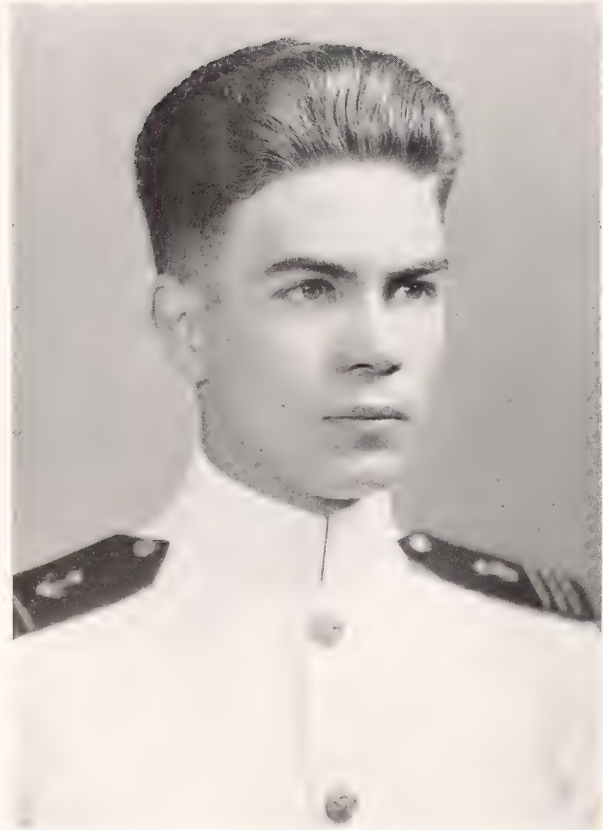


EDWARD OLCOTT
JAMAICA, NEW YORK

"Ed"

"Ollie"

"HOLD that pose, please." Yes, every time we hear that command, we know it's that daguerreotypist, Ollie, lurking behind the camera. A stickler for details, with a head for business, thoroughness is always noticeable in all his work. When a job, academic or otherwise, must be done, leave it to Ed. You can be sure he will do it justice. His faithful attendance at hops makes it difficult for one to remember when he last missed one. A practical diplomat, he has turned the head of many a 4.0. A bit reserved, by nature, he makes deep friendships with those who know him well enough to appreciate his attitude. Ollie is a sandblower who substantiates the age-old adage that good things come in small packages.



ROWLAND FELICIA NICOLAI
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

"Nic"

"Ling Po"

AFTER Asiatic Nic had finished stowing and marking his gear that hot July day in 1935, he felt neither cocky nor Asiatic. The Executive Department took the lead immediately and has kept it since. Despite close shaves and the loss of one Christmas leave, he has always crossed the shoals with sufficient water under his keel. One girl, from the end of his youngster year, has stayed on his mind, though before then he was a girl-in-every-port man. Whenever the boys get together for a party, a birthday celebration, or an old-fashioned roof raising, Nic is always on the spot. Full of life, companionship, and fun, he is a true sailor. To a perfect roommate and friend, one can only wish the best in everything.

Fencing 4; Crew 4,
Lucky Bag 3, 2, 1,
Photographic Editor
1; Log 2; 1 P.O.



1 P.O.



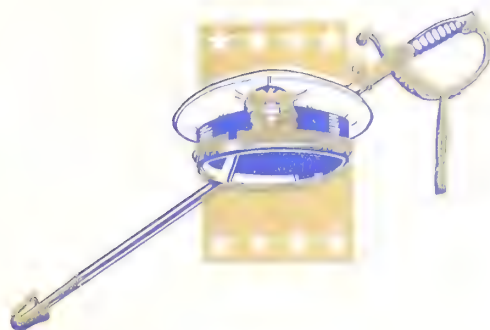
HERBERT DENISON REMINGTON
WATERTOWN, NEW YORK

"Herb"

"Denny"

"Rem"

FULL and by on the starboard tack from the wilds of upper New York State, Denny came to the Naval Academy with a squash racket in one hand and a sailboat tiller in the other. A small boat handler of no mean ability, he is generally credited with being '39's number one sailorman. Claims to be an ardent redmike—but isn't. Learned the "Big Apple" Second Class year, much to the discomfort of the men in the room below. Smokes a Dunhill for the sole purpose of blowing smoke rings. Although an excellent athlete, he spends most of his afternoons resting up "for next season." He does what he wants, when he wants—and is generally right. A good shipmate in any man's navy.



DONALD FREDERICK TAUGHER
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"Tiger"

"Don"

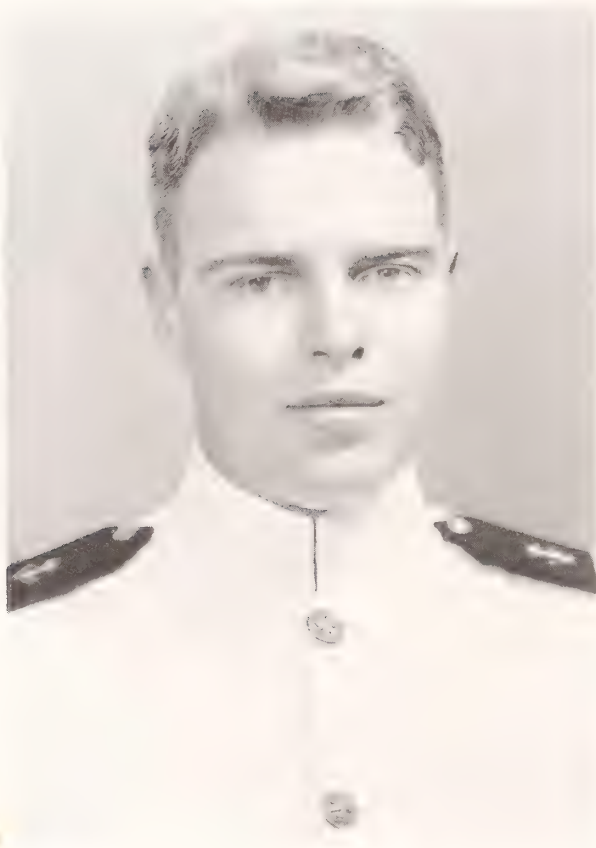
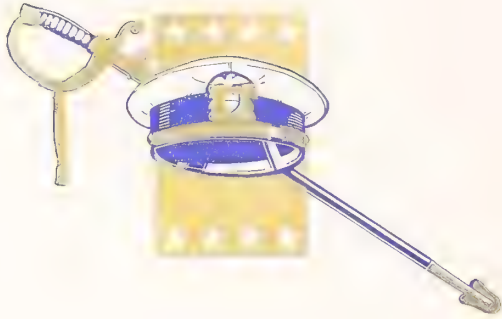
TIGER'S appearance at the Academy was just another step towards tasting the salt of the seven seas, having been in the Naval Reserve at Milwaukee. Life in America's "home of beer" has had no effect on Don's build. Plenty of exercise at pin pushing in the fencing loft takes up his afternoons. Academics nearly got him youngster year, but they never really were a source of worry. Don has a great interest in the radio; especially during study hour when there is a good program. When you want to know who wrote this book or that opera, ask Don. His versatility in the cultural side of life is pleasantly colored by his sense of humor. Don is naturally a bit reserved, but always ready to help. A friend indeed.



Soccer 4; Lacrosse 4;
Reception Committee
3, 2, 1; Boat Club
4, 3, 2, 1; Chairman,
Race Committee 1-3
Stripes.

Fencing 4, 2, 1; 1
P.O.

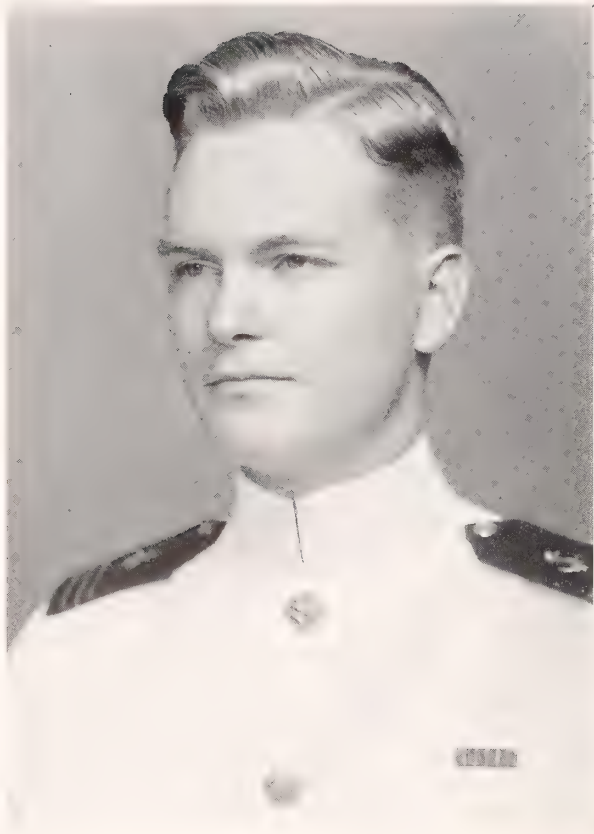




WALTER KENT STOW, JR.
NORTH EAST, PENNSYLVANIA

"Pat"

ANYONE who has missed one of Pat's hunting stories has missed one of the rarest treats the Academy has to offer. But like his hunting yarns, Pat is a treat in himself. He is always ready to work or play hard. Sometimes the studies get under his skin, but he never fails to come through at the right moment. Naturally quiet and modest, Pat is often not fully appreciated at once. Always looking out for the other fellow, and generous beyond belief, Pat is the kind of a roommate of whom one can be proud. Although he doesn't go out for varsity sports, Pat could give many a lacrosse, tennis, or bridge player a tough battle. He proves that "you can't keep a good man down."



LEE THOR SNILSBERG
MANKATO, MINNESOTA

"Swede"

"Sniley"

LEE, a true native son of Minnesota, is a blond Swede with blue eyes that catch the girls' eyes. However, it is useless to describe him, because you all have probably noticed him on the track heaving the javelin; in the Finnish style, in the fencing loft slashing away at any who dared confront him, or flying through the air, like the man on the flying trapeze, on the rings in the gym. Although you can gain much by just looking at him you can't really understand him, or know his hidden qualities that make him desirable to live with for four years. Having done just that, through thick and thin, I'll put my chips on him, to win in this great game of life.

Lacrosse 4, 1; Battalion Lacrosse 3, 2; Company Small Bore Team 4, 3, 2, 1; Company Pistol Team 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Water Polo 4; 1 Stripe.



Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A., N; Track 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.; Battalion Swimming 4; Company Pistol Team 2; Company Rifle Team 2; Choir 4; 2 Stripes

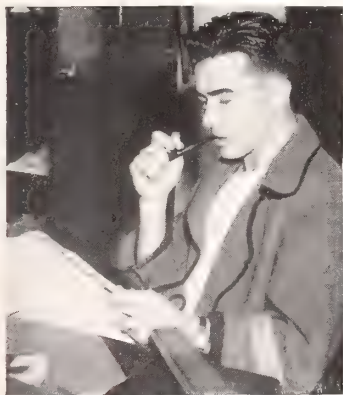




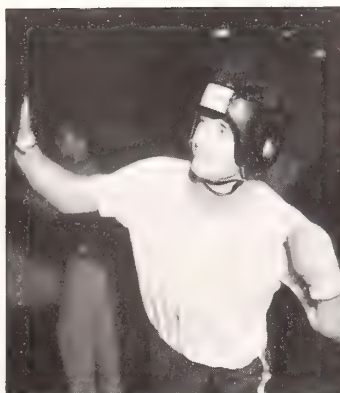
THEODORE MONTANYE USTICK
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

"Ted"

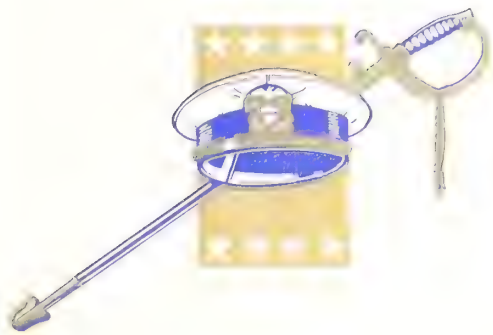
FROM the far-away shores of the Pacific, Ted came to us filled with a curious desire to learn about the grey ships that fill his home port. Though the Academic departments had him guessing occasionally, he never was overly worried about their offerings. The B-Squad claimed his leisure hours during each football season, the radiator proved his most faithful winter companion, and the first sign of spring was always certain to find him swinging a mashie. Ted has never been known to refuse a blind date, having implicit faith in his luck. His favorite expression, "it's great to be alive," perhaps best explains his knack of making the best of things, and is a trait that should carry him far when he reaches the Fleet.



Football 4, 3, 2, N.A.;
Battalion Crew 2, 1;
Company Rifle Team
4, 3, 2; Company
Small Bore Team 4;
Glee Club 4, 3; 1
Stripe.



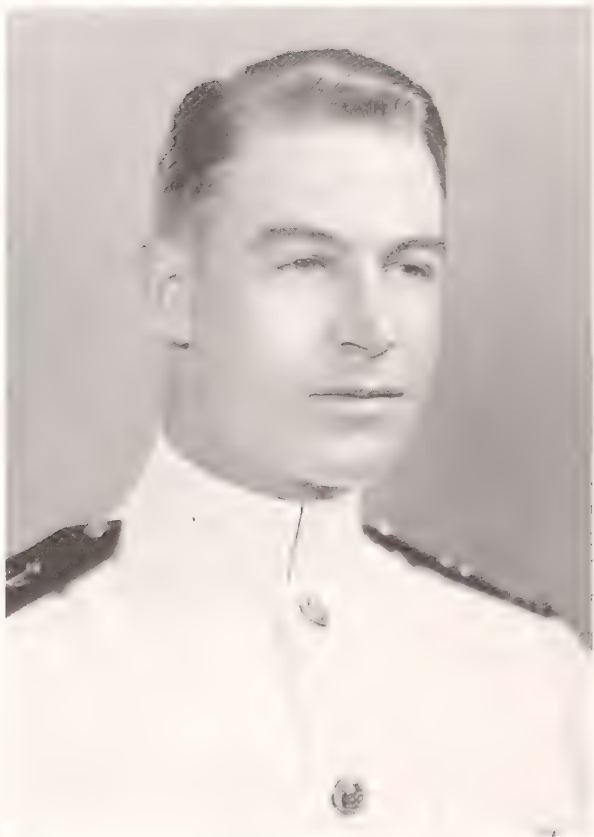
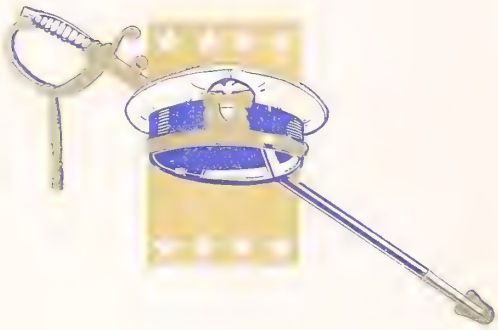
Football 4, 3, 2, 1;
N.A., N; Boxing 4, 1;
Track 4, 3; N. A. C.
A. 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



WILLIAM HENRY WORDEN, JR.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Bill"

AFTER seeing a bit of the globe with the Merchant Marine, Bill decided that he liked the sea. We who know him consider his choice a happy one for us, for his presence at Crabtown has made life happier in many ways. A plugger by nature, he fought an uphill battle with the Academic departments in which he finally emerged victorious. Always active, Bill divides his spare time evenly between the gridiron and the track, (with a little boxing as a side issue) where he holds his own with the best; socially, he takes the fair of the fair sex in his stride when occasion demands. His ever cheerful, ever ready willingness to lend a hand makes him a real pal and the very best of shipmates.



DUSTIN STETSON ADAMS
BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE

"Dusty"

"Dud"

DESTINED to "go down to the sea in ships," Adams' first command was the rowboat in which he navigated bays close to the halls of learning of the rock-bound state, making an enviable record. Receiving his appointment, his theme song promptly became "Anchors Aweigh," instead of the Maine "Stein Song." Lone-wolf tendencies to bone his hobby of higher mathematics by midnight oil, comfortably wrapped in a bathrobe, are balanced by evening bull sessions concerned with life's deeper problems, and genial explanations of assignments to those friends temporarily unsure of Tecumseh's ability to answer their prayers for velvet. With a course of "Upward and Onward" already charted, that quiet determination and square chin forecast a high place in the Navy for Adams.



DUDLEY HALE ADAMS
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

"Dud"

ANOTHER Army brat who saw the light, his pet grievance has been that he continually held the section leader sack. He spent more than his share of plebe year in the hospital. After the skinny and math departments caused him to spend a very unathletic Youngster year, he came to the fore to show his natural ability as a runner and to win his cross-country N-Star in the fall of his second class year. He's done his share of dragging. Dudley's love of gadgets and complicated radio hookups brought forth many peculiar contraptions, of which a surprising number really worked. Dud is always extremely cheerful, and he possesses an unlimited good humor which makes him well liked by all.

2 Stripes.



Cross Country 4, 2, 1,
CNC*; Track 2, 1;
Log 2, 1, Associate
News Editor; French
Club 2, 1; Quarter-
deck 1; Boat Club 4,
3; Radio Club 3; Glee
Club 4; C.P.O.



SAM AGABIAN
 OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Aggie"

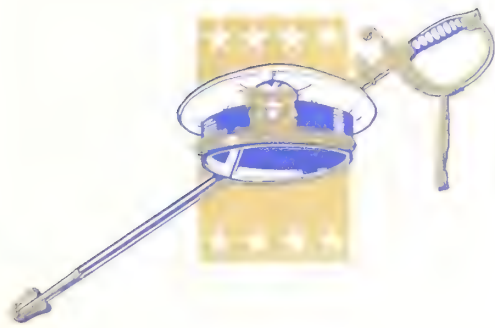
FOUR years ago another New England farm boy decided to follow the sea, so Sam left Oxford, Mass., for the Academy. After the preliminary daze of plebe year, he commenced to show his mettle in the tilt with the Academic Department. He is a good man for any bull session, and a connoisseur of the better things in life. Not too deeply concerned with snaking, when he does drag, he easily manages to hold his own. Ever willing to help, Sam has proved to be the best sort of roommate and friend. With a great store of tact, good will, and self confidence, it is certain that Sam will always maintain a high goal, and we wish him the best of luck in his ambitions.



Wrestling 3, 2, 1;
 Outdoor Rifle 1, 2
 Stripes.



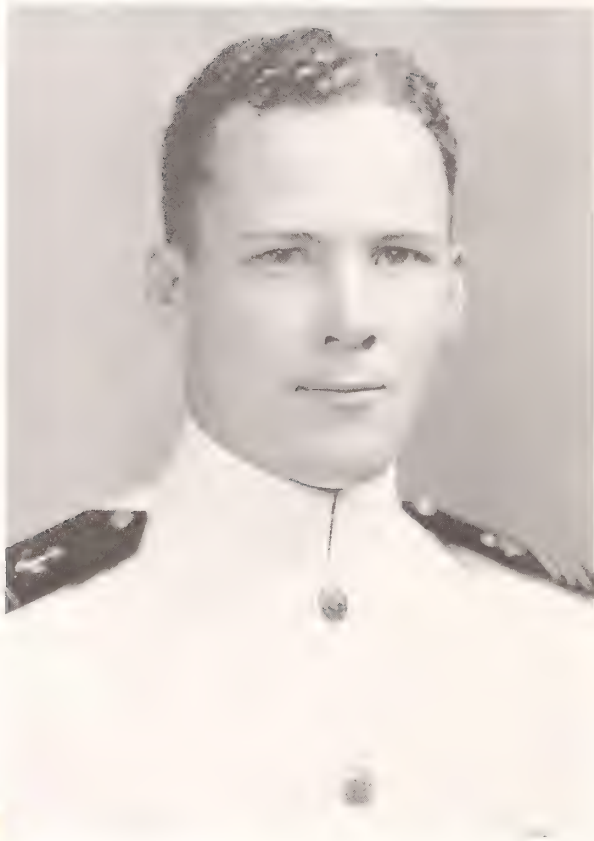
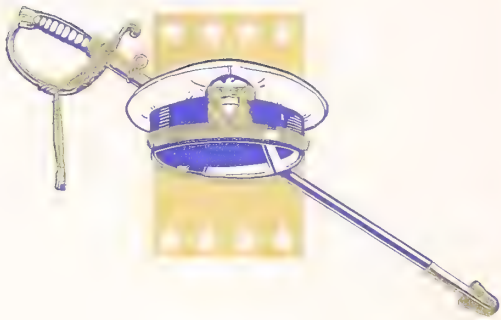
1 P.O.



ALMER PAUL COLVIN
 MANSFIELD, LOUISIANA

"Jug Hair"

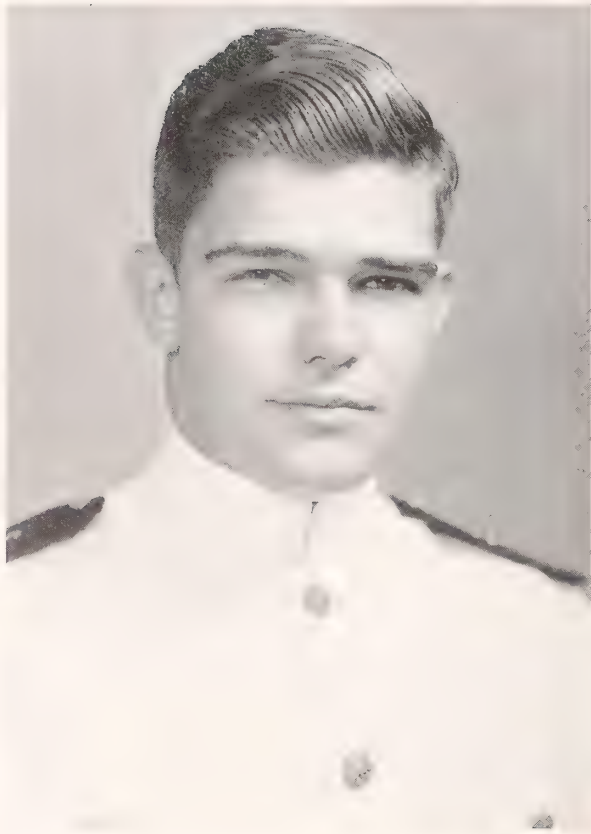
FROM Mansfield, Loo-eez-iana—Paul left the cotton fields and went to L. S. U. Becoming restless again, he joined the regiment of pampered pets. Restless and active, he wishes for warm and cold weather, for duty in Washington and the China Station all at the same time. Never forgetting the "podunk", his daily question is, "What did cotton do?" The future is a blank beyond the next liberty; for Paul specializes in dragging, though his changeable nature precludes an O. A. O. The rare combination of book sense and common sense permits him to flirt with the Academic Departments. He sees all, knows all, and tells nothing, yet his easy going manner destroys any barrier to friendship. We won't predict his future; it is too evident.



HUGH BERKLEY SANDERS, JR.
BESSEMER, ALABAMA

"Egg-Huid" "Sandy" "Cue-Ball"

SANDY comes from Alabama without the banjo on his knee, so he could well appreciate the little ditty, "Gawd, but it's cold in Maryland." He says it was parental pride which inveigled him to join the Navy, but secretly he admits that it's not so bad. Academics have never worried him much. He claims that his two re-exams were fruit, and that losing Youngster Christmas leave was nothing at all. While tennis saved him from being a bonafide member of the radiator squad, he is a close runner-up owing to his size, academic qualifications, and Cosmo. A snake? He denies that emphatically, but those who know are inclined to chuckle. His ambition is to be in Naval aviation, handling the stick of a speedy fighter.



WILLIAM TAYLOR ALFORD
CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

"Bucket"

"Bill"

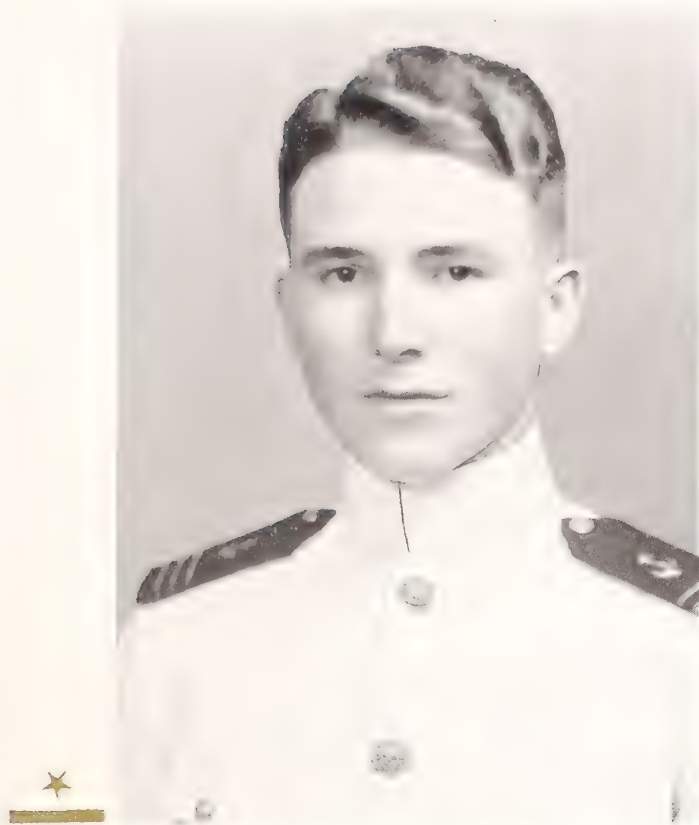
"Al"

BILL spent the major portion of his early career in California, which may account for his dislike of cold weather. As a member of the "Suicide Squad," he was immersed in the pool for a large part of his first three years here, but the Athletic Department saved him by discontinuing the sport. Since then he has shifted his activities to the basketball court, where he remains a good water poloist. Has been in the choir for five years, and insists that it is by far the best racket of them all. Had an O. A. O. for three years, but lost to a local, and has since played the field with varying degrees of success. He will stay in the Service, and has hopes of getting into aviation.

Tennis 4, 2, 1; Battalion Track 2, M.P.O.



Water Polo 4, 3, WNP; Stunt Committee 2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Musical Club Show 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



ROBERT THOMAS BAILEY

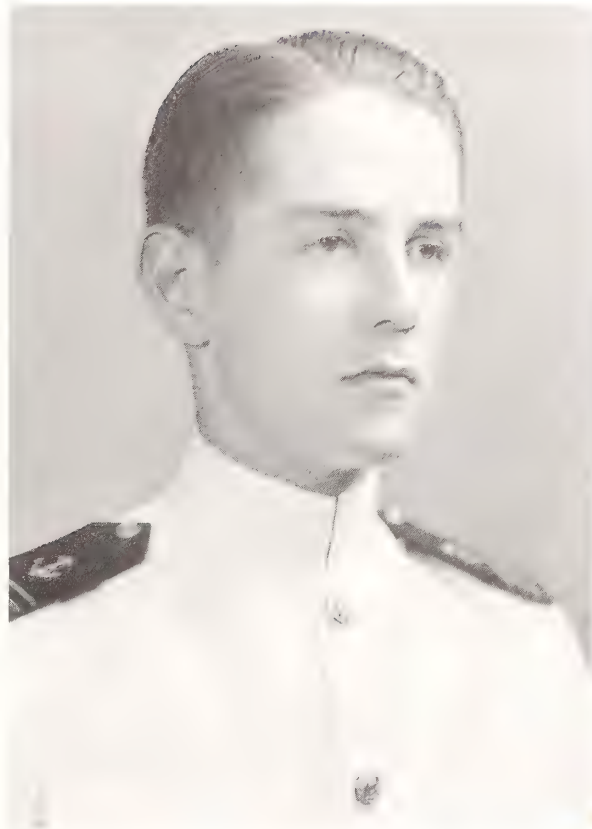
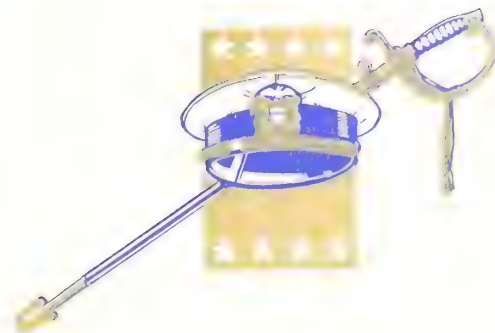
BLUEFIELD, VIRGINIA

"Bob"

"Bobby"

"Jug"

COMING to the Academy from the mountains of Virginia, Bob quickly swung into the Navy routine. Hospitalized for a large part of Plebe Year, he refused a turnback. Instead, he skipped Youngster Cruise; remaining at the Academy to take about ten delayed examinations. With a great deal of persistence, he stayed with thirty-nine. Always interested in a Virginia girl, Bob hasn't dragged much but he still manages to enjoy the weekends. With his pleasant disposition, he has been slow to anger but always ready for a good argument. If you doubt this, try to sell him sweet music in preference to swing. An ardent Dorsey-Goodman fan, he would travel far to hear either of them break it up.



THOMAS WATSON MURPHY

MONONGAHELA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Tom"

"Murph"

"Goon"

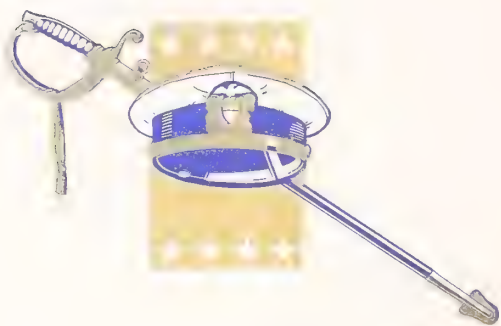
AFTER graduating from high school, the then easy-going Tom decided to secure this thing called school and thus simply settled his educational problem. But fate suddenly tossed him into the Academy. The ease with which he now meets his struggle indicates a still easy-going but also hard-working Tom. One is not surprised to find him engrossed in conversation with an electrician or a plumber, and as for catnip to the women, he gains results too good to be due entirely to the proverbial brass buttons. Although he has never worn the golden symbol of knowledge, he usually manages to come out near the top of the heap. With his energy, enthusiasm, and personality, Tom won't have much trouble in any field of endeavor he may seek.



Battalion Track 2, 1;
Lucky Bag 1; 1 Stripe.



Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1.
Soccer 4; Lucky Bag
1; M.P.O.



JAMES McCABE IRVINE
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

"Jim"

"Butch"

A LOOK and a bellow from Jim does more than stop a plebe; it leaves him quaking. His voice, however, is only one of nature's tricks—behind it is a quick smile and sunny disposition. Before Jim arrived here he had acquired some knowledge of the true values of life, with the result that he set himself to get the best out of the Academy. That he did not confine himself within the grey walls is proved by the quantity of his daily mail. For a time Jim set a fine example of fickleness, but since Youngster June Week he has been a model of faithfulness. If he pulls his eyes up he will make a fine officer; and if not, he is certain of success in civilian life.



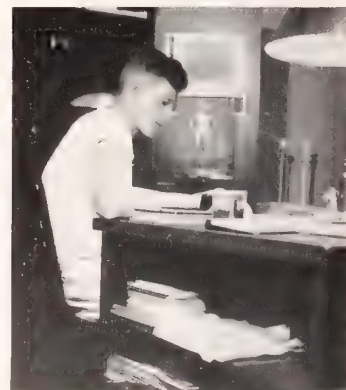
JOHN BERNARD BALCH
HONOLULU, HAWAII

"Red"

"Joe"

THIS tall, rangy, red-headed Irishman, known to so many of us as Joe, hails from that land of permanent sunshine and palm trees, Hawaii. His ready smile and sunny disposition contradict the Irishness and the carrot top. He may not shine in academics (referring especially to Dago), but give his hands a task, or put him in or on the water, and he's in his native element. But on land, his short stature (6 ft. 3 in.) and his inability to take more than a thirty inch step, make it necessary for us little fellows to half-step when we walk with him. His quiet, unassuming attitude covers a calm determination to have what is his and to hold it in spite of man, money, or the devil himself.

Wrestling 4, Battalion Wrestling 3, Crew 4; Battalion Football 2, 1; Glee Club 2, 1; 1 Stripe.



Football 4; Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Battalion Swimming 2, 1; Water Polo W, N.A., P; Battalion Crew 2; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Treasurer 2, Rear Commodore 1; 2 Stripes.

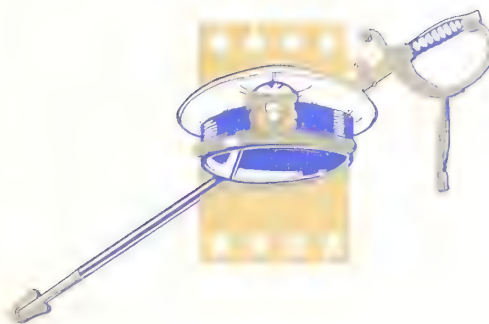


DANIEL S. BAUGHMAN
MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA

"Slugger"

"Chick"

SLUGGER, as he is known by his classmates, hails from around the Bad Lands—Deadwood, South Dakota. Good natured and always ready to help a friend in trouble, the Slugger has already won fame as a football player, a boxer, and a high jumper. When not occupied in athletics, he is busy writing to one of his many female admirers. Were it not for this weakness, we feel confident he would be sporting stars on his collar. Before entering this institution, the mighty muscle man attended Culver Military Academy where he was an illustrious member of the school band. Now Slugger has forsaken the musical art and is devoting his energy towards getting the job of Cincus in as short a time as possible.



CHARLES NELSON GRANT HENDRIX
HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND

"Herndon"

"Guiana"

SINCE he left his fishing scow in the Susquehanna, Charley has been a bright spot in Academy life. The "good looking little feller" always has a big, cheery smile for everyone—even when working hard to pull sat. A star in baseball, soccer, and lacrosse, he has been forced to give them up, at times, to hit the books. Ambition's son, always in a hurry, he usually gets what he is after. His thoughtfulness has gained many friends. In spite of the efforts of the fair sex to entice him, he is a redmike staunch and true. The favorite phrase of the mighty little man has been, "What do you say?" Using his own words again, we must admit we "can't say it"—not all of it, anyway.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1,
N.A., N; Track 4, 3,
2, 1, N.A.; Boxing 4,
3, 2, 1, N.A.; 1
Stripe.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1,
N.A., N; Soccer 4, 3,
2, N.A.; 2 Stripes.



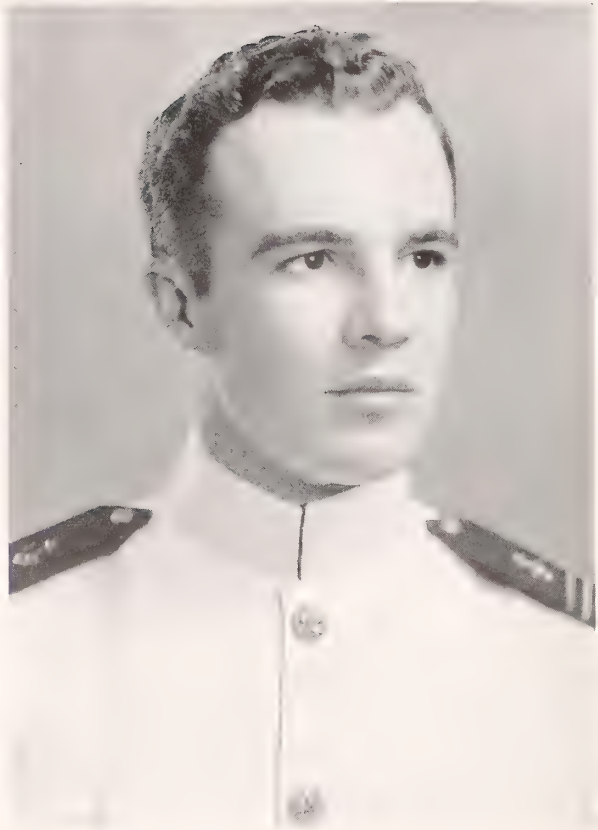


FREDERICK BIRCHFIELD TUCKER
TALLULAH, LOUISIANA

"Freddy"

"Tuck"

FREDDY will concede the Civil War, but not the superiority of Northern hospitality, femininity, or spirits. You'll find him a deep Southerner, easy going, affable, and thoroughly loyal. Years at Vanderbilt and Mississippi State have served to give Navy a well rounded, delightful personality. His friends acknowledge his keen wit, necessary to a successful bull session, and his sincere appreciation. Hardly a denizen of the athletic field, he finds his place in dramatics and the reception committee, activities to which he is naturally adapted. His personal preferences run to brunettes, red-heads, and blondes, clothes with individuality, and from Dorsey to the Philharmonic. Found beneath this personality is a practical mind, experienced and observant, all of which will take Freddy along a life full of friends and activity.



DAVID GEORGE BRYCE
TOLEDO, OHIO

"Buttercup"

"Davy"

COLLEGE and a naturally keen mind have rendered academics a fairly easy pathway for Davy. Time that less fortunate people utilize in study, Davy uses in writing, reading, or perhaps estimating the position of the spade queen. His general knowledge on a variety of subjects and his rather peculiar wit make him a valued member of any discussion. Among his interests are good books, harness horses, an abundance of sleep, and personable members of the fair sex. Hardly a snake in this last respect, he, nevertheless, acquires and forgets O. A. O.'s with astonishing regularity. Liked by all, possessing a sound judgment, and having a strong will to obtain what he really wants, Davy has all the natural attributes necessary to accomplish much in any chosen undertaking.

Reception Committee
3, 2, 1, Vice-Chairman 1; Hop Committee 1; Log Staff 1; Boat Club 4, 3; Trident Circulation Staff 3; Masqueraders 4; Musical Club Show 3; 2 Stripes.



2 P.O.





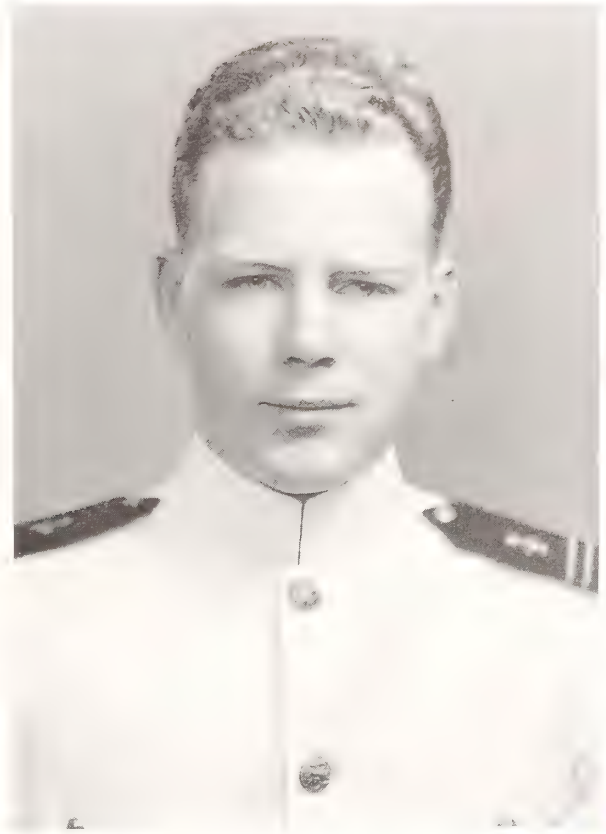
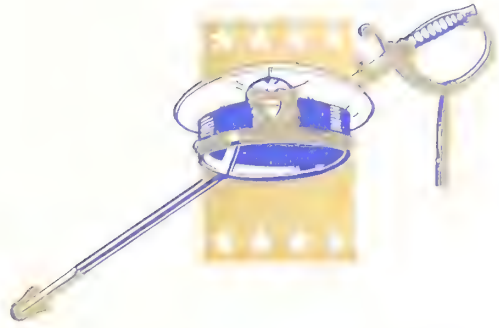
SAM JOHNSTON CALDWELL, JR.

UNION SPRINGS, ALABAMA

"Sam"

"Turret Top"

SAM hails from the deep South, and even the rigors of Academy life have failed to change his easy-going ways. He has successfully resisted all attempts to teach him to "talk right," but his friendly nature has won him friends in all classes. His only worry is French, for French with a southern accent makes a mean combination. His two ambitions are to speak Dago fluently and be a flyer. The academic departments hold no fear for Sam, for he knows when the play should stop. His conscientious work has earned him a good standing in the class. Beneath his laugh there is a will and a determination coupled with ability that will carry him far. We are proud to have him for a shipmate.



BENHARDT BRESSLER FISCHER

SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

"Ben"

"B. B."

"T. S. F."

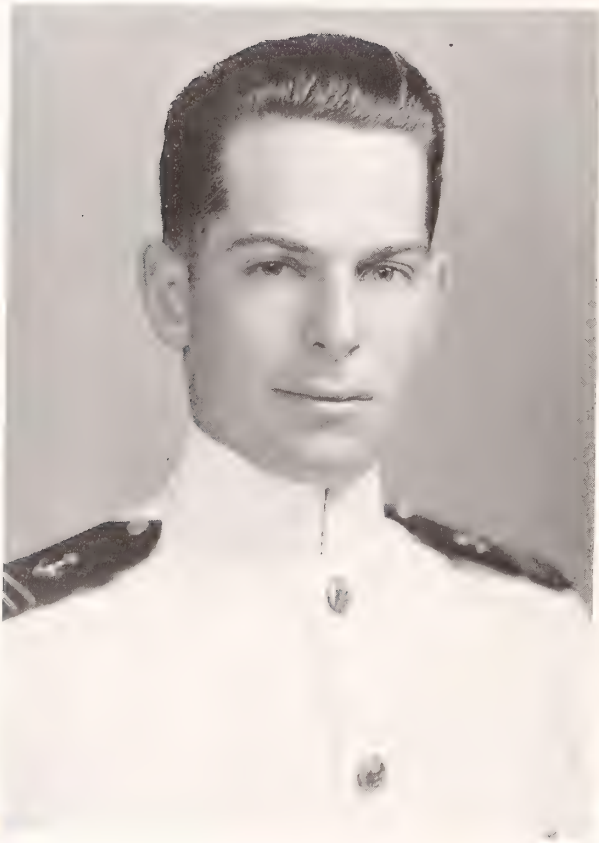
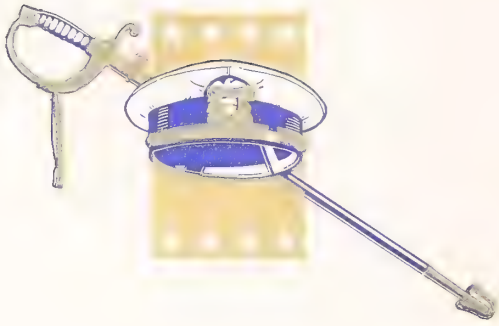
BEN left sunkissed California with aspirations of becoming Uncle Sam's fourth admiral. Quickly he made many staunch friends, for his qualities naturally win respect. Well liked by all, men enjoy his presence, his elders take pleasure in his companionship, and his drags—now we're getting down to one of his strong points—delight in the peculiar fascination and irresistible charm in his natural manner. With this great power of concentration, he will work diligently for hours, ignoring all bells and anything else which might tempt him from his work, and finish with—the wrong answer. With this friendliness, patience, willingness to work, and his courtesy and tact, Ben will succeed in his endeavors, and a prosperous, happy and worthwhile life looms ahead of him.



Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Tennis 3, 2, 1; Reception Committee 2, 1; Star 4; 2 Stripes.

Football 4, 3; Boxing 4; Ring Committee 2, 1; Hop Committee 1; 1 Stripe.

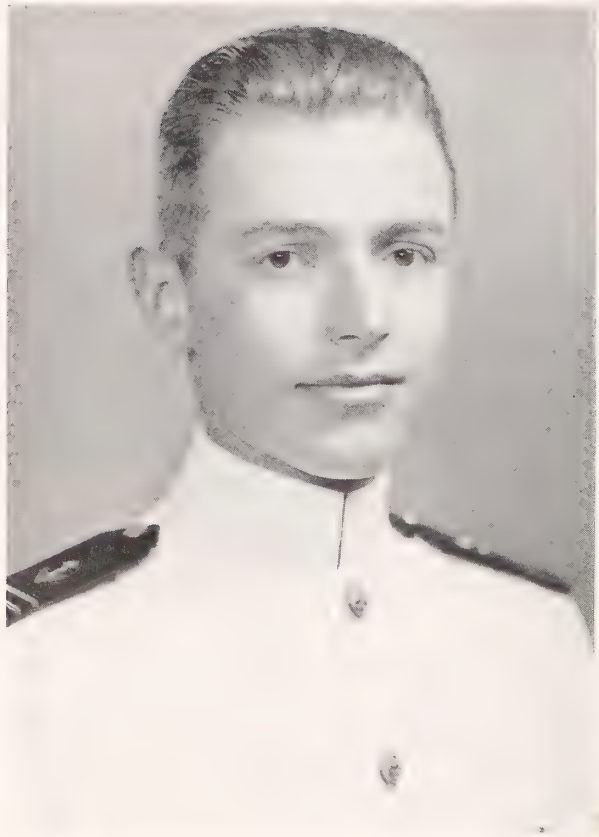




JOHN FREDERICK MILLER, JR.
BASIN, WYOMING

"Moose"

THOUGH "Moose" came from the sagebrush state of Wyoming and more used to horses than boats, he became an ardent sailor in a very short time. His one big worry was Dago. At the end of each week, one could invariably find him scanning the Dago tree and exclaiming, "Shucks, hit it again!" He always had a great yen for tinkering. Many afternoons found him dismembering a watch or clock or building flying (?) models of airplanes. Moose may almost be classed as a redmike, yet if anyone needed a blind drag, he was right there. Even though he wasn't an outstanding athlete, he was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of all battalion sports. No one will ever forget Fred's pleasant smile and fine military brace.



ROBERT WILLIAM CLARK
DENVER, COLORADO

"Bob"

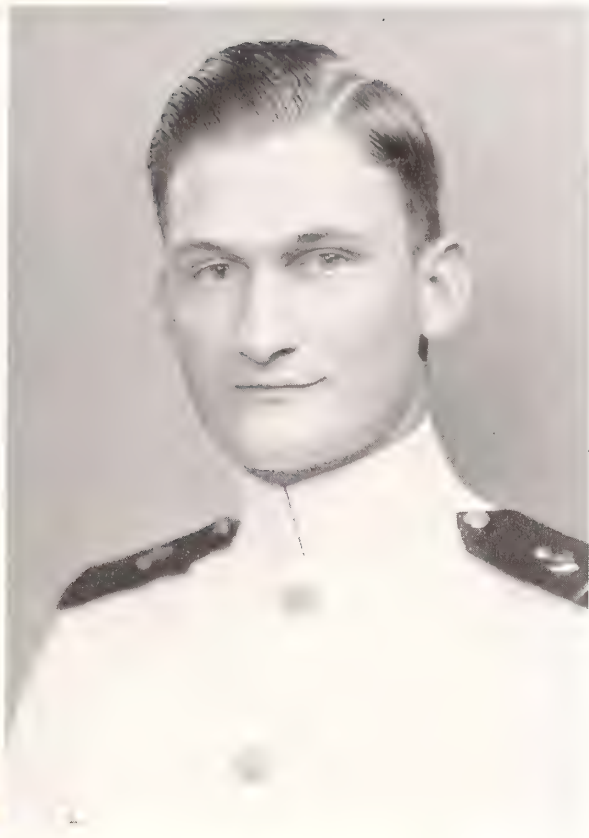
"Clarkie"

BOB entered the Academy from the ship named for his state, Colorado. Being naturally savvy, he never lost the advantage which this previous connection with the Fleet gave to him, for he has never experienced any difficulty in keeping a comfortable amount of velvet in every subject. His classmates always found him willing to lend a hand on any problem from an academic explanation to fixing their radios, for Bob has a natural liking and an understanding for gadgets. Included in this line is his hobby of movies. Always active and cheerful, he has found plenty of time for outside activities in spite of the fact that the sub squad claimed all of his athletic energy. Neither retiring nor aggressive, Bob makes himself welcome in any group.

*Battalion Crew 2, 1;
Battalion Cross Country 1; Company Small Bore Team 4, 3; Boxing 4; 1 Stripe.*



Crew 4; Movie Gang 4, 3, 2, 1, Secretary-Treasurer 1; 2 Stripes.



SAMUEL LLOYD COLLINS
OLIVE BRANCH, MISSISSIPPI

"Sam"

"Pop"

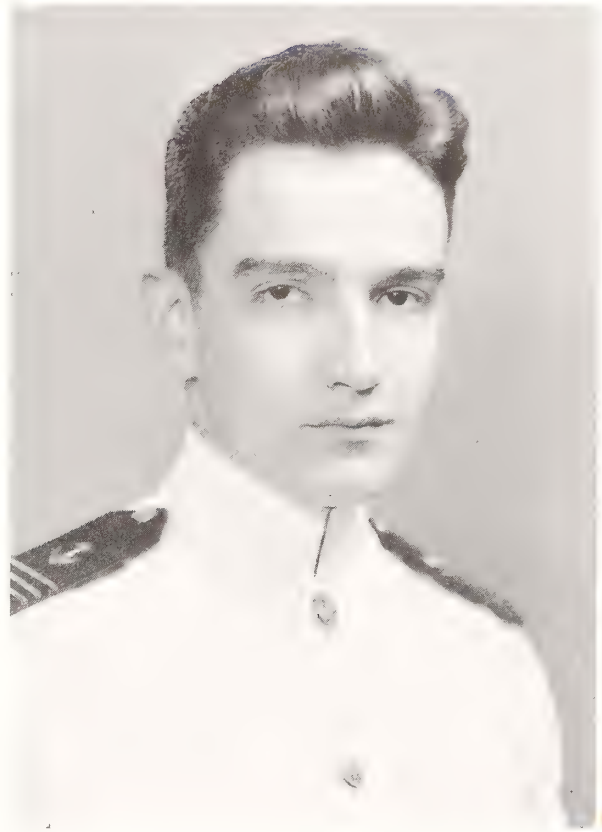
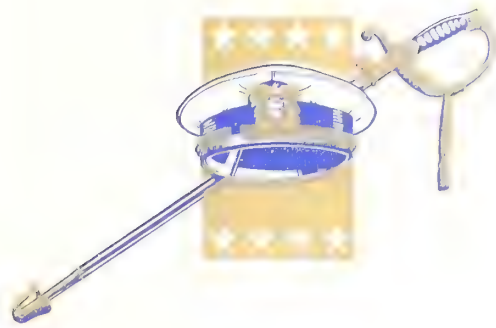
"Rip"

SAM, a past master in the art of doing what a Southern gentleman should do when he should do it, soon showed the Navy that Ole Miss had sent them an entertainer par excellence as well as a potential officer, a scholar, and a gentleman. His guitar and harmonica carried off more than one prize at the Cruise Smokers. Sam's radiant personality—don't worry, everything works out for itself—has thus far covered every situation except Ordnance classes and Bull themes. An easy going personality and a dry wit keep his repartee in the running with the snappiest, and have never left him groping for an answer even in the most practical bull sessions. With his common-sense way of working things out Pop won't be left at the post.



Battalion Football 3,
2; Battalion Track 2,
1; M.P.O.

Lacrosse 4; Battalion
Lacrosse 2, 1; Wrestling
4, 3, 2; C.P.O.

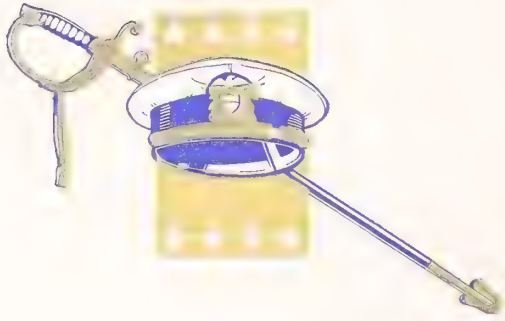


ANDREW JOSEPH FROSCH
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Andy"

"Gump"

FROM his nonchalant, composed expression, and his easy manner of walk, we know that worry never gets the upper hand on Andy. A stranger would term him quiet, but those who know him can certify that Andy can be the life of the party. He never laughs at his own words of wit, but a victory of repartee is always marked by his own personal smirk in conclusion. Gump's capacity for the esthetic is stimulated through his ability to sketch a Bull prof during a lecture. Spare moments at the gym keep him physically fit for the bout with academics. His agreeable nature will keep him clear of trouble, and his persistency will put him in the finish with the best.

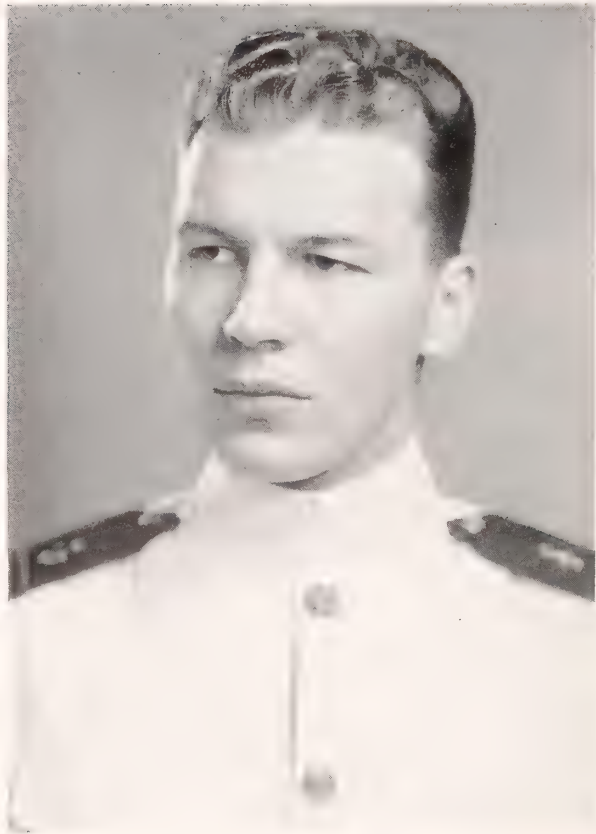


PETER ARNOLD EHRMAN
ATHERTON, CALIFORNIA

"Sunshine"

"Pete"

WE ALL know Pete. Owing to a little run-in with the Academic Department he has been around here longer than most of us. Since then, however, he has taken things in his stride. Seldom having to bone, he now picks up the studies easily. Although not inclined to intense participation in athletics, he can swim better than most of us when he wants to. He rarely misses a chance to drag but has succeeded in remaining unattached to many very charming young women so far. Pete manages to mind his own business without appearing too aloof, a rare accomplishment and a desirable quality in a roommate. His worst fault is an unlimited generosity, for he is always willing to listen to other people's troubles. Pete's nonchalance is accompanied by the requisites of a gentleman.



EARLE FREDERICK CRAIG
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

"Buzz"

"Buster"

A REGULAR fellow from the wilds of New Jersey, Buster is ready for anything and everything, from dragging blind to lending a poor unfortunate a little cash. Can be found almost any afternoon in the gym, engaged in a fast game of handball or basketball. His favorite pastime is, however, singing popular songs in the shower, very much off key and in words of his own composition. For four years Buzz has been dragging blind, hoping to find his dream girl, but so far, his efforts have been only partly successful. An aviation enthusiast, he has had his eye on Pensacola since June of Plebe Summer and with his cheerful disposition he should go far in this or whatever he decides to do. Here's luck to you, Buster.



Soccer 4; Battalion
Soccer 1; 1 Stripe.

1 P.O.



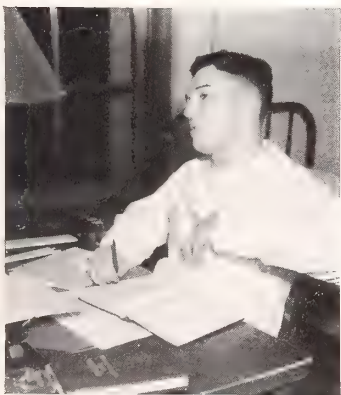


RALPH DELOACH
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"De"

"Muscle"

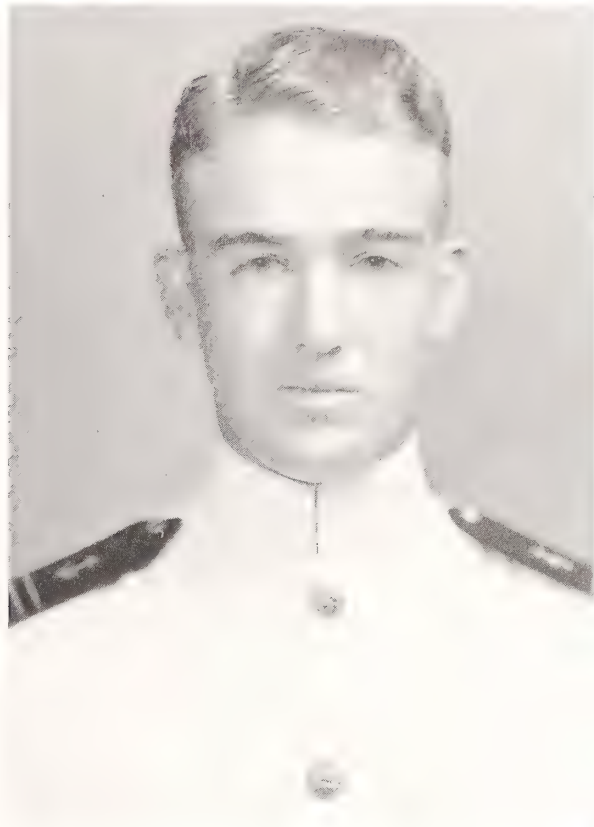
RALPH came to the Academy after spending a year at the University of Georgia where his R. O. T. C. training gave him a desire to go to sea. Plebe summer presented no difficulties to the quiet, congenial Southerner, but academic year had hardly started when he broke his arm playing football. The arm kept him in the hospital most of the first term, but did not keep him from hurdling the academic barriers. Ralph missed the pleasures of sleeping in a hammock, as he returned home during Youngster cruise to have his arm reset. His quiet, unassuming manner makes him a great favorite with the ladies. He is one of the cleanest fellows that you'll ever meet—if you can't get along with Ralph, you can't get along with anybody.



Football 4, 2, 1; 1
Stripe.

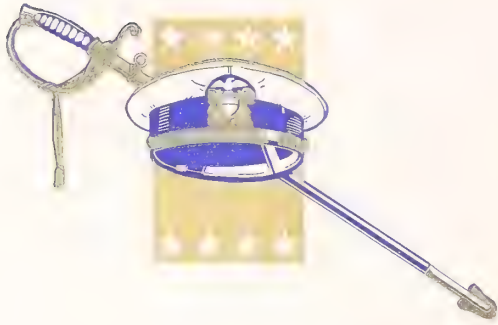


Football 4, 2, 1; Base-
ball 4, 3, 2, 1, N*;
3 Stripes.



RALPH CARLTON MANN
JUDSONIA, ARKANSAS

A COMBINATION of a scholar and an athlete, Ralph is the ideal type of man one seldom meets. Starting Plebe year in what promised to be a brilliant athletic career, he was stopped for a time by injuries; but doggedly persistent, he succeeded in overcoming his reverses. Youngster year found him handling left field on the varsity nine. By steadily upholding his good record in studies and at the same time being a versatile player on the diamond, he has shown himself to be an all around man. His conversation, forceful and interesting, makes him a pleasant companion, and his Southern accent immediately identifies him. Determination will carry him far in life, and the Navy will find his varied capabilities valuable when he wears his commission star.

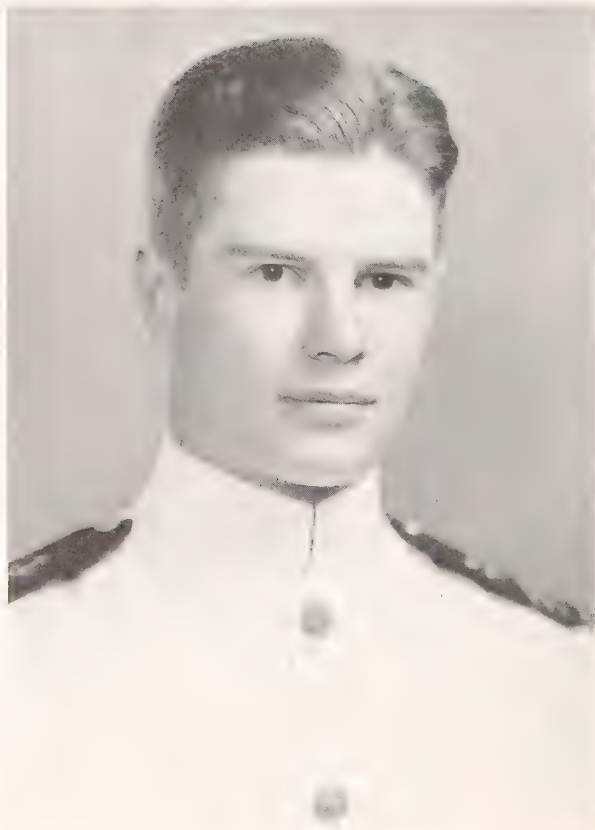


GAYLORD SWAYNE PARRETT
NEWPORT, INDIANA

"Scaboard"

"W. F."

FATE had its way and a principal appointment took Pol from a co-ed university on the banks of the Wabash and made him one of '39. In his saner moments he never regrets it. Although he has a strong desire for civilian life he usually finds naval life interesting. Academics are not a worry to him, but he does not class himself with the savois of the class. This Hoosier likes reading, tennis, bowling, swimming, and good things to eat. Ladies? They have an attraction for him but his letters and dragging are limited to only one of the fairer sex. With calm assurance Pol looks into the future and with that same assurance he will succeed in anything that interests him. Bon Voyage!



VINCENT PAUL dePOIX
HARTSDALE, NEW YORK

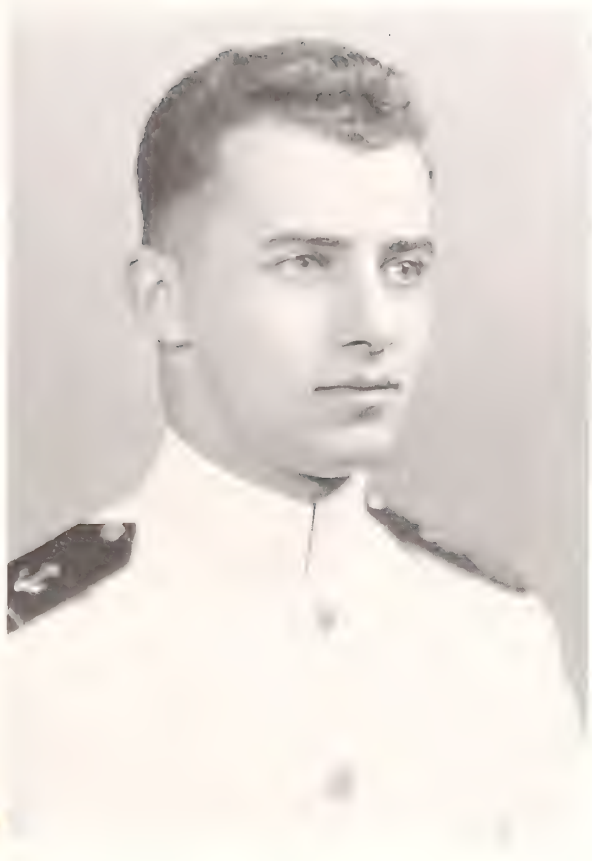
"Duke"

NICKNAMES seldom describe an individual, but "Duke" suggests the many characteristics which best convey the qualities of this lad. There's a bit of the Casanova, a dash of Lord Chesterfield, the military smartness of a Prussian, a certain boyish charm, the bantering air of a cosmopolite, and the warm sincerity that makes for friendship, all blended into the type of personality one inescapably likes and admires. A brilliant mind, tempered by an unusually keen sense of humor, keeps him from being just another savoir. Fencing, as one would expect of a Frenchman, is his forte—in the spring it's track. Knowing him intimately or just casually one cannot help but be impressed by the fact that here is truly a man.

Battalion Track 2, 1;
Battalion Basketball
1; Boat Club 1; 1
P.O.



Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1,
N*, Captain 1; Bat-
talion Track 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Swimming
4; Ring Dance Com-
mittee; Hop Commit-
tee 2; Star 4, 2; 4
Stripes.

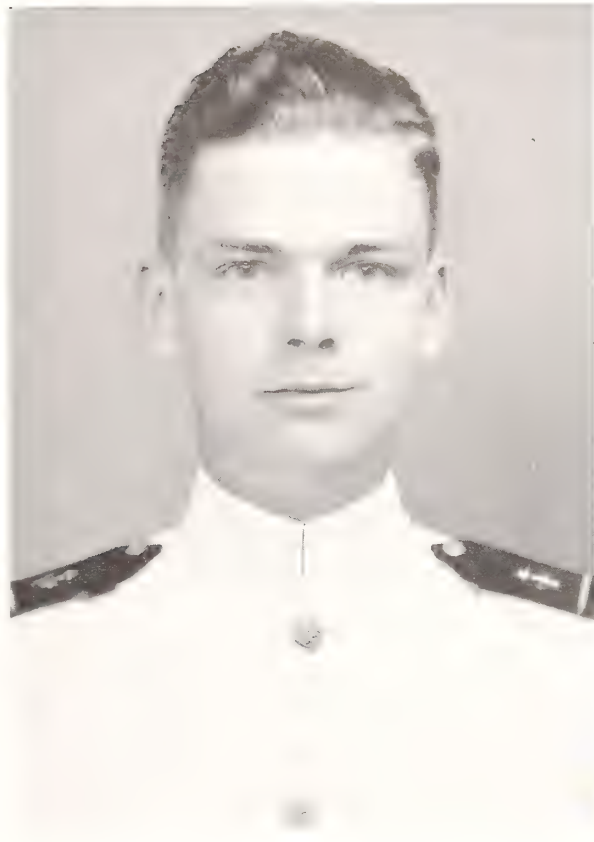
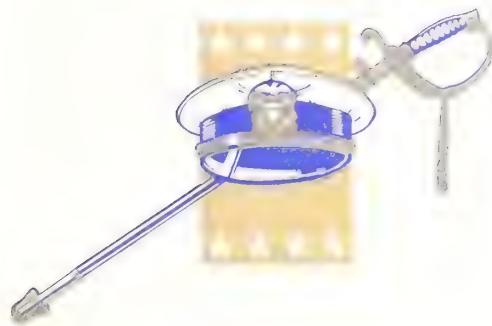


WILLIAM NORMAN DOUDIET
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Norm"

"The Doud"

NORM is a sandblower with a sense of humor out of proportion to his stature. Here is one midshipman who is able to smile and display his true disposition even before breakfast. While not a *savoir*, Norm has kept off the trees that count since his encounter with the Math Department plebe year. Maximum results in a minimum of time is his rule. The Doud cares not particularly for the so-called weaker sex, but may be found on special occasions in Dahlgren with an above-average drag. A good bull session is much more to his liking, however. His supply of unbelievable but true tales appears limitless. In spite of his collection of odoriferous pipes we hope to be shipmates again with Norm.



ELMORE FITZPATRICK HIGGINS, JR.
PELHAM MANOR, NEW YORK

"Pinky"

"Squire"

"Higgy"

THE Squire is one of those tall, first squad, first platoon fellows with a heart built on correspondingly large scale. He will oblige you any time by dragging blind for you or advancing you a fiver on next month's pay. Elmore is musical and loves to sing. His voice, is, unfortunately, not toned correctly for solo work, but it blends in well in mass singing. Elmore is always on hand for amusing stories and the girls know him well by the dimples that accompany his mirth. But he won't admit the dimples. We know Higgy well for his creations along the engineering line. Perhaps he will invent something useful some day. Whether he does or not, we hope that we shall ship with him again.



Battalion Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1; M.P.O.

Basketball 2; Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 1; Golf 2, 1; M.P.O.





RAPHAEL ANDREW ZOELLER

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"Ray"

"Duke"

AFTER two years at Georgia Tech as one of the Ramblin' Wrecks, Ray gave up engineering in order to master the rock and roll of the seas. He is one of those Dago savois who read French literature as though it were Cosmo. Always ready to arrange a party and furnish entertainment, he possesses the attributes of a true Southern gentleman. He never overdoes his studying, but uses his spare moments in keeping up his correspondence and listening to good dance bands. With his keen sense of humor and his sparkling wit as raconteur, he spins an endless stream of tales about the Bluegrass region that one cannot fail to enjoy. The gun Ray is behind is sure to make a hit.



RICHARD JOSEPH DRESSLING

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

"Dick"

FROM an Army post in the Land of Lakes, Dick came to see how the better half of our national defense lives. For a long time a decided Yankee, he suddenly turned pro-Southern. (Feminine influence may have had something to do with this.) Though by no means a star man, the Academic Department held little terror for Dick. During recreation periods when Mr. Ortland was not requiring his services in the swimming pool one might find him in the handball courts. Though not a confirmed snake, he supplied more than his share of feminine charm at the hops. Dick's quiet manner and pleasing personality gain a host of friends wherever he goes. A cheerful, hard, and systematic worker, he will be a welcome addition to any ship's company.

Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Soccer 4; Foreign Language Club, Battalion Representative, G.P.O.



i P.O.





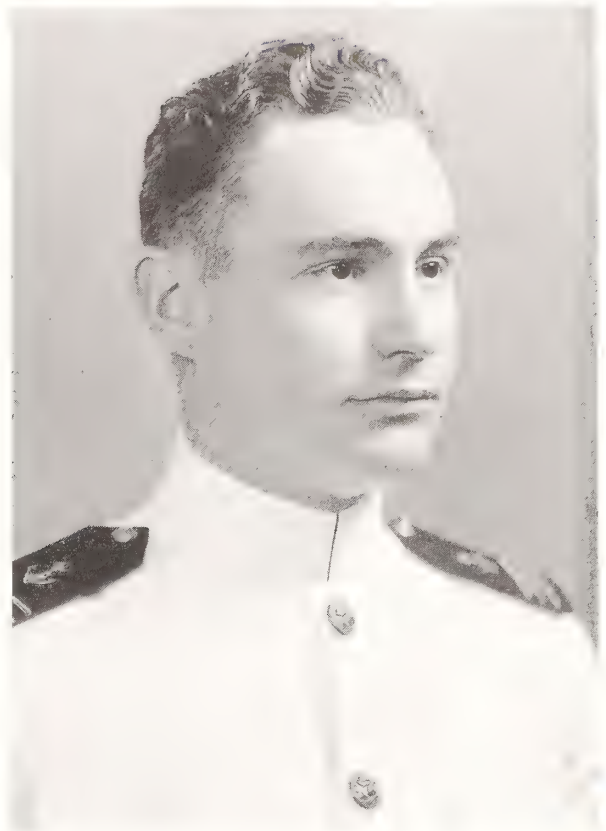
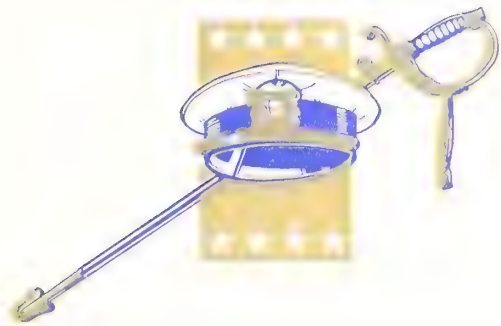
JAMES INGLIS GLENDINNING, JR.

FORT COLLINS, COLORADO

"Jim"

"Jimmie"

FROM the wilds of Colorado came Jim, not as a conquering hero, but quietly and deliberately. As the summer progressed we all agreed that behind his unassuming self-possession was real value. Along with his mildness of manner there runs an undercurrent of dead seriousness and dependability which marks him. His snaking instinct could not openly show itself until Youngster year, but now no hop would be a success without him. A good hand at bridge, he is always ready for a game. No member of the radiator squad, he is one of the Second Batt mainstays in cross country. He is a fellow we enjoy having around, for he is always ready to do his share. Here's to you, Jim, for a brilliant and successful career.



WILLIAM VERNE STEVENSON

PUEBLO, COLORADO

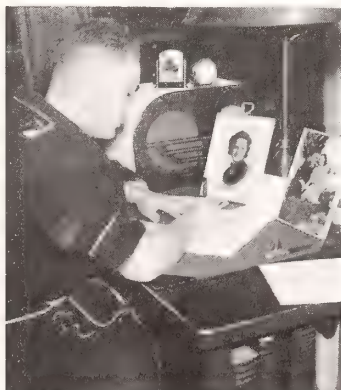
"Steve"

"Red"

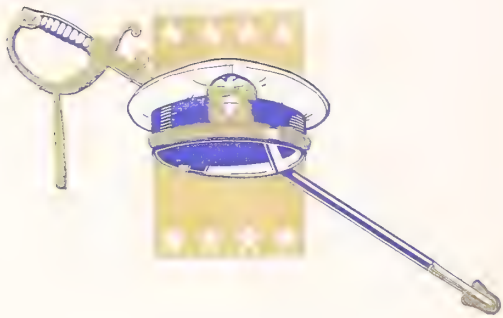
STEVE, a fiery, impetuous, frank redhead, hails from Colorado. He is a hard worker and once he has commenced a job there's no stopping until he's finished. Most of Steve's time for the last two years has been devoted to building a boat. At first we did not hold out much hope for the project but in spite of our doubts as to whether or not it would float, it is in the water now—a trim craft. Steve's red head marks him for a temper. It's there, too, but well under control. There's a stubbornness in Steve, too, which makes him hard to convince; but his generosity, dependability, and steadfastness far outweigh his faults and make Steve a person we shall be glad to have as a ship-mate.



Boat Club 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 2; Battalion Football 1; Battalion Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Movie Gang 3, 2, 1; Quarterdeck 4, 3; 2 Stripes.

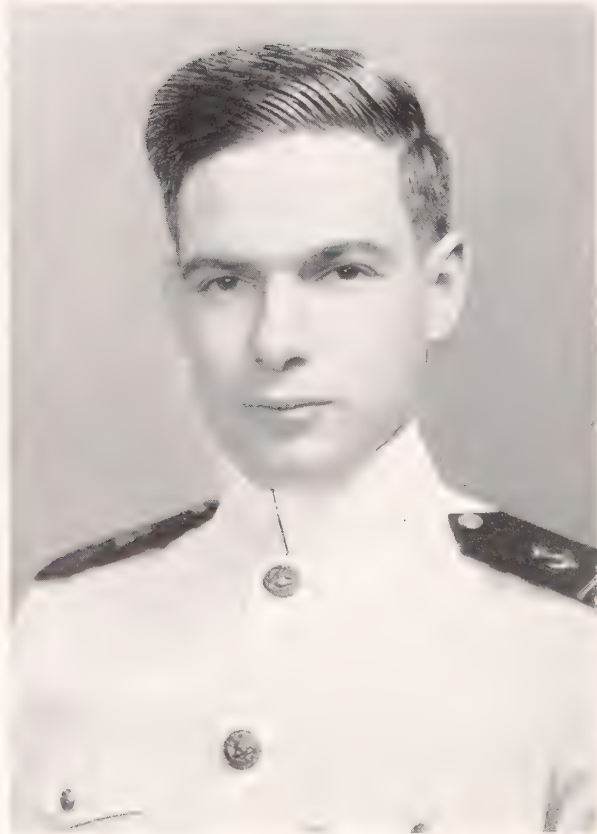


JAMES WALTER McCROCKLIN
MANSFIELD, LOUISIANA

"Mac"

"Jimmy"

MAC came up from down South with a cheery smile and a genuine accent. His natural generosity and tolerance have won him a host of friends, and he is always the provider whether one need an automobile, money, or a drag. Though Mac doesn't care for books, he quickly masters the daily quota of formulae, and he shares his knowledge unreservedly with the wooden men. He has a rare quality which has been the despair of many previous midshipmen—a sincere willingness to escort some drag's sister. His passion is speed and power behind the wheel of a V-16 and he likes to spend his leaves on the road. Mac, battlewagons have little speed, but they get there with the goods, and you'll be there with them.



WAYNE HERKNESS, 2nd
MEADOWBROOK, PENNSYLVANIA

"Herk"

"Wayne"

"Rosenbaum"

AS A plebe, Wayne was as unobtrusive as only a sandblower could be, with the result that he is well known only by that small, hard working group of loyal friends who help him keep up the smart appearance of his other half, the auxiliary sloop "Alert," which he acquired at the beginning of Youngster year. That same group of classmates has composed a forum before which he would discuss anything at any time. His rubicund proboscis camouflages a really savvy brain that has been an indispensable aid in keeping the less savvy sat. Wayne was pretty much of a redmike; on occasion, he would stoop to drag. Tempered by this lightly cynical outlook, he will go on getting the best out of life.

*Battalion Track 2, 1;
Battalion Cross Country 3;
Football Manager 4;
Battalion Wrestling; M.P.O.*



*Battalion Soccer 4, 2,
1; Boat Club 3, 2, 1;
Property Gang 4, 3;
1 P.O.*



WILLARD BARRETT HOLDREDGE
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

"Bill" "Wee-Willy" "Wild Bill"

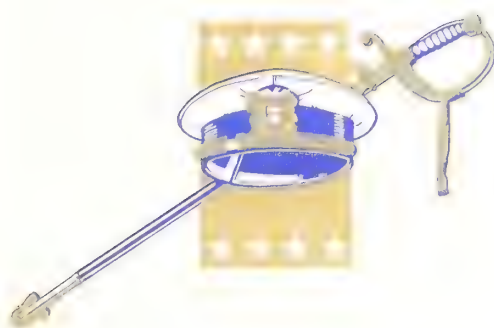
HERE'S a "word's-eye view" of Bill with his cheerful smile and all-American personality. Very idealistic and conscientious, he always expects the best of people. He never shows annoyance or boredom; and if his temper is aroused; it disappears quickly. Majoring in track and swimming, he also has taken an active interest in public speaking and the Boat Club. Seen at every hop, always dragging, he is known to be a super-super with the fair ones. Most of his leisure time is spent in taking pictures, listening to "swing," reading a good book, or dreaming about leave and skiing. His curiosity never seems to be satisfied. At the passing of a squadron of planes overhead, he casts purposeful eyes upward at the ship leading the Vee.



Battalion Swimming 3, 2, 1; Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1; Track 4, 3; Battalion Track 2; Company Small Bore Team 3, 2; Company Pistol Team 2; Company Rifle Team 2; Bout Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Quarterdeck 4, 3; 1 Stripe



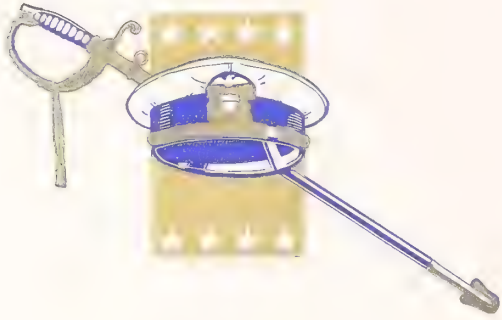
Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.; Football 4; Battalion Cross Country 4, 3, 1, Battalion Manager 1; 1 P.O.



RICHARD WILLIAM PHILLIPS
AUBURN, NEW YORK

"Dick" "Phil"

DICK'S an easy going fellow—good natured and smiling. Takes his fun where he can find it with endless pranks and ceaseless banter. Works hard and sleeps harder, and in between times he eats. His even temper and unlimited tact make him a grand pal. Won't study unless the latest swing tunes are pouring from the radio. He has many loves—mostly female, with each of whom he carries on an intense correspondence. It must be his curly hair and his natural ability to say the right thing. In cross-country and lacrosse he's at the top, and when the opportunity offers, he revels in ice hockey or touch football. Keenly interested in airplanes and having piloted gliders when a kid, he should soon be wearing Navy wings.

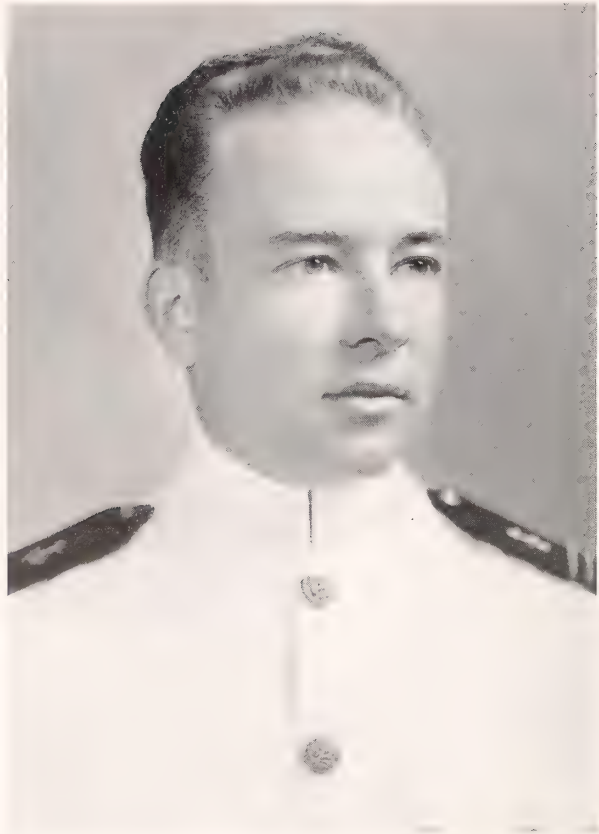


WILLIAM MERRITT RINGNESS
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

"Bill"

"Stud"

THE combination of a pleasing personality, a perfect disposition and a never-failing sense of humor has made many friends for Bill at the Academy. The academic departments have given him very little trouble, consequently he has developed into one of the Academy's better bridge players. Other interests: throwing the javelin, crew, and then of course there's always dragging. Perhaps his greatest difficulty as a Midshipman has been in being not quite sure which girl was coming for which hop. His congeniality and cheerfulness have made associating with him a pleasure. It is hard to see anything but success for Bill in the future. He will probably continue taking things as they come and then putting them in their place.



RICHARD PUTNAM JEFFREY
ST. ALBANS, VERMONT

"Jeff"

"Dick"

A VERMONTER is always an individualist, and Jeff is one of those rare men who combine a strict moral code with a lot of fun. He takes life in his stride, getting a laugh out of everything and everybody. Although his battles with the books don't leave him any free afternoons, he likes his liberty. The polished line and the smooth style of dancing characterize the social Jeff, but drop into his room some evening after chow and you'll see him as a happy, carefree, and practical joker, getting a laugh out of the most pessimistic, sour-pussed grind in the alley. His main interest is tennis, about which sport Jeff is an authority. A man's man and a girl's worry.

Crew 4, 3; Battalion
Soccer 4, 3; Trident
2, 1; Business Man-
ager 1; C.P.O.



Tennis 4; Battalion
Tennis 1; 1 P.O.



BENNETT JAMES FREDRICK JOHNSTON
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

"Ben"

"Johnny"

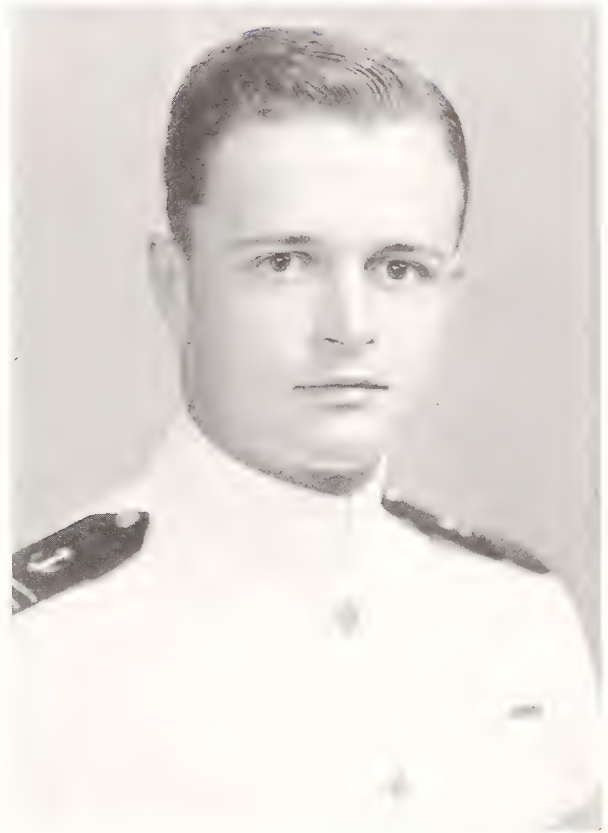
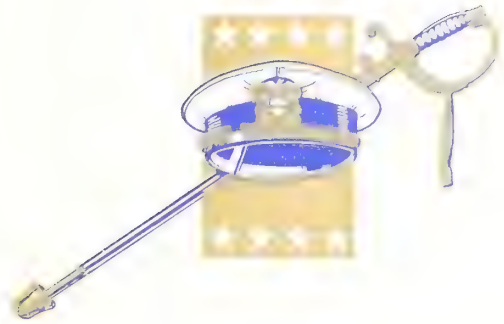
HERE before you is the chosen son of Oklahoma City—electrical genius extraordinary, with a pronounced flare for radio—gadget fixer—amateur photographer. He delights in meeting people and making contacts; carries on a huge correspondence, as evidenced by the daily stack of mail. Lover of Terpsichore, and no mean stepper—likes to be thought of as cold and calculating, but is warm and sympathetic by nature—charter member of the sub squad—passionately a follower of Thorne Smith and *Topper*—can be extremely serious upon occasion, with definite ideas on just what Navy discipline really means, but the Plebes are hard to convince!—bound to go places, wherever his station—there is hardly any need to wish success to such a grand fellow.



Radio Club 4, 3; Orchestra 4, 3; Musical Club Show 4; 2 Stripes.



Baseball 3, 2, 1; Football 3; Battalion Cross Country 2; German Club 1; 1 Stripe.

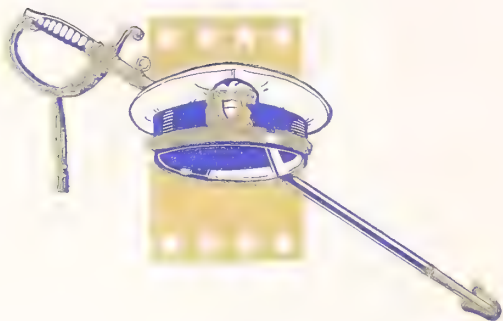


WILLIAM KING YARNALL
MERCHANTVILLE, NEW JERSEY

"Willy"

"Bill"

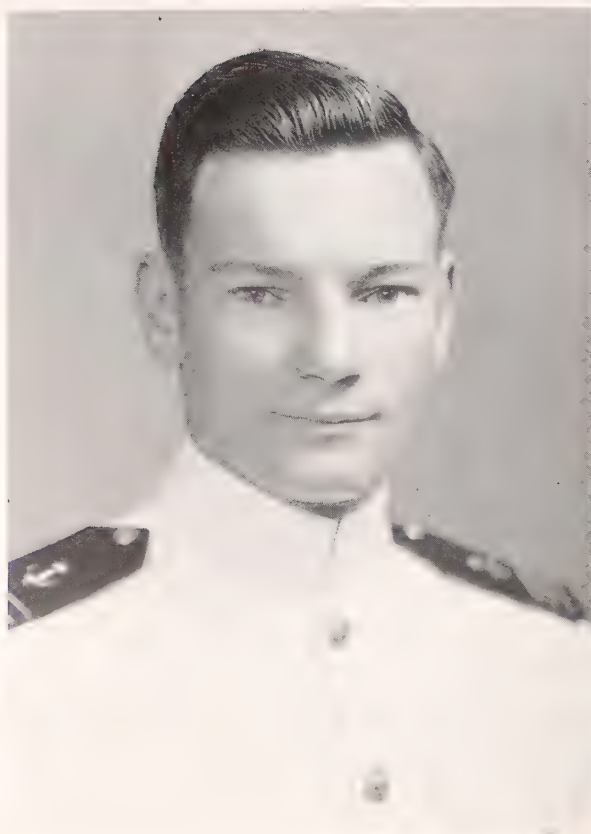
A SQUARELY built, well featured fellow, one hand in his rear pocket, the other hand helping to explain an important point; that's Willy. He is rather a thoughtful lad and therefore takes life somewhat seriously, yet he does enjoy good humor. Hardly one of the savvy boys, except in French, yet academics never bother him. Doesn't drag very often; women have no special significance for him. In fact, he spends Sunday afternoons studying German. Athletically inclined, he most enjoys baseball and squash. Navy tradition means a lot to Bill, and he'll stand by it all his life. Steadfast in his convictions, perhaps even a little stubborn, but irresistibly likeable, he rates the best of luck down a long, successful Naval career.



ALFRED FOSTER ROBERTSHAW
NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

"Al" "Robby" "Cupie"

IN SPITE of the lightly-balanced but good natured chip always on his shoulder, Al's mighty good company. A sentimentalist, he writes and receives long letters and wonders about the future. Al doesn't smoke regularly, but occasionally he tries a pipe. He has no vices he can't control. Although a good swimmer, he spends much of his time in the gym ducking and swinging and is a success at both. Only his size kept him from being one of the best of crew men. In studies, with his high efficiency rating, he gets better marks for the time put in than anyone else in the class. Al probably could wear stars any time, and he did youngster year. We'll miss him when duty takes him.



MACGREGOR KILPATRICK
ARDSLEY, NEW YORK

"Mac the Scot"

WITH his pipe in his hand, and his chair tilted precariously against the wall, Mac is expressing himself on a vital subject; and whether it's Petty's girl or Stanford's ball team, we always listen. He likes conversation as he does other simple pleasures of life—listening to Wayne King, thinking about the folks at home, having a song-fest, or, perhaps, just running his pals. Besides these occupations, he gets pretty active near a soccer ball, and he likes nothing better than a round of golf. But, some day his spirit of romance will walk away with him; and then goodbye to the clubs, Mac. Be that as it may, he rates plenty of luck because he's a swell joe. The boys will miss him.

Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1.
N.A.; M.P.O.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1, N.
Captain 1; G.P.O.

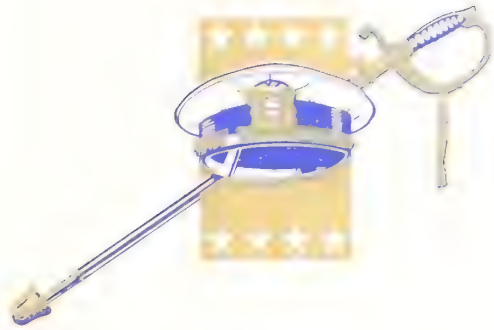


WILLIAM JAMES MANNING
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Bill"

"Tuffy"

MANY of us have found much to kick about in a confined military life, but Bill is not of this category. His quick smile has been a ready answer to all and sundry knocks and is the surest clue to his personality. His one big failing is an uncontrollable urge to maintain a blank stare or dead pan throughout any joke he tells or hears. In the Musical Club shows this failing proved to be that rare bit of talent which has produced many a laugh. Academics for Bill have never been a source of worry, fortunately; for the ominous thought of not seeing 20-20 on the eye exams and a natural desire for sleep often induce him to turn in long before his classmates.



RONALD FRANCIS STULTZ
WEST UNION, OHIO

"Ron"

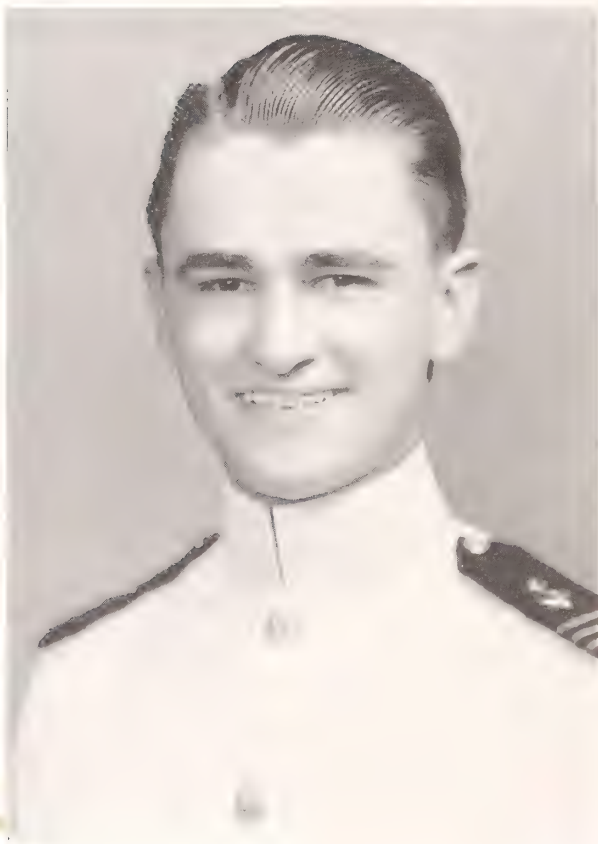
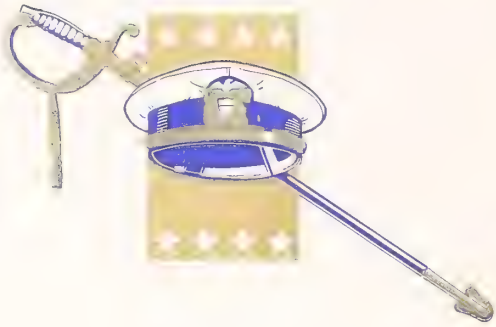
ONE of those lucky fellows who combine a sense of humor with an agreeable disposition, Ron has won the friendship of all of us. His love for music is entirely compatible with his philosophy—"Love is one great adventure." This fact has often made us wonder how the O. A. O. has remained as such throughout his stay at the Academy. In his more serious moods, whether he thinks of the springtime or the future we never know, but we do know that he constantly connects the two. Through this rosy outlook on life and his recognized ability we have no doubts that he will meet all obstacles smiling and find few too difficult for his easy-going persistence to overcome.



Battalion Gym 2.
Musical Club Show
4, 3, M.P.O.

Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; 1
P.O.

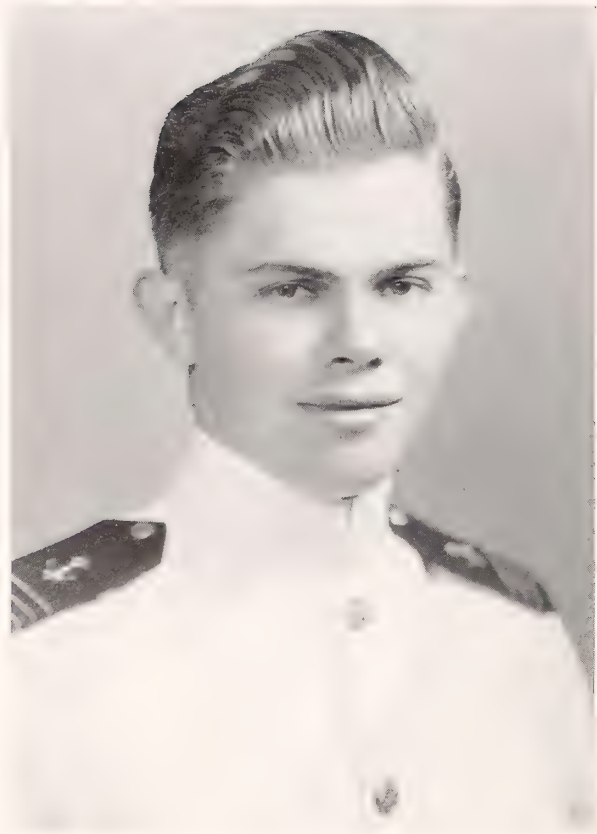




HOUSTON CLAY TUCKER, JR.
PULASKI, TENNESSEE

"Tuck" "Tommy" "Abc"

TUCK wonders why he put on shoes, left Tennessee with his trumpet, and came to the Naval Academy. Except for a struggle with Youngster math, studies have held little terror for him. He is a connoisseur of dance bands, definitely a "swing" man, and a firm advocate of leaving all "corn" in bottles and not spouting it out the end of a horn. He is well acquainted with modern literature; and he spends his time reading *Esquire* and new books or playing with the N. A.-10. Tuck seldom drags; but, being from the Southland, his love life has not been neglected. He has a soft spot in his heart for redheads. He couldn't have been a better roommate. Here's wishing him the success he deserves in any career.



JAMES WILLIAM McCONNAUGHAY
NEWTON, KANSAS

"Mac"

"Jimmy"

MAC STILL has no explanation of how he was side-tracked from the Kansas desert to Marion, Alabama and then to the Naval Academy. But he has been very successful. In addition to overcoming the obstacles of the Academic Departments in a commendable manner he has found delightful recreation in shooting the rifle and exercising his musical ability in the N. A.-10. He is a confirmed supporter of "swing" music, the beauty of Southern girls, and the delightfulness of champagne as a beverage. Mac's friendship is one that will stand the wear of time. As a roommate he possesses a unique combination of generosity, loyalty, humor, and good disposition. These qualities are certain to carry him far in his career.

N.A. 10 4, 3, 2, 1;
Musical Club Show
4, 3, 2, 1; Log 1; 2
Stripes.



Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2,
1, RNT; Indoor Rifle
4, 3, 2, 1, RNT; Soc-
cer 4; N.A. 10 4, 3,
2; Musical Club Show
4, 3, 2; 2 Stripes.



EGIL THORNTON STEEN
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Balzac"

"Sam"

"Egg"

WOMEN are his forte; small ones, big ones, 4.0's and 2.5's, Balzac knows and drags them all. The fair sex take half his time; studies the other half. He doesn't study because he has to, but because he likes to, believe it or not. Egg enjoys dancing, generally doing an intricate Baltimore hop. He takes sports lightly, wrestling being his only achievement. Being an ex-college man, he knows a little about everything and is always willing to help with his opinion. He has several pet philosophies; "don't worry about little things; it's not what you start, but what you finish; and—paradoxically—there's nothing as restful as a soft bed." We all like him and some day we will be proud that he is our classmate.



Battalion Wrestling 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 3, 2, 1; Stamp Club 1; 1 P.O.



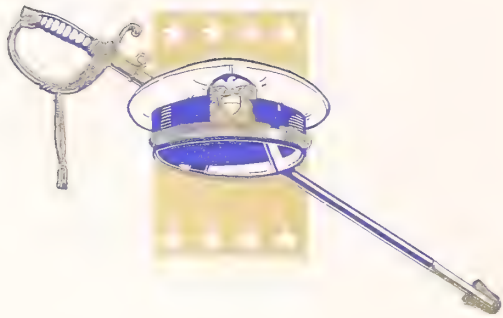
Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Baseball 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



DANIEL KEHR WEITZENFELD
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Danny-dear" "Mouse" "Dcke" "Butt"

IF YOU ever want to know about Chicago, blondes, operations, or probs, Mouse will receive you with open arms. Danny-Dear spends most of his time helping classmates, making them laugh, or playing jokes on them. Of course, he's usually a nuisance, but we can't help laughing with him. Athletics hold no mysteries for him; he knows them all. Regulations were not made for him to keep, and somehow he always manages to get caught. In deep remorse he calls himself president of the Everything-Happens-To-Us Club. Although he knows how to study, he would much rather sleep than bone. We all like him; and know that, since he is so persistent when he puts his mind to something, he will succeed in every endeavor he undertakes.



THOMAS CARTER WILLIAMSON

LAUREL, MISSISSIPPI

"Willie" "Thump" "Rebel"

HERE'S a man from so far south that down in Laurel they talk about "up in de Delta." True to form—he does much of his thinking in a horizontal position. Has been true to the gal back home for four years; but like most of the rest of us, keeps his eyes and the back door open. Willie is one of those persons we all envy. He has never starred, never been close, and he has done it all with a minimum of effort. He doesn't know the meaning of the word "blue" and is always in the thick of the bull sessions. With his keen sense of humor, this man has what it takes to succeed, and you can bet that when Willie is around there'll never be a dull moment.



CURTIS FRANCIS VOSSLER

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

"Curt"

"ALL ME blooming life, sor . . ." is the correct answer when given by Curt. He was born Navy, lives Navy, and will probably die Navy. With a high naval position firmly fixed as his goal he is as unruffled by the system as he is when confronted by a bunker in one of his excellent golf matches. You enjoy Curt's company on board ship as well as on the beach. His locker door proves his prowess in that great American game of "catch as catch can." He rarely loses a bet or an argument, as he is generally right before he starts. A more straightforward fellow or one better suited for his chosen career would be hard to find. An officer, a gentleman, and the best roommate ever.

Football 4; Battalion Football 3, 2; Battalion Basketball 2, 1; Water Polo 4; Battalion Water Polo 3; Battalion Soccer 1; Battalion Lacrosse 2, 1; Battalion Wrestling 2; 1 P.O.



Golf 3, 2, 1; Basketball 3; Battalion Gym 3, 2, 1; 3 Stripes.



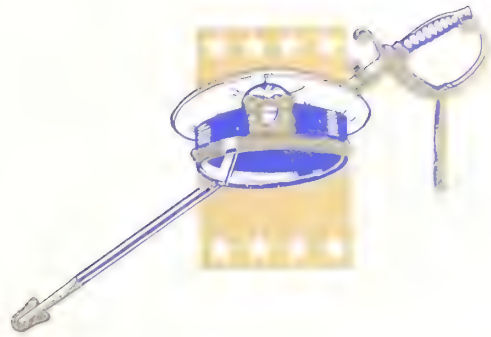
JOSEPH RAYMOND TENANTY
WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

"Irish"

"Dynamite"

"Ray"

PLEBE year was yet young when Tenanty (T. N. T.) acquired the sobriquet Dynamite. It is an appropriate nickname. Beneath his suave, gentlemanly exterior there lurks a fun-loving, slightly rowdy Irishman. He can pour out an outlandish line of Blarney without cracking a smile and more often than not convince his audience that some fantastic untruth is Gospel. Academics cause him few worries: he is different from the general run in that he studies to master the problems which confront him; he does not subordinate all else in a blind scramble for high marks. A keen, discerning mind and a high sense of justice, coupled with unflinching support of his convictions, are his guarantees of success in days to come.



MALCOLM BOYCE ROYALTY

PITTSFIELD, ILLINOIS

"Mac"

"Roy"

RIGHT from the moment Roy slipped into his strange new home in the Summer of 1935 he attracted us by his shy yet sincere friendliness. Since then he has always been surrounded by a host of friends pouring forth their latest dope or newest problems and all gaining satisfaction in the attention of the ever open ears of this "good listener." Let it not be inferred, however, that "Mac" figures only in the bull session—the Blue and Gold has gained from him valuable support in football, basketball, and track. The "ac" departments have never lessened his stoic willingness but the eye chart has often turned his thoughts from the sea. Saturday night finds him making beds for his more "snaky" mates—that's indeed the "ideal roommate."



Resigned

Resigned



Third Battalion

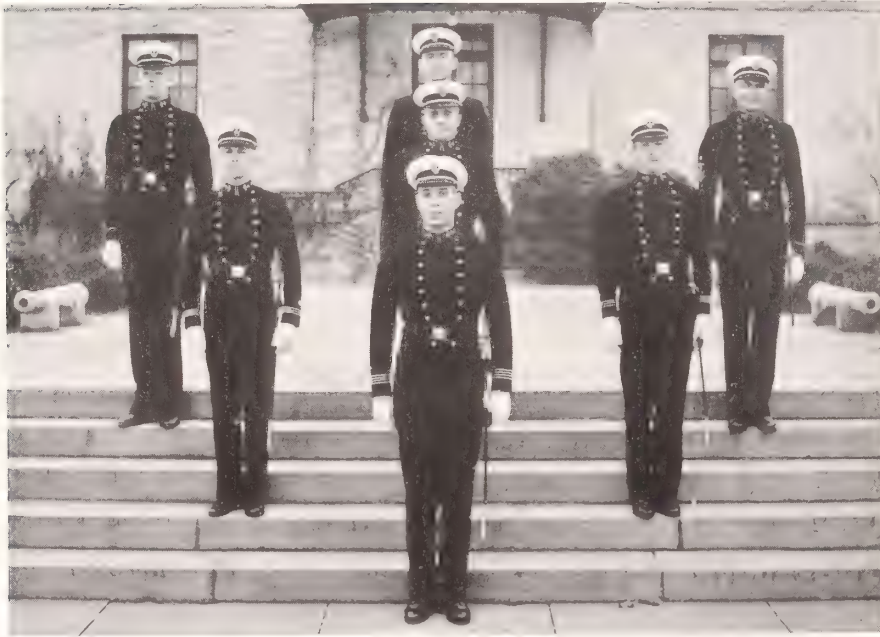


Lieutenant Commander
R. W. M. GRAHAM

BUSH
TURNBAUGH

KITTLER
GUERRY
FIELDS

McBRAYER
WALLACE



ANDERSON
GUERRY

BENHAM
WALLINGFORD
MENDENHALL

SPECTOR
WESCHLER

CONE
CARRISON
FIELDS





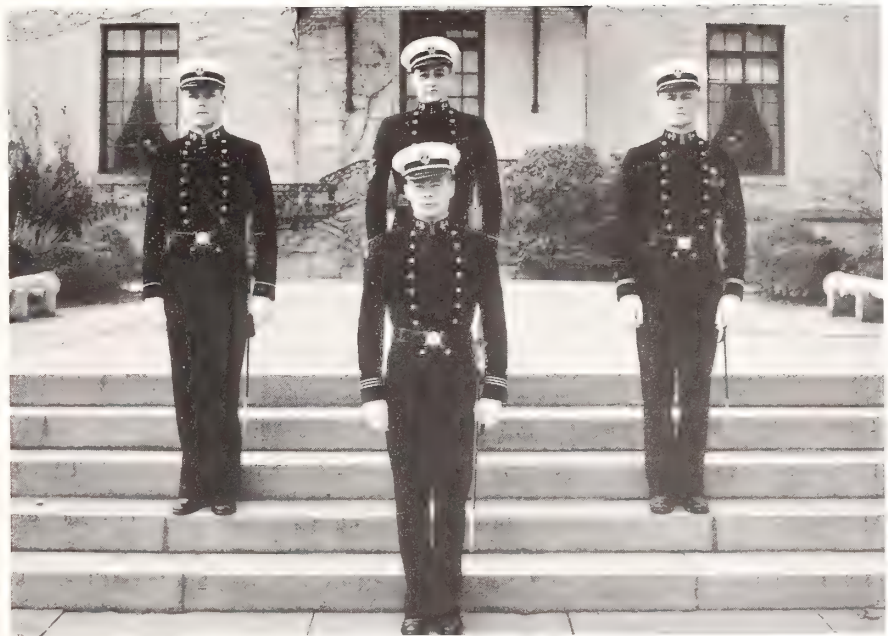
Lieutenant Commander
H. B. JARRETT

Seventh Company

DEIBEL

FAIRFAX
CHILDERS

BARNES



SMEJA

STARTZELL
CHILDERS

FAIRFAX

HOLZAPFEL

FARGO
WALLACE

BARNES



Eighth Company



Lieutenant C. ADAIR

COYNE

FISCHER
REIGART

WALLINGFORD



FISCHER

SHENEMAN
KORB

GOULD

EVERSOLE

GHSQUIERE
REIGART

MILLER





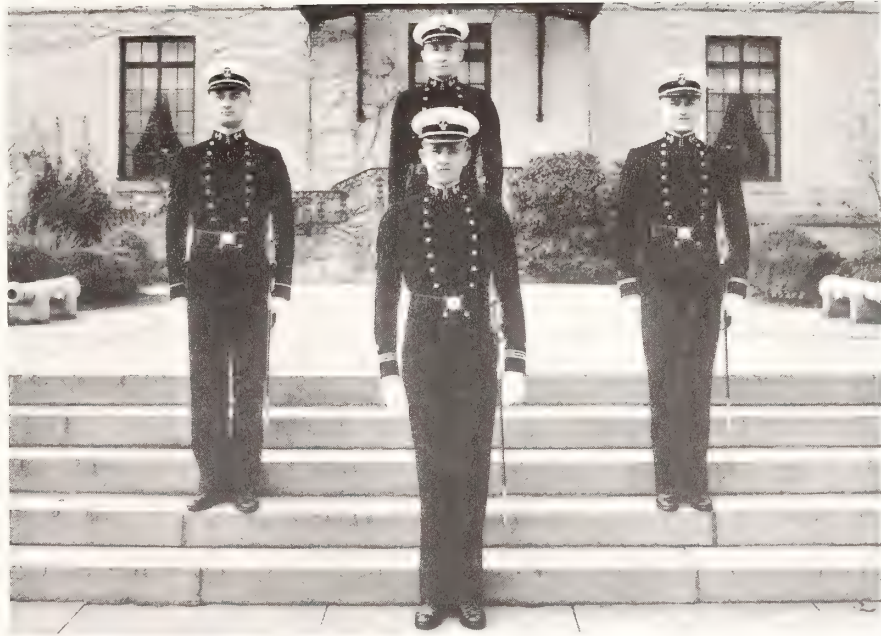
Lieutenant (j. g.)
C. C. KIRKPATRICK

Ninth Company

CROWE

GANTZ
LHAMON

VANNOY



McDANIEL

BARBEE
LHAMON

GAYLE

EGGER

BELL
BUSH

SHORT





KENAN CLARK CHILDERS, JR.
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

"Pinky"

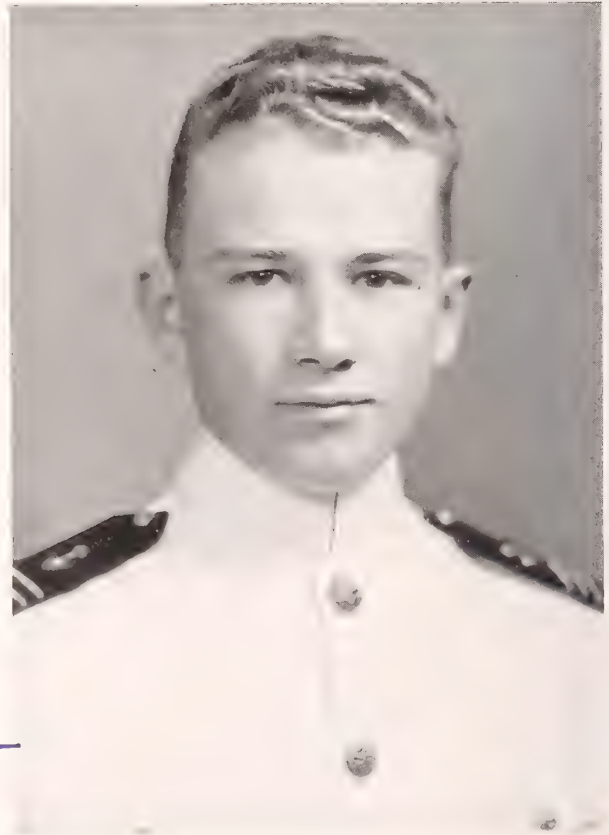
"Chili"

"Burr Haid"

FROM New Mexico, the state of radiant personalities, came Pinky—small of stature but big of heart. Very soon the soccer field recognized a new flash. In addition, basketball, tennis, and other sports attest to Chili's versatility. A shark at the games of chance, his ability has also been recognized in the field of class-room slip-drawing. His intuition, foresight, and promptitude will put him at the top. Though undeniably "red," "mike" does not follow, as one glance at him while he is dancing in Dahlgren Hall will prove—eyes closed in ecstasy, dreamy smile on his lips, wafting a comely lass gently about the floor. Four years together by the Bay; and through it all Pinky has been one of the best of friends.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1, ANF; Battalion Baseball 4; Basketball 3, 2, 1, 1939; Company Representative 3, 2, 1; 3 Stripes.



Battalion Baseball 4, 3; Battalion Soccer 4, 3, 2, A39F; Lucky Bag 2, 1; 1 Stripe.



WALLER CLARKE MOORE, JR.
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

"Moe"

"Sealegs"

"Fix"

A SEA going lad from a salty town, Sealegs has proved that navigation and all things nautical are purely "elementary." Caring little for the insignificant "star," easily within his grasp, Moe refuses to bone more than four minutes for any class. During some recreation hours he can be found playing bridge, chess, billiards, or bowling in his usual masterful style. An asset to any group of fellows, Moe's intellect has saved many of his less fortunate fellows with careful, concise, erudite explanations of intricate problems. His outdoor achievements include soccer, baseball, and football. His Virginia drawl, ready wit, and ability have everywhere earned him the esteem and friendship of his fellows. Brilliant, unruffled, tactful, Moe is our idea of a good man.

WILLIAM ALFRED STILES, JR.
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

"Mickey" "Redhead" "Bill"

INDIVIDUALITY abounds in Bill, a man rarer than a fog in his beloved Kansas. His unflinching aim, gained from Missouri River duck blinds, has made him a fixture on Navy's rifle teams and his prowess with both small-bore and outdoor rifles make him an outstanding contender for the Secnav's Rifle Trophy. Though fully conscious of the wiles of womankind, Bill would as soon head across the river in hiking regalia as for Dahlgren on any Saturday afternoon. A savoir of the better sort, Mickey can take a 4.0 in most classrooms but usually compromises by accepting a 3.5. Good-natured, considerate, pleasantly mischievous, and amiable—his qualities have made our four years with Bill a period that will predominate in our memories.

DANIEL JAMES WALLACE
HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

"Dan'l" "Wallie" "Jabo"

"WELL, so long, fellows—I'm bilging out for sure this time." Every exam week the Irisher puts out this lament, but he always manages to keep two steps ahead of the boys with the little red book. Concerning the women, however, he's more often than not on the starring side of the line, and when you see a smooth romeo floating by over in Dahlgren, that's our Dan. An ardent devotee of baseball, he can be found each spring out among the first to practice, warming up his pitching arm. Dan goes for boxing, sandlot football, or any sport suitable to his Irish blood. His amiability and his willingness to give you the shirt off his back and always to have a kind word ready insure his success.

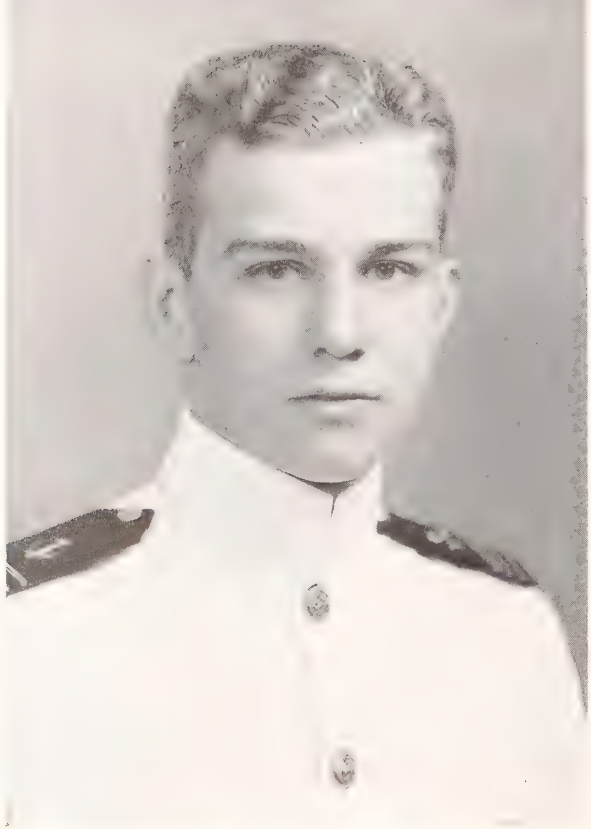


Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, RNT;
Indoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, RNT;
Battalion Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1;
1 Stripe.



Boxing 4, 1, B39T; Baseball 4, 3,
2, 1, 39, N.A., N; Battalion Basket-
ball 1; 3 Stripes.





CHARLES KILDAY MILLER
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

"Rollo"

"Chubby"

"Fat Child"

"TIME for a ten minute recess"—not once but at least a dozen times a day our Charles utters this, his favorite expression, and eases his rotund figure onto his bed. However, despite his love for peace and rest, Charles finds time to stand in the first half of the class scholastically, and to get his share of exercise by wrestling in the loft or taking part in some of those exciting games of touch football. A really likeable chap, Charles devotes little time to the femmes, although it is rumored that he is quite popular with them. Finding things a bit dull after leaving an exciting life at Williamsport, Rollo has been perfectly content only since the '37 Army-Navy game.



Wrestling 1; Battalion Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Reg. C.P.O.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1, N*; Swimming 4, 3, SNT; Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.; Boxing 2, 1; Class Track 4; Log 4; Mandolin Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Musical Club Shows 4, 3, 2; Glee Club 4, 3; Class Crest Committee; Ring Dance Committee; Chairman Youngster Hop; Hop Committee 4, 3, 2, Chairman 1; Star 4, 3; 2 Stripes.



WILLIAM JAMES RUHE
ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

"Jeep"

LET'S do the "Big Apple." And so whether it be Sima's Syncopators or the canned crooners of Anny's Alley, the "Jeep" leads off with that old Allentown swing. Did somebody say "shine?" He does! Star man, all-around year-round athlete, active in many extra-curricular activities, a natural musician, and a swell roommate. Perhaps he is his most natural self when crooning "Melodies by Ruhe" to the accompaniment of the guitar or the piano. An earnest supporter of anything that makes for good, Bill has leadership ability of the most inspiring kind. The knowledge that he gained at Pitt coupled with his ability to grasp new subjects has been the daily salvation of his roommates as well as many of his classmates.

ROLAND WEYBURN SCHUMANN, JR.

AT LARGE

"Bud"

BUD is a Navy Junior who came to the Academy and fitted perfectly into the academic and athletic scheme. A fine athlete, he won his spurs on the plebe varsity soccer and lacrosse teams, and is one of Navy's better soccer players. These and golf are his choices for varsity participation, although he plays all sports well. He stands well in his class, yet he does not work too hard on his studies. Popular with all who know him, Bud has a weakness for hops, swing music, and the eternal Navy favorite, cribbage. He loves the Service and takes keen interest in all matters pertaining to it. He should go far in his chosen profession, with his inbred qualifications aided by consistent effort.



GUSTAV ANTHONY SMEJA

BENSENVILLE, ILLINOIS

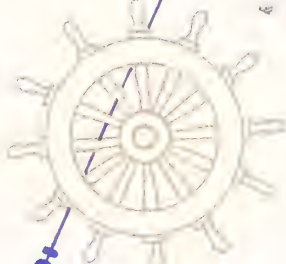
"Gussie"

"Smej"

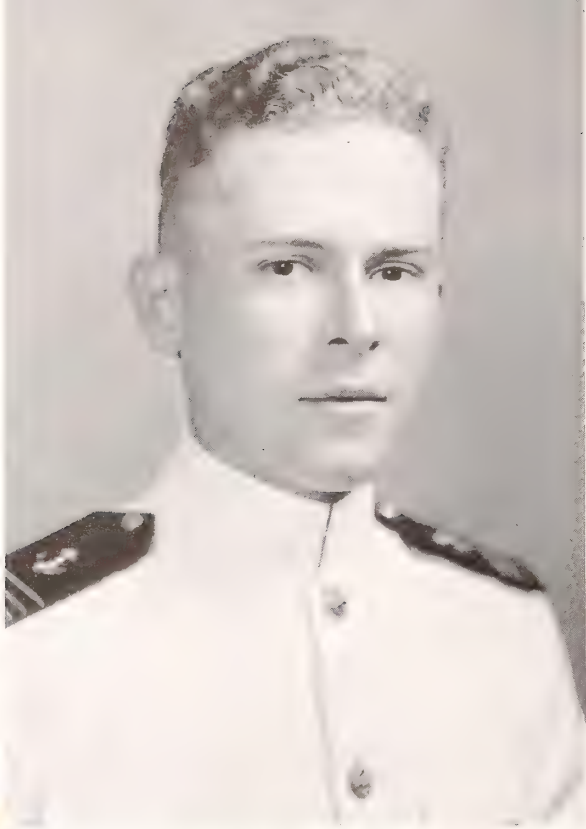
NO one unacquainted with Naval Academy life can realize the immensity of the feat accomplished by Gus in reading 250 books, including the Harvard Classics. Yet this hasn't hindered him from cross country, golf, tennis, debating, and writing for the Log. On any Saturday or Sunday afternoon, when he's not dragging or off on a hike, one can find him by the radio, entranced, listening to a Wagnerian opera. Quiet and unassuming, he has a ready smile. Gus has endeared himself to his classmates by his willingness to help them with studies or to chime in for a bit of close harmony. And when the fellows get together to shift a few international boundaries, Gus always contributes new ideas to enliven the conversation.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1, ANP; Lacrosse 4; Golf 3, 2, 1, G.N.F.; 2 Stripes.



Cross Country 4, 3, 1; Radio Club 4, 3; Glee Club 4, 3, 2; Trident 4, 3; Quarterdeck Society; German Club President; Star 4; G.P.O.



NORMAN BENNETT
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"N"

"Norm"

"Buck"

"Bottle"

AFTER 18 years of contented existence in Washington, D. C., Norm decided to enter the Academy. Academics, at times, presented a problem, but Norm always has finished above the line. His interest in athletics is very diversified; in the fall he is seen kicking a soccer ball, in the winter trotting around the indoor track, and in the spring jumping hurdles or throwing the javelin. Norm has a great deal of musical talent so that whenever he begins to play his accordian a crowd of listeners is sure to gather. Having the knack of winning contests, he boasts numerous prizes ranging from baseballs to automobiles. Norm's patience, good-nature, and energy make him a good roommate, and will undoubtedly make him a good officer.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1, ANAF;
Track 4, 2, 1; Baseball 3;
Musical Club Shows 3, 2, 1;
1 Stripe.

Cross Country 4, 3, 2; Battalion
Track 2; Indoor Track 4, 3; M.P.O.



WILBUR JEROME MASON
IRON RIVER, MICHIGAN



"Bud"

"Rosy"

WHEN Bud left Iron River on Michigan's Upper Peninsula to come to the Naval Academy, he was the first man who had done so since 1899. He spent three years at Michigan Tech before a long sought-for appointment brought him to the Severn. Here Bud has become one of those fellows whom everybody knows, his rosy cheeks and mild disposition making him popular with all classes. He misses all the hops, as he is a redmike by choice. In his spare time, Bud is a Hill an' Daler of much ability, but in the off season he can usually be found on the bowling alleys. His favorite indoor sport is cribbage. His scarcity of faults makes him an ideal friend and roommate.

JACK HAWKINS
ROXTON, TEXAS

"Jackie" "Hawkie" "Jay-Hawk"

ALREADY a gentleman, Jack came from the Red River Valley of Texas to be molded into an officer. His reserved friendliness readily ushered him into the maelstrom of Academy life. He is quiet and studious with a high academic standing; but he never neglects his out-of-door life, always finding time for the tennis which has become his substitute for the hunting he enjoyed at home. Never too busy to take advantage of the Academy social life, he is always seen at the hops dancing with the prettiest girls. He claims to be capable of a great and lasting love, but as yet his mother is still the one and only. One could not wish for a better roommate nor a truer friend than Jack.

WILLIAM HENRY PACE
GOODWATER, ALABAMA

"Willy" "Bill"

YOU will know Willy by his smile, because he always finds the bright side of life and believes in smiling about it. People like him for his sincerity and his cheerful, friendly disposition. His many friends make it a point to drop in often, ostensibly to see his newest model airplane or some other of his inventions, but really just to see Willy himself. The simple life is the life he chooses, with time for his friends, his pipes, and his books, yet he never refuses an opportunity for a whirl in society. He is partial to the out-of-doors where he can devote himself to his shooting and win more "N's" for his sweater. Energetic, capable, carefree, yet sincere—that's Bill, the kind of friend that lasts a lifetime.

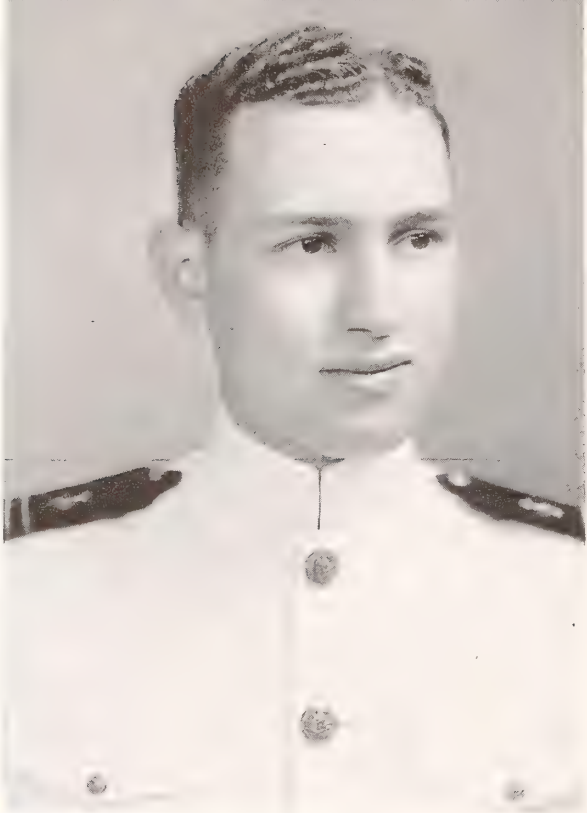


Tennis 4, 3; Outdoor Rifle 2, 1; Battalion Cross Country 1; Language Club 2, 1; Star 4; 2 Stripes.



Indoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, RNT; Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, Captain 1, RNT; 1 Stripe.





HERBERT KRILOFF
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Boris"

"Hook"

CHICAGO'S Loop gave us Herb, and the breezes of the Windy City have given him curly hair of which he is very proud. This tonsorial attribute explains a great deal about him. He is very neat. He likes to sing—doesn't Rudy Vallee have curly hair? He has been continually bothered by the fact that the girls back home often write with designs on his furloughs but he refuses to take them seriously. Like a good navigator he steers a middle course between the rocks, Star and Unsat, in the academic seas, and like Sir Galahad he has his Holy Grail—an intelligent woman. Why he came to the Navy? "Oh, chance," but we sense underneath his reserve a true desire to make a career in the service.



Gym 4; Water Polo 3; Battalion Basketball 2, 1; Battalion Soccer 1; M.P.O.



WILLIAM JOHN VALENTINE
MOUNT VERNON, WASHINGTON



Soccer 4, 2, 1, A39F; Ring Committee; Lucky Bag Advertising Staff; M.P.O.

"Bo-Bo"

"Val"

VAL has a heart like a hotel—room for everybody. He had his choice of going West, but the cold water didn't intrigue him as much as did the prospect of becoming an Annapolitan. His habits are confirmed, his gait unusual, his women few and far between. An undeniable red-mike, but a lad with his moments, Val saves all his social butterflying for leave. Hard though they try, the academics never find him coming out on the short end of the horn. "Trees" and "unsat" just aren't in his vocabulary. Far from being a subject for Winchell's column, Val's puritan manner and appearance make him a marked man. A real friend, with a potent personality, Val is sure to get along.

DAVIS CONE
ASHBURN, GEORGIA

"Deacon" "Deke" "Rooster"

LIFE has never been monotonous for Deke. Either he or the controlling powers have found something to vary it for him. Deke, himself, adds variety by alternating some sport with the radiator squad, but, as might be expected from such a physique as his, crew is one of the things at which he is consistent—and successful. Variety also is his pattern for dragging, never escorting the same girl twice. The academic departments did their part by giving him a tough one each year to master, and even the medical department bilged him in the Youngster eye exam. But "Deacon" has consistently pulled through. So, if we believe that a man can't be successful without experiencing some tough breaks, we can predict the very best for Deke.

JOHN B. GUERRY, JR.
MONTEZUMA, GEORGIA

"Peaches" "Georgia"

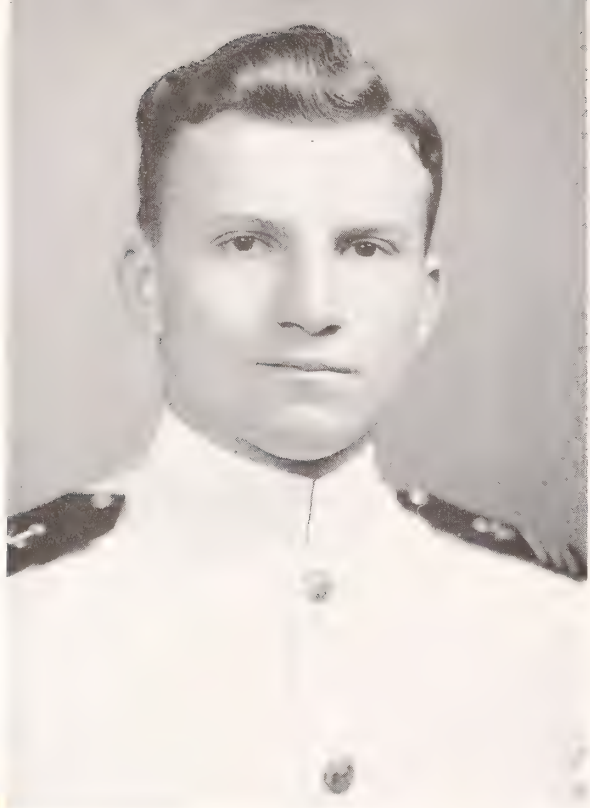
JOHN, a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech, brought to the Naval Academy a disposition closely akin to the greatly acclaimed sunshine of his home state. Experiences of the first June Week made of him a confirmed redmike. But we wonder whether this is caused by memories of the girl back home or by his aversion to writing letters. Truly a water dog, he was a sensation on the water polo squad. But, as the "suicide squad" days are gone, he has since been ably participating in battalion athletics. Except for a few entanglements with the Bull department his carefree attitude has carried him through. It seems that his Georgia peach complexion and sunny smile always softened the "bull" pros—just as it undoubtedly will influence his future associations.



Crew 4, 3; 1 Stripe.



Water Polo 4, 3, WNP; Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; 3 Stripes.



FRANK BLAHA
DILLONVILLE, OHIO

"Ha Ha"

IN JULY, 1935, Frankie hopefully set out from the hills of Dillonville to seek fame in the service, and there are indications that the Navy will appreciate that day. It didn't take him long to get into the front ranks of that eventful plebe summer conglomeration, and to stay one of 39's most prominent members. He is just a swell lad with the patience to react to the antagonisms of close-ordered life with cheerfulness; with the working ability to keep on until a job is well executed; with the physical and mental abilities to be an above average athlete and student; and with the overall perspective to unite each day's lessons into a consolidated base upon which may be built a good career.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.;
Track 4, 3, 2, 1, N*; 1 Stripe.

Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Cir-
culation Manager, Lucky Bag; Log
Staff 2, 1; Press Detail 1; Reception
Committee 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



JOHN BUNDY RITCH, JR.
LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

"J. B."

"Bundy"

JOHNNY will always be remembered for his bright and cheerful disposition as well as for keeping his roommates "sat." It is not enough to say that he is a good egg, for that doesn't cover his many activities. He is right at home whether participating in sport, writing an article for the *Log*, leading a bull session, dragging a forty, or helping a classmate. He has his faults as does everyone else. The fact that he likes to eat and sleep at inopportune times can't keep Johnny from getting ahead. With his initiative and perseverance "J. B." is bound to win. The Academy can thank Montana for this sterling son. Living with Johnny has been a real treat and a good influence.

ROBERT CROZIER BARNES
CARM, ILLINOIS

"Bob" "Barney" "R. C."

BOB'S gaze has always been skyward. For many long years he has had his heart set on piloting a Navy bomber, and joining forces with the good old U. S. N. was one step closer to his goal. You can bet your last dollar that some day he will wear those golden wings. He possesses a calm, sincere, determination that will carry him on to the attainment of his ambition. With a smile and personality that have attracted femmes in every port, he still prefers that certain one. As a companion in both boyous and serious moods, there could be none better. He has managed to weather the academic storms with only a few scars, and in his leisure moments has done his bit for Navy's pinpushers—Good luck to you, Bob.



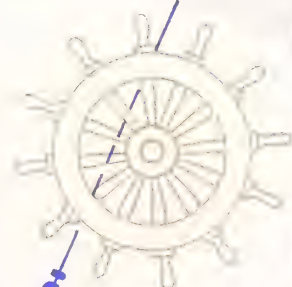
LANDON LESLIE DAVIS, JR.
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

"Jeff" "L. L."

SHENANDOAH VALLEY'S apple-covered slopes, aided by Fishburne Military School (ask him) gave us our "Jeff" Davis. Desire to be a sailor founded on a love of the sea drew "Jeff" away from his military training. A drawling Southerner, he came to us ready, willing and hopefully able. "Jeff's" genial personality carried us through those first dark days of plebe summer. Since then, his flashing grin has not been dimmed by recurrent academic pitfalls: perseverance and optimism were his means of steering clear of the hazards of Christmas "trees." "Jeff" is versatile in his interests but majors in the social side of Navy Academy life. Academics are a necessary evil and as such are avoided as much as possible. "Jeff" plays for an honest love of a sport rather than the garlands of success. We'll bet Al's last dollar on Jeff.

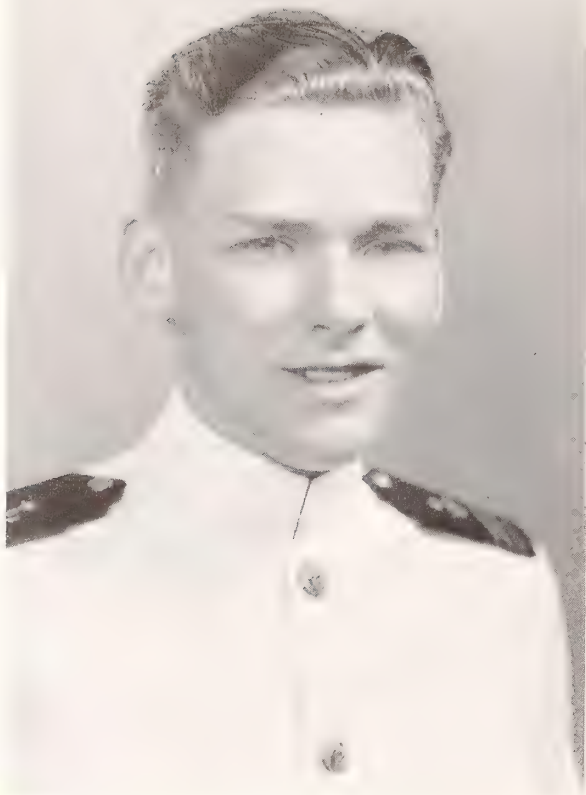


Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1; Crew 4, Battalion 3; Company Rifle 3, 2, 1; Company Pistol 2, 1; Lucky Bag Advertising Staff; Log 4; Glee Club 3; 2 Stripes.



Football 4, Battalion 2; Battalion Boxing 3, Company Rifle 4, 3; Log 4, 3; Hop Committee 2, 1; Ring Dance Committee; Chairman Class Supper Committee; 1 Stripe.



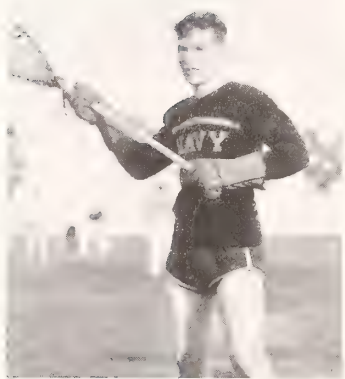


MORRIS DAVIES GILMORE, JR.

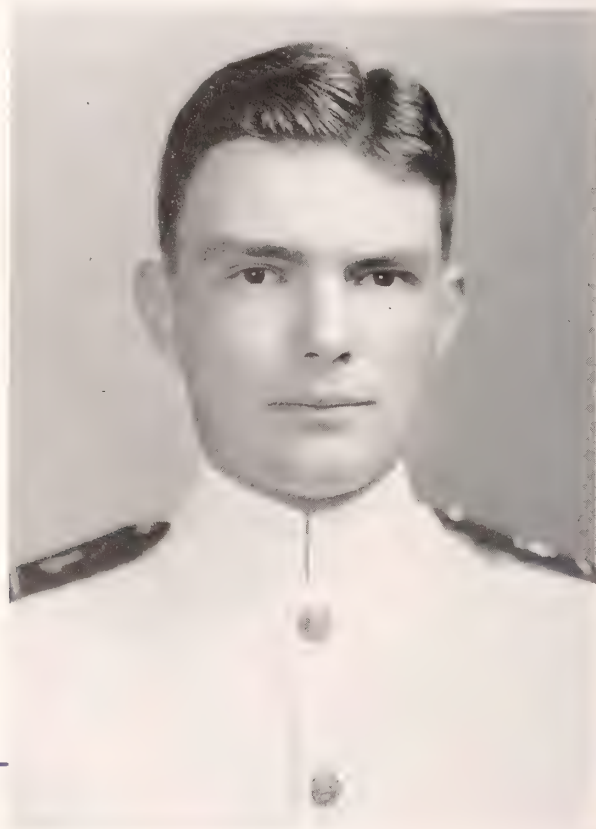
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

"Chick"

CHICK has known his way around in the Navy since he was a little shaver, having been born with Navy in his blood. He goes about a job in a way that shows determination and something of the spirit of Farragut and his "Damn the torpedoes——." Chick shows a preference for "Crabs," but stags as often as he drags, [a redeeming feature]. The radiator is too uncomfortable, so Chick can usually be found near a lacrosse stick, his favorite sports companion. He is quiet and cheerful,—traits especially appreciated in that black five minutes after reveille. The happy faculty of separating his work from his play makes him a good roommate. Combine with this a sense of humor and orderliness and there is the material for a successful officer.



Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.; Log 3, 2; Class Supper Committee; Hop Committee 1; Press Detail 1; M.P.O.



JAMES DAVID McBRAYER

LORENA, TEXAS



Water Polo 4, 3, W39P; Battalion Football 2, 1; Battalion Boxing 2, 1; Battalion Track 2, 1; Radio Club; Juice Gang; Boat Club 4, 3, 2; 2 Stripes.

"Mac"

"Blackjack"

"Chowboy"

MAC came to us from way down in Texas, and brought much of his Southern drawl with him. Nevertheless, he knows more about the sea and sailing than many of us who have spent years on the sea. In spite of his friends' best efforts, Mac has never learned to appreciate the social side of life. He drags when the O. A. O. can make it; otherwise he is a dyed-in-the-wool redmike. Academically, he has his little troubles with the Bull department, but he always manages to come out on top when the final marks are posted. Mac is universally liked by all classes, and is bound to rise in the fleet, where a sunny disposition and the will to succeed are all-important.

REGINALD FOSBROOKE OCKLEY, JR.

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

"Ock"

"Reggie"

IN THE summer of 1935 the girls of Schenectady suffered a severe setback: Reggie left them for Uncle Sam's little institution by the Severn. Once down here, Ock has frequently doubted the wisdom of coming, but the effect of his brass buttons when worn home on leave has managed to hold him with us. His troubles with the Academic Departments come to a great extent from the fact that he forgets to study until it is too late, but he is always sat for Christmas leave and the end of every term. Reggie is sure to rise to great heights in the Navy, since he has the ability to do so, and is willing to do anything—including work—to gain the approval of his feminine admirers.



JOHN BRISCOE PYE

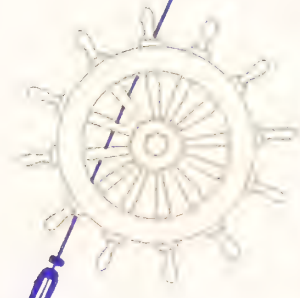
AT LARGE

"Jack" "Jake" "Sweetie"

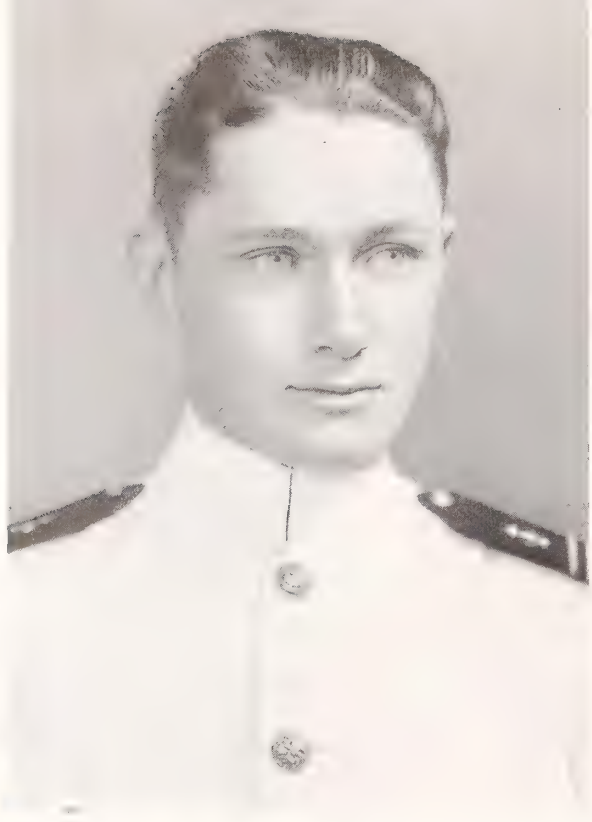
A VERY heavy swell rolled into Crabtown Bay one afternoon and cast little Jake upon the beach. He has been here ever since, growling a little, but always knocking the academics for a loop in the end. A true son of the Navy—his home is the place his hat is hanging—or better, where his golf clubs are hanging. Like a true sportsman, he takes his golf seriously, but indulges in a little competition with Tarzan on the side. As one of his nicknames implies, Jake has very little trouble with the girls. He is never too busy to help someone with a prob or Dago. This last attribute is sure to carry Jack a long way in the Navy, his first and last love.



Lucky Bag Photographer; Juice Gang 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



Golf 3, 2, 1, GNF; Star 4; 1 Stripe.



FERNALD PHILIP ANDERSON
STOCKHOLM, MAINE

"Flip"

"Andy"

"Swede"

FLIP skied out of the beautiful snow-laden lake district of Maine to the Naval Academy. A quiet, good natured, true Scandinavian he is, with the typical Scandinavian love for the sea, and the typical healthy appetite. Savvy, and thus spared of Academic worries, Swede is remarkably happy late in the evening while listening to the serious strains of a radio melody. Somewhere beneath that pompadoured hair is the same contented smoothness that is present in the music he loves. As for drags, Andy never closes the season on lovely blondes. Flip's heart is set on Pensacola; naturally it should be, with a brother piloting a Clipper. Flip will win his wings, for his consistent success cannot be due to luck alone.



Battalion Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1;
Glee Club; Musical Clubs
Show 4, 3, 1; 1 Stripe.

Battalion Baseball 3; Wrestling 4,
3, 2, 1, Wrestling 1, N; 1 P.O.



GEORGE GOULD
HOLLIS, OKLAHOMA

"Bushel"

"G"

"Jay"

FROM the oil fields of Oklahoma George came to the Naval Academy with an ambitious determination to make good. This determination and perseverance has carried him successfully through many a tough spot. His ready wit and his ability to enter any conversation have made many friends for him. He is a great letter writer—always borrowing stamps and envelopes. If he does not receive at least two letters a day his faith in women is shattered. He has a great love for athletics. From December to March you will find him every afternoon at the gym fighting for his place on the team. Local dragging is not his line; but he has indulged in it at times with very good results.

JOHN ANTHONY FIDEL
CASPER, WYOMING

"Muscles"

"Tony"

"YOU'RE darn right, boy, the *Wyoming Mustang* is the best little paper goin'," is typical of Jack's constant defense of his Far-western state. Adept at balancing teacups on his knee in local parlors and a skilled tennis player, Jack has earned the reputation of a model gentleman among outsiders, and that of a good sport as well among his classmates. Add poise, good taste, and sound judgment to the ability to say things worth while and you have a summary of Jack's temperament and a few of the reasons why we are proud to know him. His ability as an athlete, his experience in leadership gained as R. O. T. C. Chief of Staff, and the wide furrow he has plowed among the fair sex have earned Jack the sobriquet of "Muscles."



WILLIAM D. FARGO
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

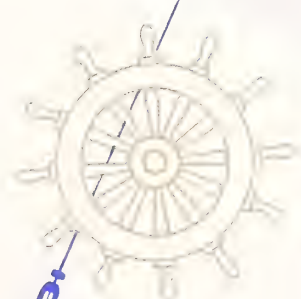
"Bill"

"Chico"

THERE isn't a person who knows Bill who hasn't heard the glories of "God's Country" sung to the sky. He spooned on all the plebes from California in record time and was soon a well-known factor in many a Plebe's life. As he is always eager and full of animation, drags find him a pleasant, fluent, and interesting conversationalist. To his roommates, Bill has been a constant enjoyment. His sense of humor has brightened many a dreary day, and made our stay at the Academy much the happier. By one glance at the determination expressed in Bill's picture, you can easily see why we are expecting him to go a long way in the Navy. He has shown the same spirit and grit all through his Academy career.

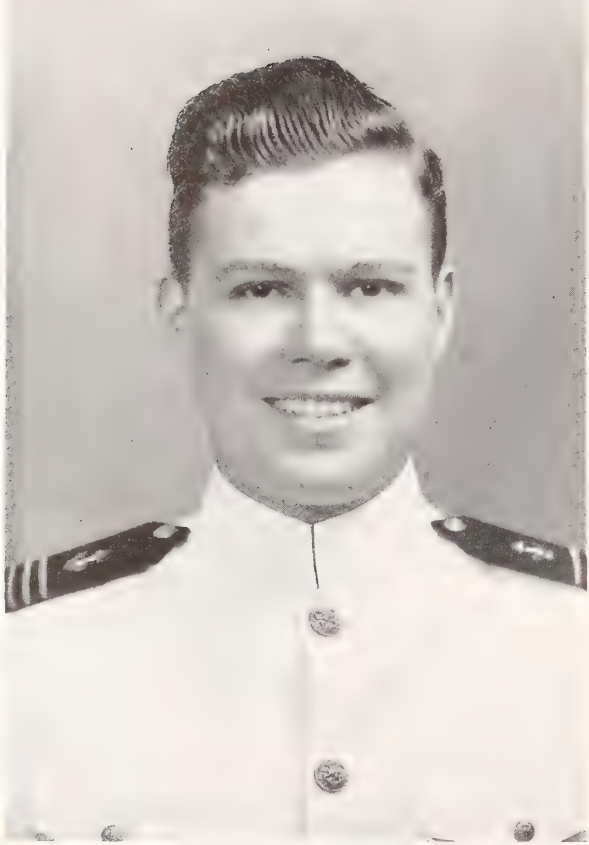


Battalion Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Track 4; Lucky
Bag; M.P.O.



Boxing 4, 3, 2, BNAT; Track 4, 3,
2, 1; C.P.O.





ROBERT FRED DEIBEL, JR.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

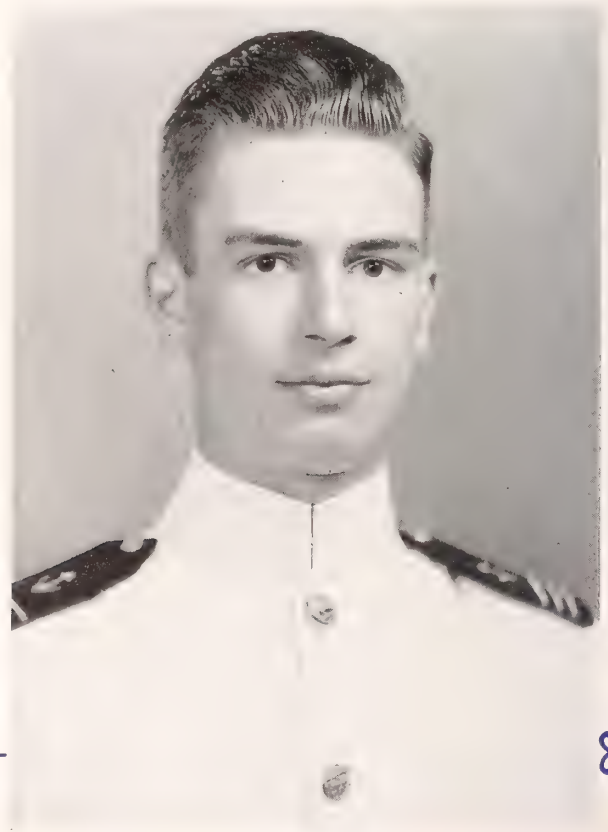
"Jumbo"

"Stew"

JUST take a pinch of the savoir, a couple of spoonfuls of that admirable quality of taking it easy, and a lot of brimming cupfuls of good fellowship and you have the ingredients that go into the making of Bob—a friend who never turned down a touch for "five bucks 'til pay day," a blind drag, or an offered piece of pogy bait. Though a little on the mischievous side, Bob's sense of humor has done its bit toward keeping his classmates from forgetting about fun in those tough four years. Noted for his cheerfulness, the system hasn't been invented that can keep Bob down. The hidden meaning of his short "I don't go for that stuff" dismisses with finality the groans that, with others, last for days.



Reg. C.P.O.



JAMES HERBERT SMITH, JR.

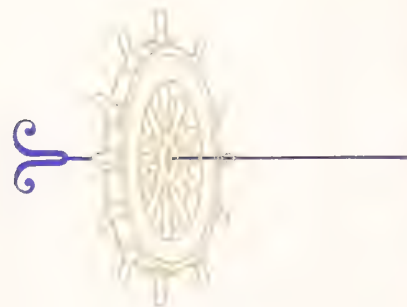
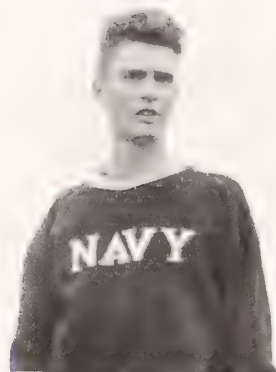
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

"Jim"

"Granny"

WHETHER he is striding his best on the cross-country course, keeping his head up in the classroom, or holding his own in a good discussion, Jim is still the sincere, likeable, gangling youth that he was when under the wing of his grand folks up in Weymouth, "out neah Bahston." So far, Jim has successfully eluded the entangling wiles of the fair sex, saying "none of this love stuff for me." Just before chow one can often hear the sweet strains of Jim's "push and pull" box accompanied by his own manly, if somewhat badly tuned, vocal rendition. Jim always seems to have better leave stories than the rest of us—somehow. His sterling qualities and sobering influence have earned him the affectionate nickname of "Granny."

Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1, CNAC;
Track 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.; 2 Stripes.



CANTERBURY BROOKE PIERCE
LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Beans" "Bill" "Canabec"

BILL is a Marine Corps Junior, but well-liked in spite of it. Having no particular home, Bill took spoons from all states, but remains partial to Massachusetts and Virginia. Bill is noted for continually being in a storm, but when it clears away he's usually got his. He never talks before breakfast, but is effervescent the rest of the day. He never does things by halves; if he drags a brick, she's a real brick; if he bilges a P-work, he bilges it cold. However, all his time is not devoted to dragging bricks and bilging P-works; he finds time for swimming and track—and doesn't bilge them. Bill's ambition has always been to serve his rich Uncle Samuel, and we wish him all the luck he rates.



GORDON WALLER SMITH
CHARLES CITY, IOWA

"Smitty" "Smythe" "G. W."

OUR cosmopolitan son of the farmer's state, somewhat on the satirical side, has carved for himself a little niche in the hallowed hall of the non-regs. Starting out to be a lawyer at Iowa, Gordon forsook the path that would have led him to a black robe and a van dyke to become the first military man in his family. Gordon is not an engineer at heart but he has weathered the storms of steam and juice like a gentleman. "G. W." is a woman hater but with characteristic modesty admits the injustice he is doing the girls. His pet antipathies are people who call him by his last name, D. O.'s and nav P-works. Smitty would like to situate himself in the J. A. G.'s office and we wish him the best of luck.



Track 4, 3, Battalion 2; Battalion Swimming 3, Battalion Soccer 2, Language Club 3; Boat Club 3; Radio Club 3; 1 P.O.



Reef Points 4, 3; Language Club; Boat Club, M.P.O.





JACK ELLIS BRENNER
OKMULGEE, OKLAHOMA

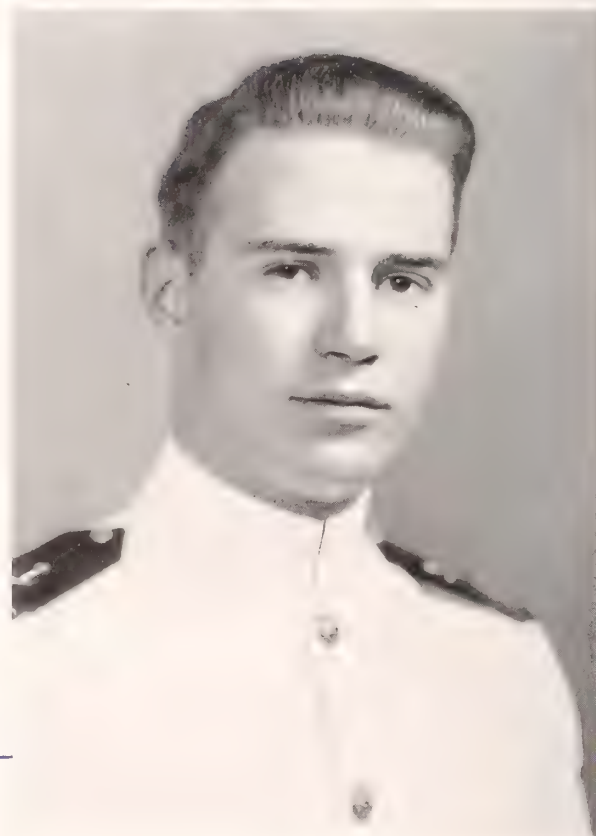
"Jack"

"Jake"

FROM a lonely little plebe with a lost air, Jack has become a self-controlled, nonchalant upperclassman. Okmulgee can justly be proud of him. He has taken part in several extra-curricular activities, made an excellent scholastic record, and helped many a wooden man along. Above all he has made lasting friendships—it comes naturally to him. Neither a redmike nor a snake, Jack has done his quota of dragging without placing too much emphasis on either role. To his inquisitive attitude towards everything in general can be attributed his habit of studying very little. Reading some current book during a study hour and then "guessing" his way to starring marks in class is an everyday occurrence with him. How does he do it? Even he doesn't know.



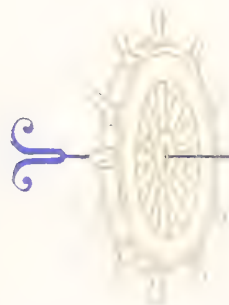
Boxing 4; Cross Country 4, 3; Company Rifle 2; Musical Club Show 4, 3, 2; Orchestra 4, 3, 2; Quarterdeck 2, 1; Star 4; 2 Stripes.



DANIEL JORDAN CARRISON
CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA



Boxing 4, 3; PNAI, Track 4, Battalion 2, Reception Committee, 2 Stripes.



"Dan"

"Plodder"

DAN was born and reared on the sunny fields of a Carolina plantation. That "land of God" has had a great influence on him:—his "I'm going home and plant cotton," spoken in that soft Carolina accent, may be a bit of irony, but it expresses Dan's character. Always happy, forever smiling, liked by all—yes, a true Southerner—and proud of it. A "snake," a thorough student, and an athlete all in one, Dan can't, for obvious reasons, be classified under any of the well-known headings. A fine conversationalist and a good speaker, Dan can ably maintain the interest of his listeners in almost any subject. Boxer, golfer, swimmer; three drags in one weekend; far in the upper half of his class—that's Dan.

WILLIAM STANTON HITCHINS
 LOCK HAVEN, PENNSYLVANIA

"Bill"

"Hutch"

BILL originally came from the land of beautiful women and fast horses, where he picked up the sobriquet if not the title of a "Kaintucky Kernel." Always ready to argue either side of a question, he will try to show you that black is white or that the hand is quicker than the eye. Neither snake or slash, Bill is usually one of those present when the smoke has cleared away. He tells various stories about his past to some of the more gullible females—about his life at Heidelberg, Germany, or his seven years in Med school, or when he was a professional gambler (this usually comes after the hand being quicker than the eye). Come what may, Bill takes it in his stride and continues on.



JOHN TIMOTHEE
 TREZEVANT O'NEILL
 DALLAS, TEXAS

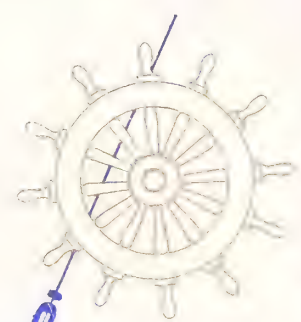
"J. T. T."

"Tex"

TALL, rangy, and slightly bowed, "Tex" came from the great Southwest. When he arrived at the Naval Academy he was greatly disappointed because they wouldn't let him keep his horse. Tex has his own philosophy which does not permit him to overtax himself, and any study hour will find him curled up with a magazine. He started out with '38, then struck a bit of bad luck—but he has been a welcome addition to our class. A definite asset to any bull session and with rare ability along that line, Tex finds time for many of them. Any week-end will find him dragging—a pastime at which he excels. We wish him success and a life as long as his name.

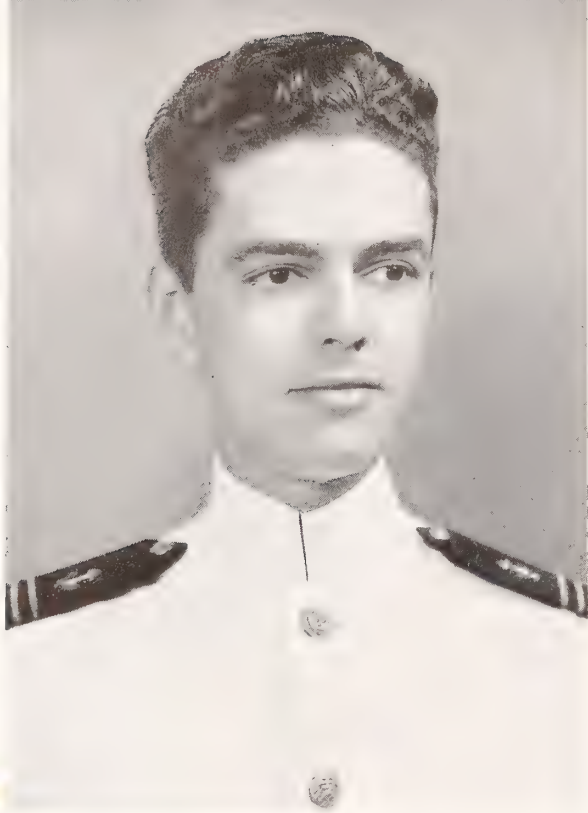


Log 4, 1 P.O.



Battalion Football 4; Battalion Baseball 2, 1; 1 P.O.





FRANK MORSE CULPEPPER

PERRY, FLORIDA

"Frank"

"Pepper"

"Culpy"

WAY down in the deep South it was that Frank was first inspired to come to the Academy and begin his naval career. After studying two years at the University of Florida, he joined the others of '39 during plebe summer. By nature quiet and serious, Pepper has a subtle wit which has been appreciated by all who know him. Frank is always well informed and he has never had great fear for the man with the "little red book." Though he seldom drags, he makes a good job of it when he does. Frank enjoys a good argument and will gladly explain the superiority of Florida products over those of California. His good nature, love of responsibility, and thoroughness will make Frank a good officer.



1 Stripe

150 lb. Crew 4; Battalion Crew 3, 2, 1; Wrestling 4; Movie Gang 3, 2; Chief Operator 1; 1 P.O.



ILER JAMES FAIRCHILD, JR.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Angel"

"Bud"

"Iggy"

THERE'S a certain irony that this "Bull theme," however briefly biographical, should help mark Iler's years at the Academy. For "Bull" added a full year to his course. Still, the facts must be recorded. Although his family now lives in nearby Washington, for Iler, Michigan is home. From there he came to Annapolis with a flair for Math, rather than English. That he has admired a single One And Only these several years is only one indication that loyalty is Iler's distinction—to his friends, to ideals, to his church, and even to Michigan. "Opinionated" is one of his roommate's firm adjectives for "Angel." Granted, perhaps; but his unselfish motives and generous hospitality will remember him to his friends in two classes.

NATHAN F. ASHER
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Fred"

"Nate"

SUDDENLY you hear the strains of a popular melody, strong and vibrant. As you approach, their rich echoes are parried with a trilling, dancing, joyous whistle. You reach the room from which the notes are coming. There amid the hustle and bustle—sure enough—Nathan Asher. Natie likes the kind of music that this decade has produced. He dreams of flying a plane of his own through the sky, swaying great radio audiences with his voice and his whistle. A New Yorker, he naturally likes city life—and drags. At the Academy he takes his studies seriously—and successfully, judging by his grades. Track gives him an outlet for his abounding energy. Quite a picture—Nat running down the stretch. We'll keep watching him running down the stretch of life.



ELI BAER ROTH

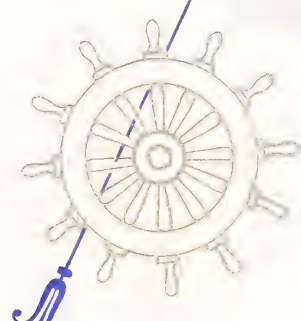
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"Spider" "Little" "Max"

WHEN a math, skinny, or any other kind of prob has us wooden men stumped, there is nothing more natural than to join the magic circle around Eli's frictionless slip-stick. Numberless classmates will always be grateful to him for keeping them off the regular Saturday morning muster. And, when our academic day is o'er, his knack of being at the fore once again makes itself evident when his enthusiastic shouts are heard over the din of the gym or pool. Finally, when his wit, patience and sociability are taken into account, it's no wonder that the postman grumbles about his fan mail. Yes, he certainly has what it takes to be a credit to the Service, and we wish him all the luck he deserves.

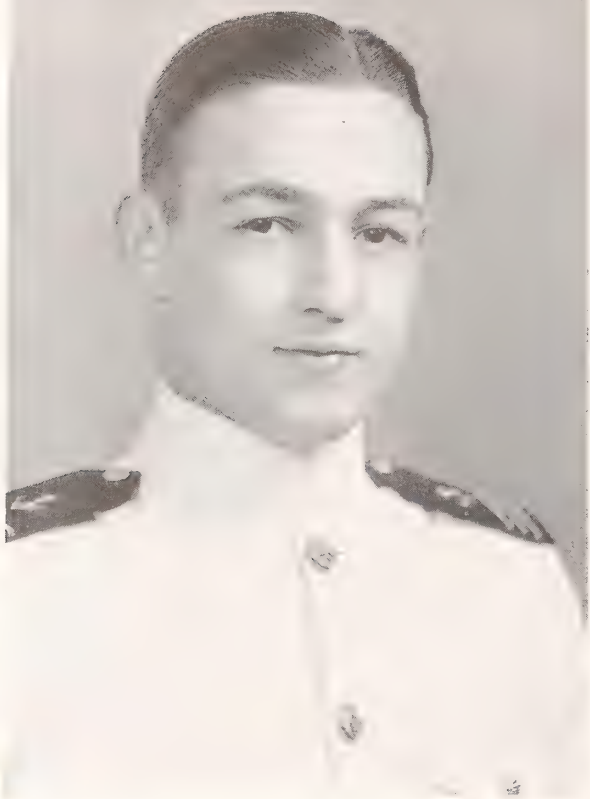


Track 4, Battalion 2, 1; Battalion Lacrosse 3; 1 P.O.



Battalion Baseball 3, 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 3, 2; Battalion Boxing 2, 1; Boat Club; Star 4, 3, 2; M.P.O.





EUGENE GEORGE FAIRFAX
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

"Gene"

"Foo-Foo"

"HI! LET'S GO!" and Gene is off to conquer another feminine heart. Successor to the original Carvel Charlie, Foo-Foo is one of those super-supers when it comes to the ladies. But he has been no small asset to Spike Webb, either. After making a name for himself as a boxer in the Fleet, he continued here with merited success. Never K.O.'d by academics, either, Gene has developed a keen appreciation of Academy life. Probably his worst fault is providing accompaniment to modern swing tunes. If you know Gene, he has already told you what a swell guy he is. The Marine Corps is his goal—perhaps because he can then keep in closer contact with his feminine admirers.



Boxing 4, 3, 2, Captain 1, BNT; Battalion Football 4, 3; Battalion Lacrosse 3; Battalion Baseball 1; 2 Stripes.



Battalion Crew 3, 2, 1, "1939"; Battalion Soccer 2; Reception Committee 3, 2; Boat Club; Language Club; Manager Basketball 4, 3, 2, G.P.O.



VALENTINE GEHARD HOLZAPFEL
ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

"Val"

"Holzy"

HAILING from the mosquito paradise, "New Jersey," Val finds sleeping sans net a pleasant relaxation. Although trouble has hounded him in the form of Steam and Math, Holzy's persistence and never-say-die spirit have resulted in his conquering the Academic Board. Never a great athlete, yet never a member of the radiator squad, Val spends most of his energy in battalion sports and in entertaining the favorite blonde. At every hop or entertainment you will find our Holzy with his beaming smile, so well known to his classmates. Val's shingle has long hung in Sunshine Alley notifying all that Dr. Holzappel's patent medicines cure all incurable cases. He has played hard and worked harder. His sense of humor will assist him wherever he may choose to go.

WILLIAM LINDSAY POINDEXTER

OBLONG, ILLINOIS

"Bill"

"Flash"

"Pony"

ALL paths lead to Bill's room. Want something? See Bill, he'll lend it to you, even if it is his last. Stuck on a prob? Bill can show you how. That's the secret of his popularity. For four years he has helped many of us get that coveted 2.5. Flash has been one of our best "club" members, but his membership was rather expensive for the rest of us. Not the least of his virtues is his rare humor. Do not get the impression that Pony is perfect. Heaven forbid! He struck a few snags in Dago and some foul weather with the Executive Department. But, with his ability and popularity, we may all some day be proud to have borrowed his last shirt or collar.



FREDERICK NEILSON
RUSSELL

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO

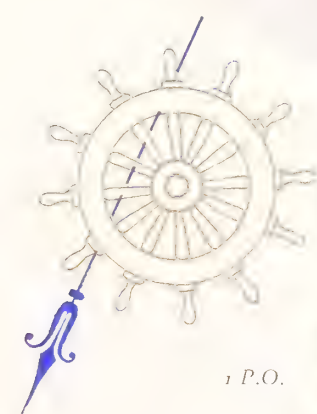
"Rojo"

"Red"

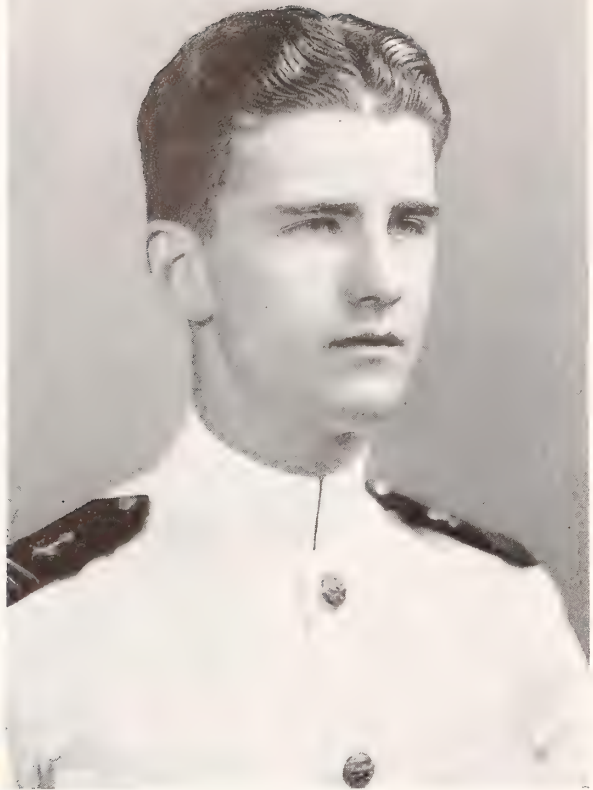
NOT only has Ohio the honor of claiming her share of Presidents; she has also the honor of claiming our Rojo, a gentleman and a scholar. Long a member and staunch supporter of the radiator club, he finally gave it up for such refined and active pastimes as "shuffling and dealing," dozing, and snaking. Though a bit shy of the women, he can sometimes be found cutting capers over in Dahlgren Hall. His ability as a musician must not be overlooked for he has had some five harmonicas and an ocarina, which he played either singly or simultaneously. It may be said, then, that Rojo will in all probability always insist on eight hours of sleep, an occasional drag, and a self-rendered musicale.



Manager Lacrosse 4; 1 P.O.



1 P.O.



ROBERTSON CURRIE DAILEY

BILLINGS, MONTANA

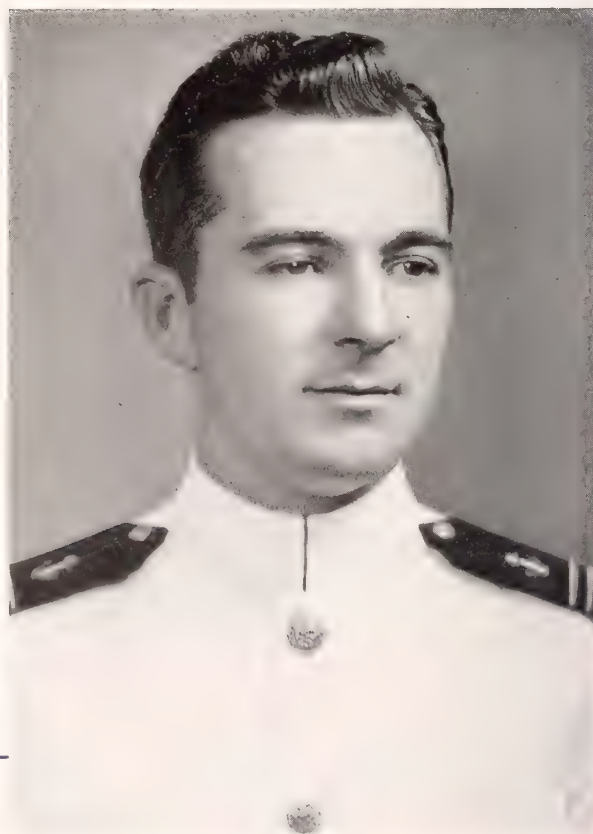
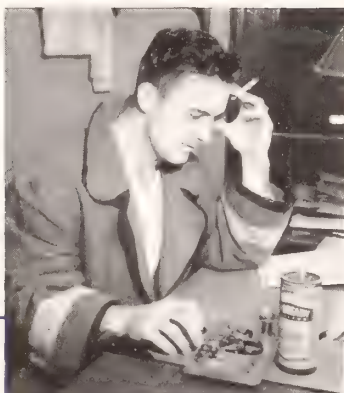
"Flash" "Roby" "Roy" "Rob" "Rah" "Diario"

"NOW let us just sit down and figure this out." We've frequently heard this expression from "Flash," who seldom loses his arguments, pro or con. His versatile nature enables him to adjust his ways to the demands of society of the world or to those of our academic and practical departments. At home or abroad, with his continental attitude, he makes acquaintances in every port. The stage brought forth his acting and musical ability in the Masqueraders and Musical Club shows. A natural and light-hearted sophistication makes Rah a sincere friend on and off the stage. The sporting fraternity remembers well his fleet-footedness and individual rules interpretation. Life will be a certain success for Rob, because no problem is beyond the scope of his imagination and energy.



Track 4, 3, 2; Musical Club Shows 4, 3, 2; Masqueraders 3, 2, 1; M.P.O.

Football 4; Golf 3, 2; C.P.O.



ROBERT RAYBURN STARTZELL

DALLAS, TEXAS

"Count"

"Fagin"

OUT of the Southwest came this mustang. Long before he entered our institution in Crabtown on the Bay, his fame was well known on the playing field. In times of stress Fagin can always be counted on to produce the winning play, as is attested by those frequent side-steps of academics in the February exams. His unconquerable will to win against odds has spurred him to the achievement of his ambition—the ring and graduation. In the social set "the Count" is at ease, be it Hyde Park, a castle in Sweden, or dear old Highland Park. Bobby's winning smile and outlook that "everything will turn out all right" through the wins and losses on the field, in academics, or with the heart, make a well-rounded man.

HENRY PATTESON ADAMS
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

"Peanut"

A TRUE Virginian if there ever was one and a gentleman of the old South, Peanut makes quick and lasting friendships through his sincerity and straightforwardness. Academics were never a source of worry to him—he gave them a minimum of time and came out close to the top—alphabetically. In the springtime Peanut breaks out his spiked shoes and can be seen any day picking 'em up and laying 'em down around the cinder track. In summer and autumn it's soccer and touch football mixed in with wrestling. A carefree lad for the first two years, he finally fetched up on a shoal—a little gal from Lynchburg (the home town) won his heart. But we can say that will be his only shoal.

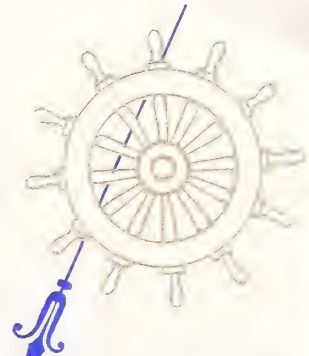
JOHN MORGAN CEASE
LAWTON, OKLAHOMA

"Satchmo" "Sampan"

VERSATILITY, thy name is Cease. Yes, John can boast of capabilities in any field. He has been an expert rifle and pistol shot, the shining light of the NA-10 for four years, a tough wrestler, a super snake, and an ideal roommate. To find another man like John would be impossible. His infectious and genuine good humor, and his amiability are characteristics which attract one to him immediately. Those who have been with John still debate on the object of his affections. Whether it is his sax, his .45, or his O. A. O. is a fathomless riddle. Plebe and Youngster years gave our John three scrapes with the Ac Department in the form of re-exams, but unlike the drowning man, John came up after the third time.

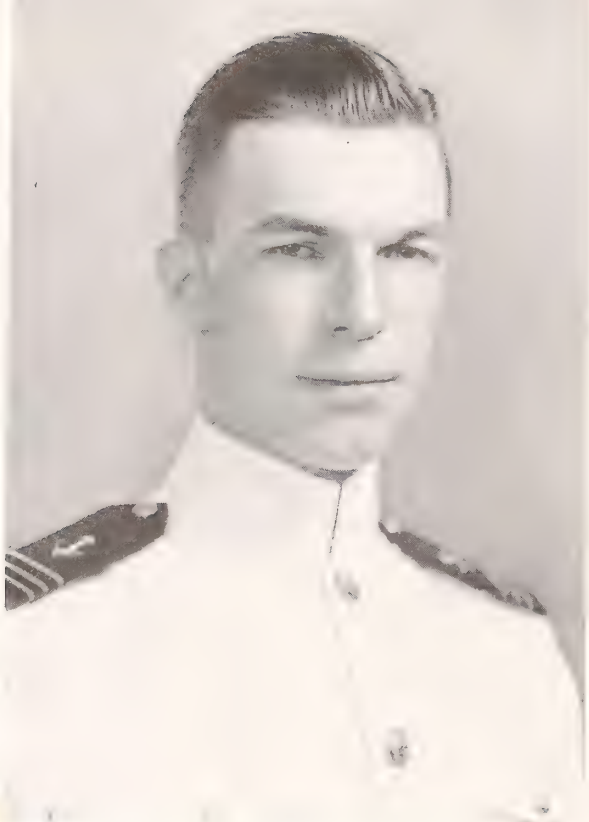


Battalion Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Tennis 2, 1, 2
Stripes.



Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, RVI;
Small Bore Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, RNAT.
Musical Clubs Show 4, 3, 2, 1.
Leader N.A.-10; Gold Life Saving
Medal (Treasury Dept.); 1 P.O.





HAROLD CHASE LANK
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

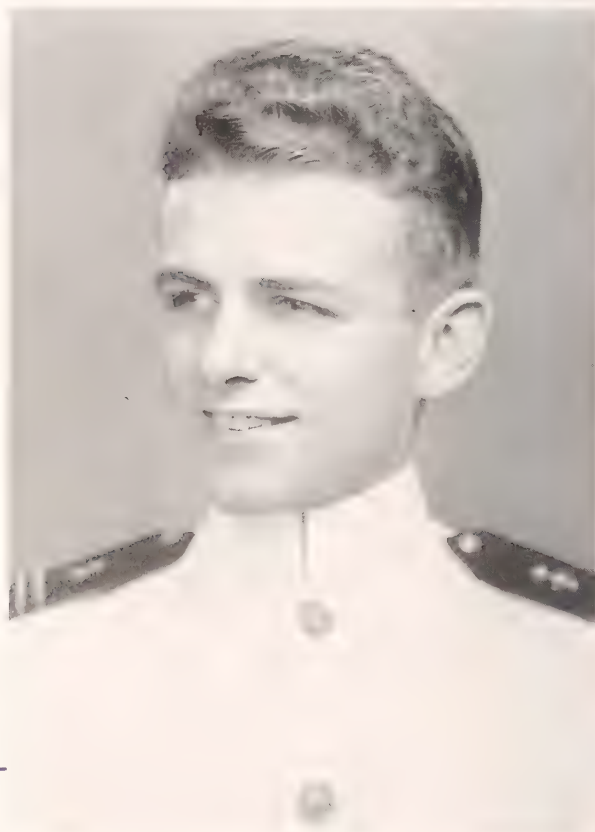
"Harry"

THE local lads never really got around to nicknaming Harold, and we haven't yet discovered the reason. His first touch of fame came during that tender period of a midshipman's life, Plebe Summer. First, he acquired the gentle art of butchering one's face with the deadly razor, and second, he made sure that he didn't get in ranks until the last gong of the late bell. Harold's special "dish" is burning up the cinder path. His dominating ambition is to win in a jog, but when pressed there's no stopping him. Good-natured, a hard worker, and extremely *persona grata* as the Romans would say, he has his share of capabilities—so naturally we expect to see him make his mark.



Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Soccer 2, 1; Christmas Card Committee 1; 2 Stripes.

Football 4, 3, 2; Boxing 3, 2, 1; Water Polo 4, 3; Gym 3, 2; Crew 4, 3; Lucky Bag 3, 2; Business Manager 1; Log 4, 3; Press Detail 3, 2, 1; Boat Club; 3 Stripes.



EMIL FREDERICK KORB
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

"E"

"B. M."

"Fred"

"HE can't be from New England, he has such a cute Southern accent." But no, Emil is a Yankee and the very best kind of a Yankee, too, a hard-headed business man. He knows what he wants, he knows how to get it, and he knows how to make the getting smooth and painless. The "B. M." makes friends wherever he goes, partly as a result of his positive personality and partly because of his buoyant good nature that won't be downed even when the odds are the longest. One of these handsome dogs, too, no wonder he has a friend at every port: sea, river, or lake. Much of the explanation lies in his success formula: "Play hard when you play, work harder when you work."

HENRY FILLEDES LLOYD

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

"Hank"

"Phil"

HANK comes from Florida—and is proud of it. Academy life wasn't much of an innovation for him, coming here already infused with military and nautical experience. Rather, this sun-tanned rebel, distinctly individualistic, adds a touch to our life. If you want an argument just look him up and be prepared to defend yourself ably. He likes the water and sailing. Lounging on Florida beaches, was a habit hard to break. But break it he did, for each afternoon Hank goes out for his workout. Rugged?—well, he survived water polo. Believing firmly that "star men are unsat in common sense," and yet keeping well clear of the 2.5 mark, Hank leans toward being practical. Easygoing and yet dependable, Hank's worries for the future are few.



MARSHALL EDWARD TURNBAUGH

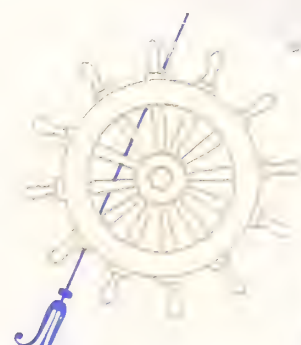
PORTLAND, OREGON

"Bill" "Steam" "Marcel"

SUCCESS, to most, means eminence in some particular field but Bill understands it as an inward satisfaction resulting from work "well done" though it be a personal accomplishment or the aiding of a less gifted classmate. This Oregonian stars in more than academics, for he has missed few hops since first becoming eligible and his taste for drags is above question. Time permitting track, and tennis keep Bill fit for the "flying squadron," while sailing and extracurricular activities keep him from idling. Yet he is never too busy for a friendly greeting or that infectious smile to those about him. With a congenial personality and such a capability for work, Bill is far from ordinary, yet not eccentric.



Water Polo, W39P; Track Manager 4, 3, 2. N.A.(M), Boat Club; Reception Committee 2; Christmas Card Committee 2, 1; Lucky Bag; 1 Stripe.



Track 4, 3, 1, Battalion 2; Hop Committee 3; Boat Club; Lucky Bag; Star 4, 3, 2, 1; 3 Stripes.





FLOYD EDWARD MOAN

TOLEDO, OHIO

"Moan"

"Flerd"

FROM the Buckeye State to Annapolis came little Floyd to learn of the Navy. His small stature fooled some of us, but those who know him realize that he is in reality a "big" man. Whether he is playing soccer or poker the "little man" puts out the ergs to come through in glory. Having starred plebe year, Floyd got the jump on the rest of us and found a means of beating the system. Since then academics have never worried him, and study hour now finds him poring over Cosmo. When not boning the current fiction, he may be seen dealing the cards for a game of solitaire. With his natural aptitude for construction he is headed for a prominent part in the building of the Navy's future airplanes.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1; Swimming 4, 3, S39T; Water Polo 3; Advertising Staff, Lucky Bag 2, 1; Boat Club; M.P.O.



DAVID HENSHAW POPE

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Dave"



Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1, W39T; Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club; Reef Points 3, 2, 1; Racing Committee 2, 1; 2 Stripes.

THE white works and barber shears changed him outwardly that June day four years ago, but his inner aims and ideals were not clipped. Since then he has taken things as they came—first the system, then academics, and, of course, social activities. Dave has the ability to adjust himself to any situation and finds himself at home whether in the admiral's parlor or in the local rathskeller. A friend to all, he is always ready to "receive" during recreation or study hour. Divey's interests vary from batt sports to the Boat Club, intermingled with other activities as aviation or "Reef Points" publication. He doesn't claim an O. A. O., yet if you want a drag, it is Dave who can get her for you with every one a "queen"—guaranteed!

EUGENE HOWARD SIMPSON
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Simp"

"Sorry"

FROM the rugged hills of Tennessee came "Sorry" with his consoling philosophy of "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and a squirrel gun beside me"; and these years have changed him little. He's given up his loaf of bread for an extra cream-puff, his jug of wine for a pitcher of milk perforce, and has traded his squirrel gun for the big guns of the Ordnance Department; but just the same he's the same "Sorry" we met Plebe summer. In spite of his easy manner there are two things that he is always ready to fight for—his market stocks, and the Navy. He sings the blues with the rest of us but the Navy is his life.



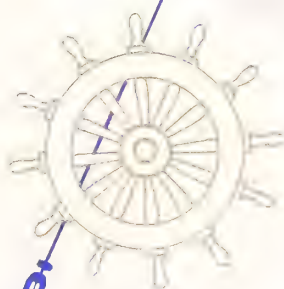
ALFRED BRUNSON WALLACE
GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

"Mike"

FROM the salty town of Gulfport on the Gulf hails this stalwart football hero. One hundred and ninety pounds and all man, Mike also possesses a very likeable personality—with the exception of that short period just after reveille—which has made him one of the favorites of the regiment. Academics have never bothered Mike greatly. Second class Ordnance, however, nearly threw him for a loss. But most of his energy goes into the football field and the boxing loft, where his achievements speak for themselves. He is a great advocate of any game of chance, and at every opportunity you will find him pulling for the right card with the best of them. With Mike on your ship you are sure of an excellent shipmate.

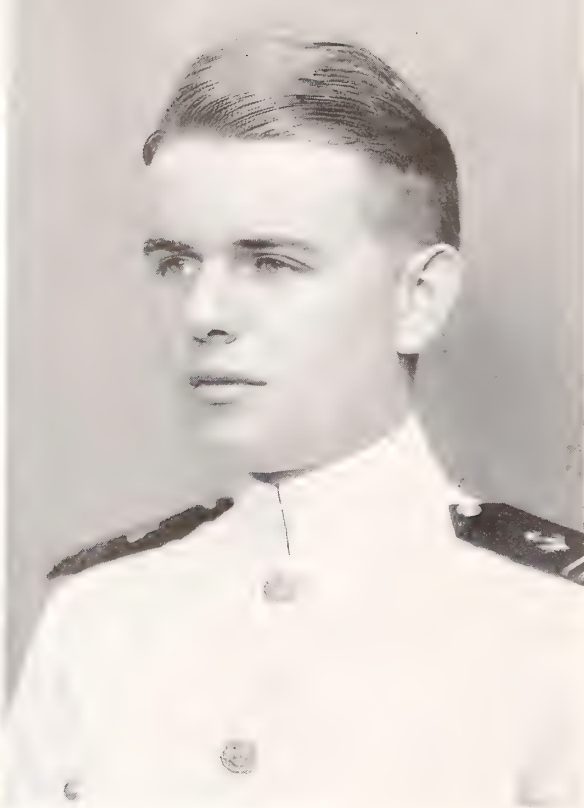


Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Football 4; Soccer 1; M.P.O.



Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N; Boxing 4, 3, 2, BNT; Baseball 4, B39B; Battalion Baseball 2; 1 P.O.





RICHARD KAYNOR GOULD
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

"Dick"

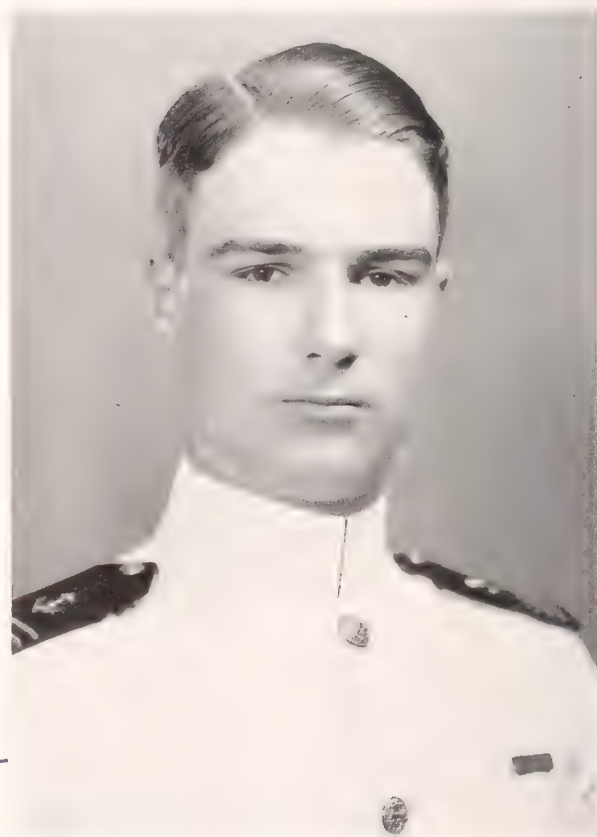
"Peaches"

"Skipper"

IF they should want a man to encourage the van or harass the foe from the rear," then they'll call on Dick, for versatility is his long suit. From Puget Sound he has brought to Crabtown the same ardent love for the sea that lured him to the Naval R. O. T. C. at the University of Washington. Left behind are trap drums, and a girl who promised to wait, their place temporarily filled by battalion pistol and rifle competition, business managerships, cheerleading, and the Boat Club. Weekend trips on the *Crocodile*, sailing on the *Vamarie*, and afternoons of sailboat racing have formed a major part of Skipper's recreation. Dick leaves behind with his midshipman days the memories of a true sailor—one whose maritime past may well lead on to a noteworthy career.



Manager Small Bore Rifle 2, 1, RNT (M); Outdoor Rifle 4, R39T; Battalion Soccer 4, 3, 1; Company Rifle 3, 2, 1; Company Pistol 3, 2, 1; Reef Points 3; Trident 3, 2, 1; Boat Club; Reception Committee 2; 2 Stripes.



JESSE WILLARD McCOY
CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS

Small Bore Rifle 4, 3, 2, Captain 1, RNT, Outdoor Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1, RNT; Company Pistol 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 4, 3, 2; Radio Club 4, 3; Reception Committee 2; M.P.O.



"Tex"

"Tim"

"Mac"

THE famous proverb that "straight shooters always win" hasn't proved an exception in Mac's case. At small bore or outdoor it's always in the bullseye for this fellow, and it isn't only with a rifle he is high man. Quiet and unassuming, he always comes down with "Fellows, I'm not in this argument," yet somehow manages to get his opinion in edgewise. Whether at batt football, chess, or infantry Mac is "reg" and persistent. Texas women and Texas weather are consistently on his tongue, and it isn't surprising that he finds the East a bit cramped. That western affability and smile which have vanquished so many hearts on his excursions up and down the east coast are unquenchable and always prove him a credit to the Lone Star State.

RICHARD L. HELM
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

"Blatz"

"Dick"

"RALLY ROUND," and Blatz is on the spot. From the capital city of Pennsylvania, our whirl-wind of speech. Tutored in the political atmosphere of Harrisburg, he has become the Naval Academy's most consistent "bull sessionist"—and occasionally he passes out some good dope. His undaunting courage and will to win against surmounting odds have successfully carried him through his one major tussle with the Steam Department. Though one of the finer Spanish athletes of the Class of '39, he does find some time to devote to athletics. Blatz does not consistently drag, yet no hop would be complete without his beaming face. There never was a more congenial roommate, and we know he will be a success in whatever field of endeavor he chooses.



JOHN CAMPBELL PENNELL
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

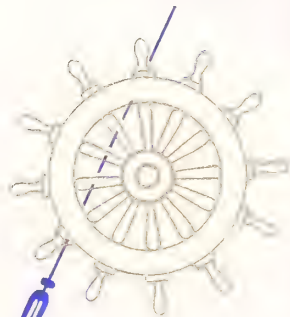
"Johnny"

"Swede"

YOU do not have to know "Swede" well to recognize him as a perfect gentleman and a man whose love for the highest ideals has developed in him the finest sort of a character. Of a serious nature, he readily turns philosopher in "bull sessions." He sincerely enjoys and appreciates the finer arts, especially music and literature. Singing, telescope building, and, naturally, philosophy, are among his secret interests. As for sports, injuries rather than lack of ability or interest have prevented him from excelling in intramural tennis and basketball. Although acquainted with many of our feminine screen favorites, in Hollywood, his home town, he is a one woman man—and as yet has not found her. Here's to Johnny, a man well worth watching on his way to the top.

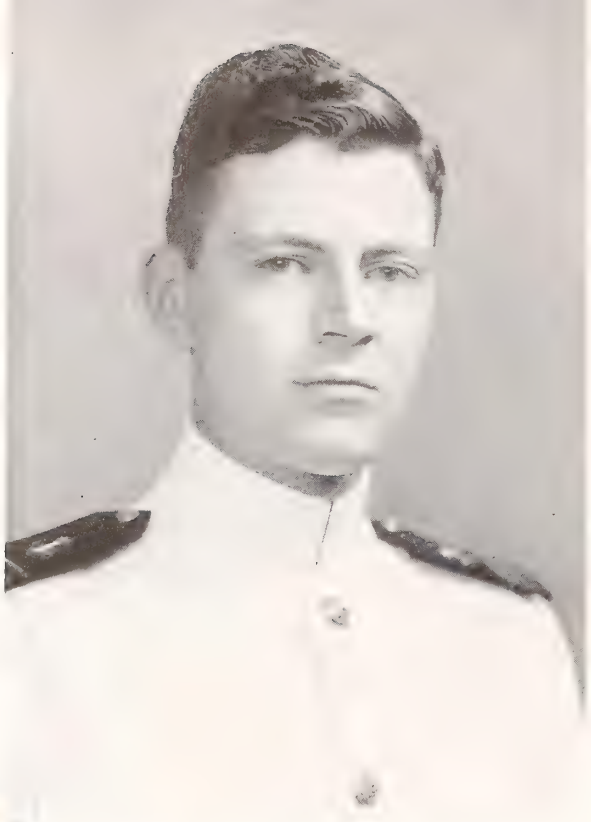


Manager Football 4, 3; Battalion Track, Reception Committee; 1 Stripe.



Battalion Basketball 1; Battalion Tennis 1; Reception Committee 2; Radio Club; Star 4; 1 P.O.



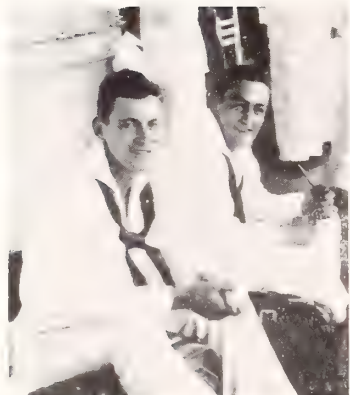


A. F. FISCHER, JR.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Art"

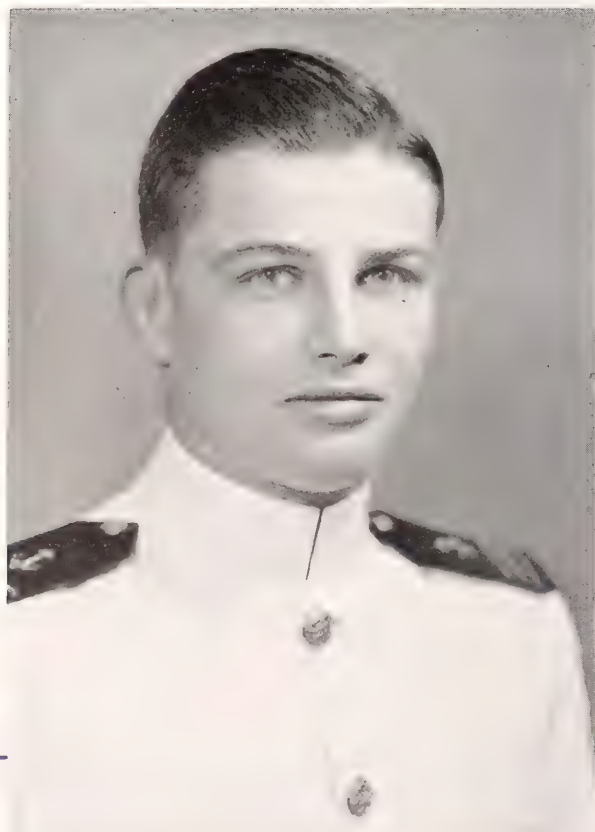
"Fish"

CAESAR and Fischer have one thing in common, "Veni, vidi, vici," Art having conquered all the obstacles in his path toward a Navy career. Academics never proved a serious worry to our Art, for he takes them all in his stride. Long has he been in the atmosphere of the sea, hailing from the Philippines. A consistent "dragger," he has been an easy mark for many girls. Art in his travels has had many experiences and can be counted upon to lend an interesting air to our bull sessions. With all his activities "Lovelorn" has always found time to "Rally Round." A sailor at heart with a love and interest for the Navy, we know he'll make a great success of his Service career.



Soccer 4, Battalion 3, 2, 1;
Gym 4; Battalion 2; Battalion
Baseball 2, 1; Boat Club;
G.P.O

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, Captain 1, W.VI
Star 4.



CHARLES F. LEIGH
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

"Chuck"

"Dimples"

FROM the plains of Kansas comes our muscle man, Charles. Each wrestling season finds him hard at work—dieting. Old man "Blubber" has proved to be his toughest foe. Besides sports, poker rates high as one of Chuck's favorite pastimes, but there is also "Rallying Round." He has never stood high enough to be classed with the cut-throats, but academics never prove very serious a worry. Rare is the week-end that he is without a playmate of the fairer sex—his dimples intrigue them all. The rigors of youngster cruise persuaded the "little man" that life in the Navy was not for him. The Marines seemed to have it all too soft. Taken from all angles he is a man's man, and we know he will succeed.

ANDREW BRITTE HAMM

BOWDON, GEORGIA

"A. B."

THIS Georgia cracker, better known as "A. B." to his multitude of friends, hails from the metropolis of Bowden, Georgia, a place he certainly loves—or perhaps it is the Georgia peaches there. An enthusiastic Navy man, A. B. will rate an admiral's flag yet. That is, if he doesn't lose a wing; for he is determined to become one of Uncle Sam's ace birdmen. The only way you can make him angry is to mention a rope. He has never been unsat, and is always ready for a "bull session," especially if the topic is girls or automobiles. Ordinarily easy-going, yet he is conscientious in executing his duties. Considering his good nature and his capability it seems hardly necessary to wish him luck. We know he'll get there.



CHESTER WARREN SMITH

ST. ALBANS, WEST VIRGINIA

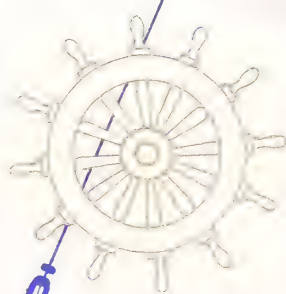
"Chet"

"Smitty"

WHILE still in high school, Chet decided to come to the Naval Academy, to become not a Naval, but a Marine Officer. Like all true sons of West Virginia Chet is a snake by nature, brunettes, at present leading his preferred list. Perhaps his best contribution to midshipman life is helping others to get out to athletic practice—by playing his harmonica or accordion. The rest of his spare time is spent playing chess or involving himself in philosophic discussions on life. Unlike most midshipmen, Smitty does not have to worry about academics. His worrying is being saved for more important things. If Smitty does go into the Marine Corps and makes as many friends there as he has here he will have a very successful career.



Manager Track 4, 3, 2, 1
Battalion Water Polo 3; Boats
Club; Radio Club; Cut Exchange;
1 Stripe.



Company Pistol 4, 3, 2, 1; Company Rifle 3; Radio Club; M.P.O.





JOHN R. SHENEMAN
WALKERTON, INDIANA

"Sheno"

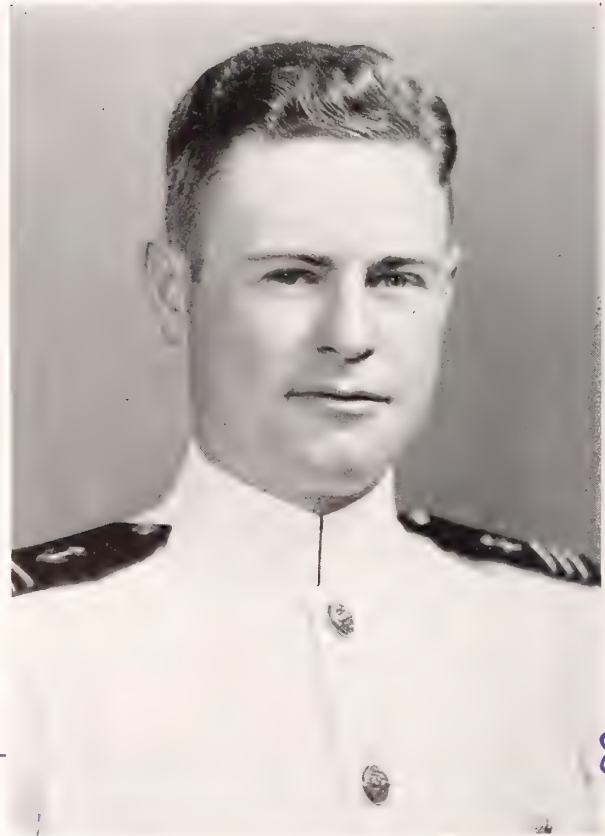
"Shen"

IT IS said that one man's loss is another man's gain—well, Sheno has been our gain. South Bend and the Law lost a wonderful protege when Navy lured John to Crabtown and then on to the Fleet. His interests are varied, ranging from classical renditions on the violin to fancy capers in Dahlgren. And not being bothered by Academics, he fully enjoys Friday afternoons and his bunk. The enjoyment of Sheno's bull sessions, his talent and cultured manner, and his ever-present wit have fortunately been ours. However, to us he has been more than a grand classmate—he has been a respected friend, a true companion, and a swell fellow. So here's wishing him all success and happiness and a hope that we may again be shipmates.



Lucky Bag 2, 1; C.P.O.

150 lb. Crew 4; Reception Committee
3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



JOHN ROLLIN WALLINGFORD
DENVER, COLORADO

"Wally"

"Duchess"

WALLY is always ready for a good chow—a good hop—a good argument—or just an ordinary bull session. Never needing to do much studying, he always has plenty of time for all these. But fellows, tell your stories last because he has three stories for each of yours and each six times as tall. Wally usually knows all the dope about two weeks before anyone else and consequently very little has missed him in four years at the Academy. He has an unlimited ability for getting things done. So, with an ever increasing ambition to succeed, Wally should confirm our conviction that he will have a long, pleasant Naval career, making a host of friends in the Fleet—and ending in high command.

NEAL ALMGREN
ROCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A NEW ENGLAND Brahman, by birth but not by inclination, Neal is nevertheless keenly but unostentatiously intelligent. He stood at the top of his class in high school, and has always found ample time, at home and at the Naval Academy, to read the latest books—not for the purpose of talking about them but because he sincerely enjoys them. Crew, however, has absorbed the greatest portion of his time and interest, and has rewarded him well. Preferring "tweeds" to "white tie," he has a naturalness with men and an unaffected charm with women that have brought him many friends and admirers at parties and dances, and many bids for fatherly sympathy afterwards. The role of "lounge lizard" is clearly not for him, although his dancing amply qualifies him.

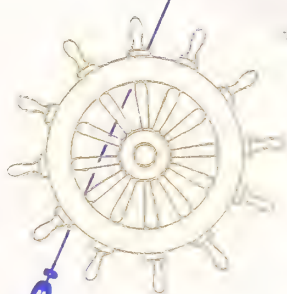
EUGENE TAYLOR KIRK
HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

"Gene" "Jeep"

GENE'S what they call him, and a more considerate fellow couldn't be found. He has a heart of gold and a sense of humor that is hard to beat. His room is always filled with friends swapping yarns. But out of the din on such occasions it is never hard to distinguish Gene's laugh, which resounds with good nature. Studies have never seriously worried him. In fact many are the fellows who have received valuable aid from him as a teacher. As a socialite Gene does more than his share of dragging and few are the hops that he misses. In athletics he has not been a varsity man, but he has been very active in battalion sports. Gene will make a good officer; his men will like him.



Crew 4, 3, 2, 1; N. Battalion
Football 4, 3; 2 Stripes.



Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Battalion
Lacrosse 3, 2, 1; Advertising Staff
Lucky Bag 2, 1; Radio Club; M.P.O.





JAMES LOUIS MAY
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

"Jim"

BACK in Fargo, North Dakota, Jim studied well, played excellent basketball and shot splendid golf; of these, his golf has been transplanted to the Naval Academy with much success. Athletics and studies, however, are not Jimmie's most absorbing interests. He is fond of reading, dancing, and talking, all of a type which make him liked and respected in any gathering. Too, he has an awareness and consideration of the feelings of others; but there is nothing artificial about Jim—his success is due to no forced efforts of his own, for his likeability is natural and unstudied. His interests are numerous, arousing in him a quiet enthusiasm far more sincere than any superficial outbursts. His circle of friends is wide because his friendship is real and never utilitarian.



Basketball 4; Golf 3, 2; 1,
GNF; 1 Stripe

Trident 4, 3, 2; Quarterdeck Society
4, 3, 2; Radio Club 4, 3; Star 4,
M.P.O.



VADYM VICTOROVICH UTGOFF
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"Vad"

"Mad Russian"

"U. U."

BORN in Russia, the son of a famous Imperial Russian Naval Officer, Vad has become more than a naturalized citizen; he has become a Naval Officer. Having learned to speak Russian first, however, has not prevented Vad's excelling in English and Public Speaking. His versatile mind masters the intricacies of the science as well as the complexities of writing, and the pungency of his satire is realized by all who know him. In his own opinion, Vad's greatest accomplishment has been his elimination of himself from the roll-call of the Sub-squad; and his greatest disappointment, his vanishing hair. Perhaps the appearance of a cigarette holder, a monocle, and a raised eyebrow may be explained by Vad's suppressed penchant for dramatics.

ELLIS JAY FISHER
ROSEVILLE, CALIFORNIA

"Slasher"

"Fish"

WHILE his less active roommates are still dispelling that post-reveille fog, Ellis is already underway, in secure possession of the wash basin and the morning newspaper. He still has the lead later in the day, whether it be in athletics, academics, "bull sessions," or dragging. In the latter we are left even further behind—that cold "4.0" back home doesn't even give his less snakish roommates a chance. But sometime you must catch this one of California's finest in his old stamping grounds—his beloved Golden State. You still will be hopelessly out-classed but if you do manage to get up there with him, then you will know what we have known all along—"Here is one person you'll want to know better as the years roll by."



POSEY ALEXANDER
HOOPER

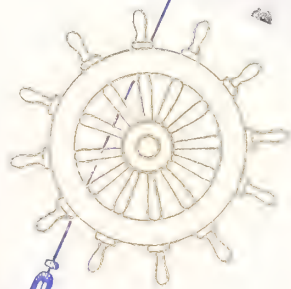
MEBANE, NORTH CAROLINA

"Hoop" "Bouse" "Posey"

THIS ramblin' rebel, who has been more to us than just a pal and best friend on our cruise and during our Academy life, is known to us as Bouse. These four years haven't been "fruit" for him—but by facing his studies with that cheerful determination of his, he has always come out on top. As far as sports are concerned, Bouse has stuck to his favorite hobby—wrestling, and as a result he has developed into one of the batt's best grapplers. In addition to spending most of his spare moments in the wrestling loft, "Hoop" is always ready for that afternoon sail or cross country hike. A friendly nature and top-notch qualities have made Bouse a man held in warm regard by everyone.

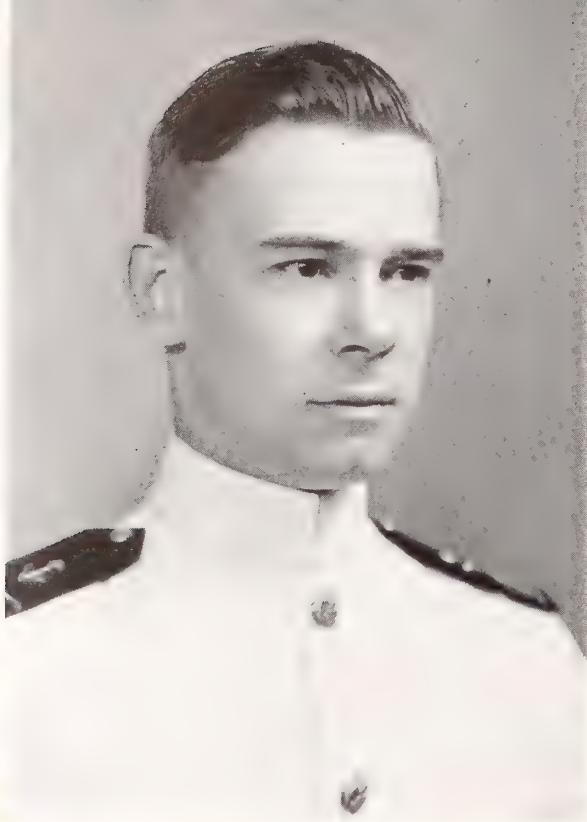


Battalion Basketball 1, Battalion Tennis 1; Language Club 2, 1; Radio Club 2, 1; Boat Club; 1 P.O.



Battalion Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club; Boat Club; M.P.O.





RALPH FREDERIC LOCKE

WILDWOOD, NEW JERSEY

"Senator"

RALPH is the kind of fellow who wilts the prof with his smile and makes the "D. O." think twice before reporting him. Life at the Academy has not been difficult for the "Senator." Believing that sleep is the best cure for all troubles, he has burned little midnight oil. "Take it easy," advises the Senator. Ralph loves to play, but does not concentrate on any one sport. He has had a turn at lacrosse, track, wrestling and sailing; sailing being the only sport that has held him. Preferring a hike through the woods to a drag, Senator is something of a redmike, but most of us think there is someone back home. Known for his quiet good humor, Senator is a welcome addition to any group.



Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 4; 2 Stripes.

Golf 2, 1; Battalion Track 2, 1, Battalion Lacrosse 3; Language Club; Boat Club; 2 Stripes.



ROBERT GEORGE WEST

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

"Rosie"

"Bob"

HAILING from Sunny California, "Rosie's" name hints not only of his home state but also of his sunny disposition. He is tops as a friend and better still as a roommate. Endowed with that fortunate faculty of thinking and learning quickly, Bob has never been hounded by the wiles of academics. Although not claiming to be a super snake, Bob can usually be found milling with the best of them at the hops. Possessing a cheerful personality he is always a welcome companion whether in a heated bull session, a cross country hike, or on the athletic field. His good nature and his sense of humor will carry him far. And, you can be sure that he may be depended on for prudence and sound judgment.

ARTHUR MORTIMER FIELDS, JR.
FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"Art" "A. M." "4.0"

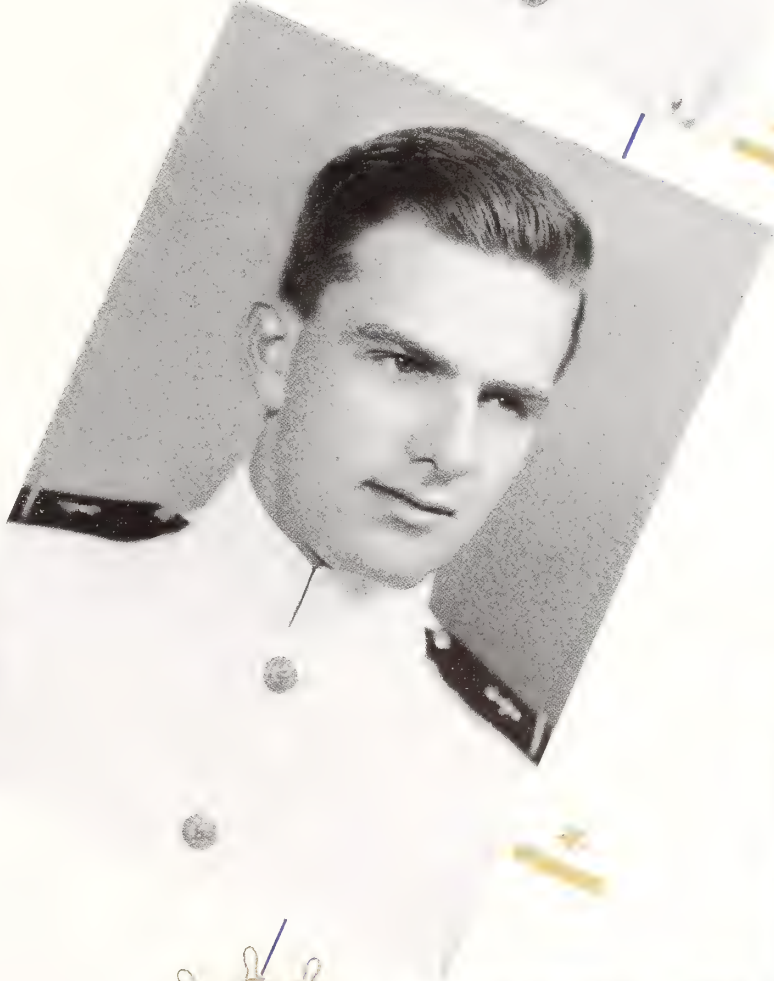
NOW when I was at Harvard"—whoa, we're talking of Art, not listening to him at one of his beloved Friday night sessions. But whether in such a session, in class, or on the dance floor, he will not be outdone. A cosmopolite, he claims residence in the Midwest, New England, and New York. Assiduously schooled in etiquette, and possessed of many gentlemanly characteristics, he has here developed many other attributes of a fine officer; and, supplied with a steadfastness of purpose and a rugged individualism, should be successful in the profession. All of his energy is not mental and he has been kept from shining in athletics only by injuries. Inspiration is far from lacking to Art, for two of the very fairest claim his heart.



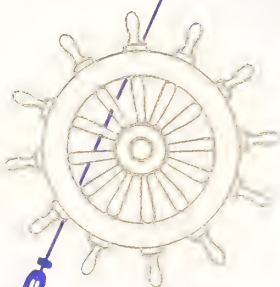
JOSEPH DAVID LINEHAN
WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT

"JoJo" "Jose"

REST cures in the hospital now and then, keep Joe on a par with the best of men." Joe's outstanding ability and greatest love are both having a good time. Ever cheerful, he is undisturbed by academic rigors and war rumors alike. Women constitute the only serious item in his life, but he moves too fast in that field for us to keep tabs on him. Athletically inclined, he excels at ping-pong, bowling, and informals. It must be the old college life that makes him like the carefree, restful style of living, for Joe keeps a supply of good books and cards ever handy, and is roused from the semi-somnolent stage only by opportunities of salesmanship or battalion sports. Keep comfortable, Joe, and you'll always be happy.

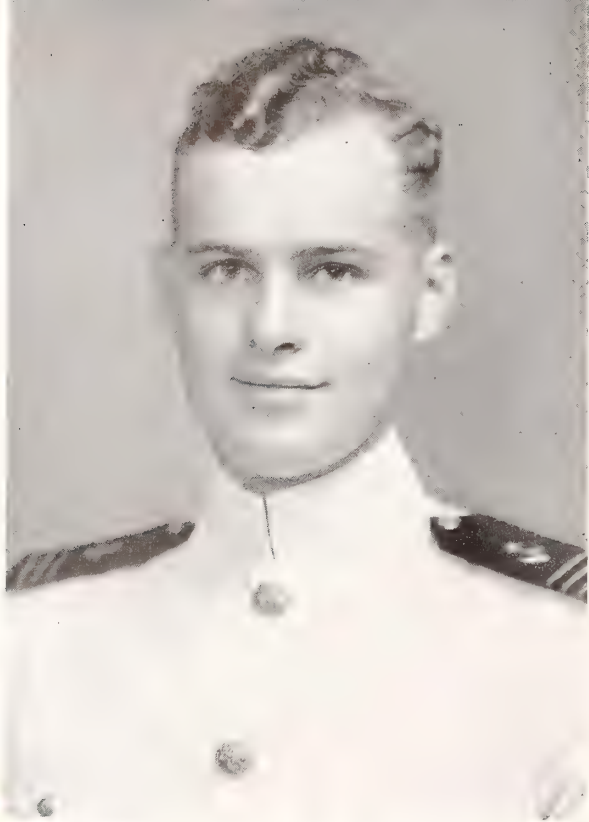


Football 4, B Squad 3, 2, Battalion 1; Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Lacrosse 4, 3, 2; Star 4, 3, 2; 4 Stripes.



Baseball 2, 1, N.A.; Battalion Boxing 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Log 4, 3; Radio Club; M.P.O.





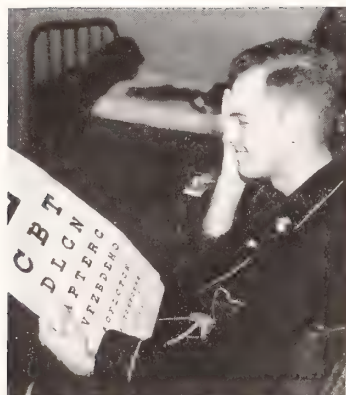
EDWIN DAVIES HARRISON

SARASOTA, FLORIDA

"Ed"

"Eddie"

ED came to the Academy with a fund of practical seamanship and an ardent desire to fly. Skinny proved troublesome for a while during plebe year but with characteristic perseverance he pulled through. From then on academics were something to be reckoned with, but not dreaded. Because of his ready wit and "yarn spinning" ability, he has been the center of many super "bull fests." Four years of having him as a classmate have revealed him as a true friend and a regular fellow. While not a redmike, he nevertheless belongs to that exclusive class of one-woman men. His generosity, personality and natural abilities assure him of the friendship and loyalty of those with whom he will come in contact during his career.



Company Rifle 3; Company Pistol 2, 1; Boat Club; 2 Stripes.

Battalion Soccer 3; Battalion Swimming 3; Wrestling 2; Stamp Club 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



DRURY KEMP MITCHELL, JR.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Kemp"

"Mitch"

ARMY-JUNIOR, traveler, scholar, and philatelist, this fellow after living in such distant lands as China, the Philippines, and Panama, came to Crabtown and "joined the Navy to see the world." He has a keen sense of humor and is one of those rare fellows who is capable of listening to an entirely flat joke and still retaining enough tact to laugh at the end. Like most Midshipmen, though, he has his pet hates such as long drills, tight collars, "gushy" girls, and getting up in the morning. Although he's not much of a snake, Mitch is a dyed-in-the-wool liberty hound. Never subject to moods [except just before and after leaves], he takes life easy and enjoys it. A swell fellow.

KENNETH B. HYSONG
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Buster"

"Kemie"

FROM the way Kenny started out he was certain to serve Uncle Sam. He joined the Marine Reserve in order to win an appointment to the Academy, but the future looked dark, so he joined the Army with prospects a little altered. But, as the saying goes, you can't keep a good man down. When he saw the chance to go to his first love, the Navy, he was quick to take it. Since he has been in the Academy he has won distinction in his favorite sport, football. He was the only youngster of his class to start the Army game. Sports, however, do not take up all of his time. He reserves more than enough for escorting. Buster is the type who should do well in the Navy.



HERMAN SPECTOR
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

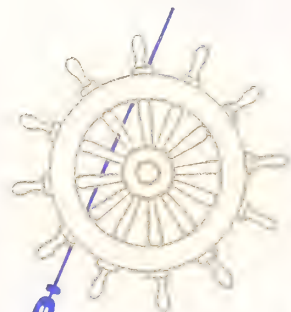
"Speck"

"Herm"

SPEC launched his military career in a sea of mud by joining the Marine Corps Reserve and then the Army. Much to Navy's good fortune, however, he sailed on to the Naval Academy and the blue waters of the Severn where his ambition was realized. Here "Spec" has a splendid record—one which anyone could be proud of. In the class room he has been far out in front of the academic department all the way. In athletics we see him, fall, winter, and spring, in football, wrestling, and lacrosse. In spite of the fact that he's busily engaged with three sports each year he finds time to drag occasionally. Herm is well known for his good nature which, with his fighting spirit, should make his naval career a highly successful one.

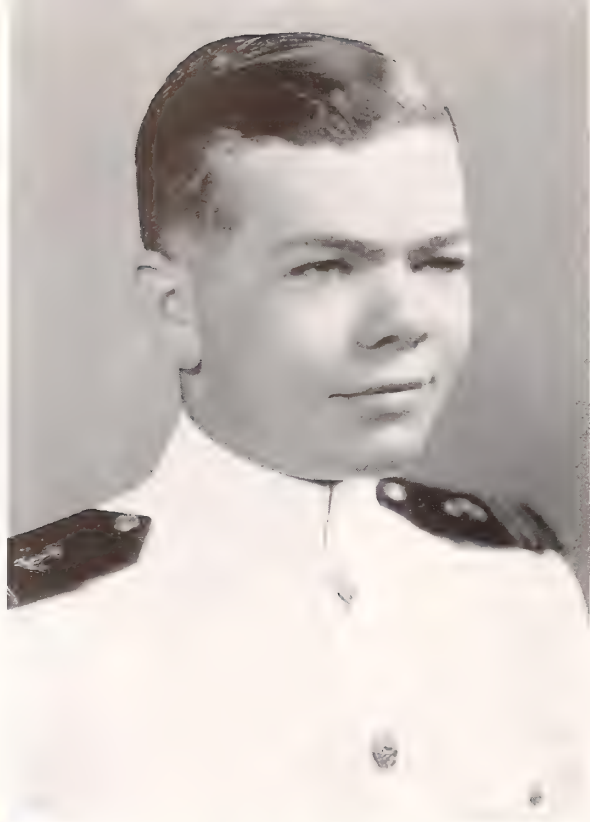


Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N*; Battalion Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



Football 3, 2, 1, N; Wrestling 2, 1; Lacrosse 4, 3, 1; Boat Club; C.P.O.





FRANKLIN EUGENE COOK, JR.
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

"Toby"

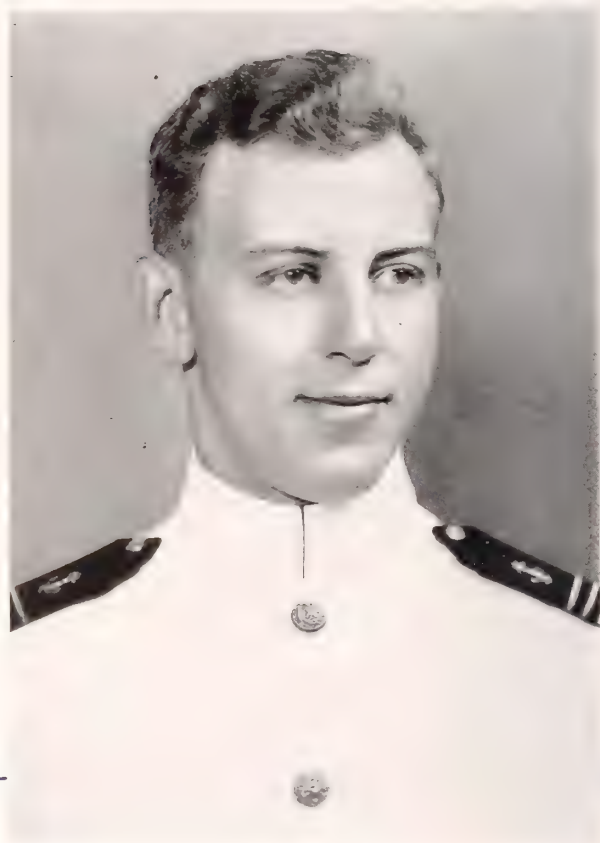
"Cookie"

"F. E."

THERE is a lot to be said in favor of tall men, but there is no discredit to being small, if we may judge by this specimen. Born into a Navy life, Toby has absorbed its principles [by experience as much as by environment] and has emerged with the desire to excel in his profession. Pensacola gave him his first whiff of salt air, and San Diego now maintains this olfactory delight. The sea is definitely a part of him, so that the Chesapeake has often seen him in his full glory as master of the "Croc." Led on by an ever-strong though sometimes a little misguided, ambition, his activities have been manifold. His good cheer should be sufficient to tide him over the rough points ahead.



Soccer 3; Movie Gang 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



GEORGE DAVID GHESQUIERE
GROSSE POINT, MICHIGAN

Football 4, 3, 2, 1, N; Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, N; Battalion Track 4, 3, 2, 1; C.P.O.



"Georgie"

"Ghesqy"

"G-squire"

ONE YEAR at Michigan spoiled George for the discipline of the Academy but did nothing to stop the growth of his "snakish" propensities. Always in love and always with smoothies—but a man's man as well—with his constant friendliness and constant cordiality, George is known and liked by everyone from the "Jimmy Legs" to the executive department. A fine athlete, he has been held back by injuries and academics, but when he has performed on the grid-iron and hardwood, he has really turned it on. The only thing that we can think of that George never did well at the Academy was keep in step. An all around man, a fine roommate and a real friend, George has all the necessary qualities for a successful career.

JOHN JARED MUNSON

MEDINA, NEW YORK

"Jack"

"J. J."

WHEN this curly haired Casanova breezed into port, the call of the sea gave us top material for an officer and a gentleman. Jack's diversified philosophy is welcome in any conversation. Academics are just another breeze for him since he put in a couple of years in the University of Rochester before entering here. No radiator squad for Jack—instead we find him with an interest in every season, lacrosse and basketball predominating, but not overlooking frequent exercises with the Springfield. Any wintry evening you will find him enjoying something musical, from syncopated rhythm to grand opera. Jack's literary ability was early exploited by the *Log* and the *Lucky Bag* drafted him into service as Sports Editor. Here's hoping we'll meet again somewhere in the fleet, Jack!



PAUL CHESTER ROONEY

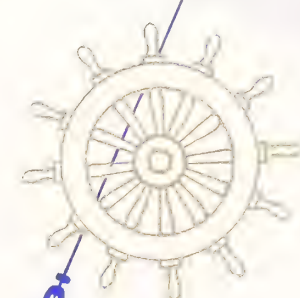
HADDAM, KANSAS

"Rooney" "Pablo" "P. C."
"Chester"

BLOWN in on the Kansas dust storms of the summer of '35, Paul has since lent his effervescent charm unsparingly to his numerous friends. His quiet easy manner blends pleasingly with his infectious smile. Although a confirmed vegetarian, the lad's epicurean tastes are easily satisfied. Bulling the market in the daily stock reports is little different from his conversational trends. Captions from his voice of experience have always been invaluable gems contributed in stirring portrayal. And he is an attentive listener with a desire for obtaining knowledge, so others, less fortunate, can later receive the benefits of his learning. In spite of the fact that he did possess merits of athletic prowess, Paul has never cared to exploit his abilities. The monument he has erected is lasting.



Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1, N*;
Basketball 4, 3, 2, N.A.; Log
4, 3, 2, 1; Sports Editor, *Lucky Bag*; Company Representative
3, 2, 1; 1 Stripe.



Boat Club; 1 P.O.





CORWIN GUY MENDENHALL

ANHUAC, TEXAS

"Mendy"

"Sunshine"

HI-YA!—A wave of the hand—a smile as broad as the Texas plains from which he hails—that's our Mendy! Nothing troubles him; easy going, carefree—his beaming personality is infectious. And what could trouble him? Free from the petty vices of the rest of us mortals, he breezes through his studies, performs his feats on the football field or in the boxing ring—and then sleeps. You should hear him sleep! He loses none of his already sparse hair worrying about the fair sex—loves them all and gets more than his share in return. All man and all gentleman—knowing him has brought nothing but pleasure. We know he'll be at the top when the leaders' names are read.



Football 4, 3, Battalion 1; Boxing 4, 3, 2; Lacrosse 4, Battalion 2, 1; Musical Clubs 3, 2, 1; Glee Club 3, 2, 1; N. A. C. A. Council 4, 3, 2, President 1; 4 Stripes.

Battalion Wrestling 3, 2, 1939; Battalion Lacrosse 2, 1, 1939; Musical Clubs Shows 4, 3, 2, 1; Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Star 4, 3, 2, 1; 3 Stripes.



JOHN MOULTON REIGART

BAXTER SPRINGS, TEXAS

"Jack"

BOY! We had fun in the old Tri-State District." Thus Jack begins another story of school days in Kansas or Missouri. Bubbling over with enthusiasm, good-natured, jumping from place to place, book to book, morning to night; Jack's words, "Never a dull moment." A real savoir, he breezes through the day's assignments during night study hour so he can polish off the 4.0, read the paper, magazines, and dash off a few letters during morning study. It appeared that the choir might lose its best soloist to wrestling, but Jack met the situation and continues mastering both singing and grunt-and-groaning. We recommend our Jack as a fine pal, with a great sense of humor, a fine mind, and the ability to make and hold friends.

WILLIAM DOUGHERTY COYNE

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"Willie"

"Bill"

WHEN our Willie moved from Wisconsin to Florida, his character did not change with his native habitat; he was already a Southern gentleman. Just a Beau Brummel; just a miniature edition of Einstein; just a Casanova; yessiree, that's our Bill. Always cheery and radiating optimism; slightly dreamy, but always with his eye on the ball when it counts. For a while it looked as though boxing had taken its all-too-frequent toll, but flitting around in front of mirrors was just another way in which Willie perfected himself in this tricky sport; of course it also aided him in his dancing. Generous to a fault, Bill would not only give a pal the shirt off his back, he would wash it when brought back.

REX WELTON WARNER

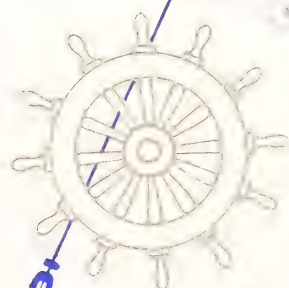
BURLINGTON, IOWA

"Rex" "Pop" "Soothie"

REX has handled all of our social amenities with ease and dispatch. This lean, blonde lad with the dreamy eyes is an inveterate "smoothie" and will and does drag on any or no provocation. In spite of his friendships with the better half of our race, he is "a man's man for a' that" as is evidenced by his popularity within these four gray walls. Possessed of a happy, carefree manner, Rex is inclined to wait until the last week of a term to apply the pressure. His interests are many and varied, ranging from "bull sessions" to cheerleading. He'll take a chance on anything, and we predict he'll go a long way and add to his host of friends.

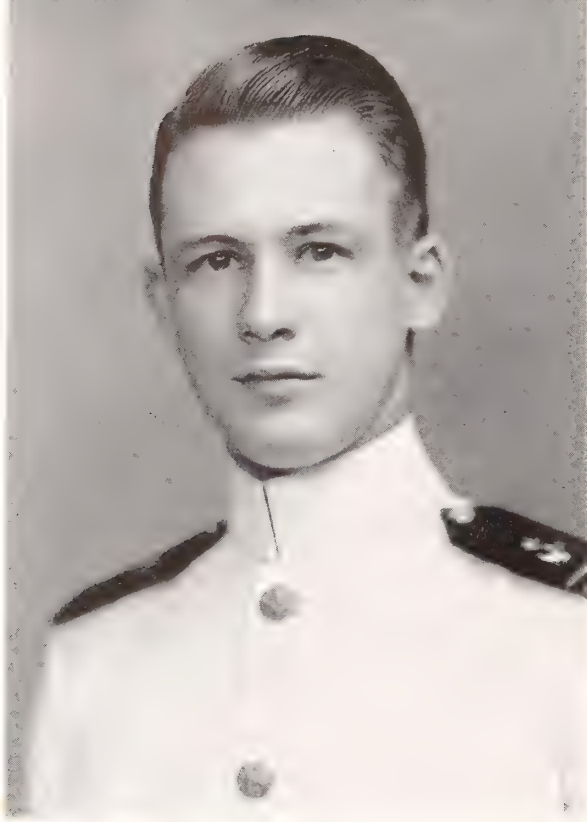


Cross Country 4, Battalion 2, 1; Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1, B/NAT; Track 4; Quarterdeck Society 4, 3; Star 4; 1 Stripe.



Gym 4, 3; Track 2, N.A.; Head Cheer Leader 1; Activities Committee 1; Boat Club; 1 P.O.





THOMAS MOSS BENNETT
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

"Tommy"

"Skeeter"

"Four B's"

SKEETER, the big little man, has left an impression that will never be forgotten. In athletics he has proved that a diminutive build is no drawback. His pleasant and winning personality has made him many friends and one of the most popular fellows in the class. Although a little excitable, Tommy still remains an imperturbably carefree, happy lad, and good company in any crowd. He possesses an undying determination to accomplish whatever he undertakes and suffice it to say—his purpose is seldom defeated. Love life to him is a happy-go-lucky conglomeration of love today and forget tomorrow. "I'm too young to fall in love," says Tommy. In a few words, this is a certified case of "local boy makes good."



Cross County 4, 3, 2, CNC;
Boxing 3, 2, 1, BNT;
Track 3, 2; Lucky Bag;
Quarterdeck Society; 2 Stripes.

Goat Keeper 1; Hop Committee 1,
Boat Club; 2 Stripes.



HAROLD CRENSHAW MILLER
MOBILE, ALABAMA

"Dixie"

"Bama"

"Rebel"

DIXIE'S most striking characteristic is a liking for food—any and all kinds, but in great quantities. He is a true southern gentleman and quite naturally, then, the possessor of an unruffled poise that is admired if not envied by all his friends. Injuries ruined a potentially bright athletic career but failed to dampen a keen sense of humor. His pet gripes are the Maryland weather, the system, and reveille. With the fairer sex, "Bama" is definitely at home—as is attested by his voluminous fan mail. He rarely drags the same "gal" twice but two facts stand out—their ratings reach a 4.0 as a limit and to quote him, each one of them is "one of the sweetest girls I've ever known."

JOHN STEPHEN EVERSELE
COLUMBUS, OHIO

"Olaf" "Spike" "Siempresolo"

"DON'T sign anything." And with this instrument of policy the noncommittal Olaf carries on. Plebe year he went out for class football just to play against the upper classes. Subsequently, the battalion football team drafted him for selfish reasons. Never known to start a scrap, he took up boxing to be sure not to miss any chance fracas that anyone else might care to start. The granddaddy of all redmikes, he still thinks Dahlgren Hall is just the place where they keep rifles for the extra-duty squad. For him, academics constitute only a minor worry, eyesight a major one. The former will never throw him, but if the latter does, the Marines will lose, and Ohio will regain, a *man*.

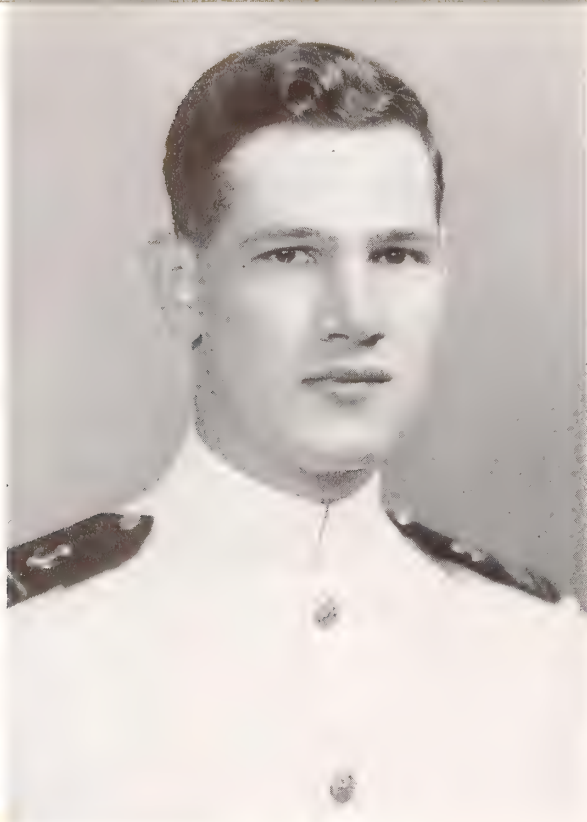
ALBERT BRUCE JOHNSON
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

"A. B." "Bruce" "Snake"
"Bottle"

THERE'S nothing of hurry or of ceremony about Bruce. A son of the South, he failed to acquire a very rich accent, but there's a drawl even in the way he walks. The air station in his home town has apparently made him superplane-conscious; nothing but aviation will satisfy him. His four years weren't brightened with stars but his mattress is probably one of the most misshapen in the Academy. By some strange alchemy he is a flash at gym technique and earned his "N" by star performances on the horse. Easy-going, something of a snake, inclined to forgetfulness, but withal natural, Bruce has a future of the best kind awaiting him wherever he may be, afloat or ashore.

Boxing 2, 1, N.A.; Battalion Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Boxing 4, 3; Company Pistol 2; Radio Club 3, 2; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; G.P.O.

Gym 4, 2, 1, N.A.; Radio Club 4;
Stamp Club 3, 2; 1 P.O.



THOMAS ROBERT WESCHLER
ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Blackie"

"T. R."

"Tom"

TOM came to the Academy from the shores of Lake Erie, already imbued with the traditions of the Navy and a weather eye fixed on the higher branches of the Service. With an astounding store of knowledge about everything in general, his skirmish with the Academics never has given him a worry, and every year finds a new set of stars on his collar, admired by the less fortunate. As for girls—Tom has "found them and forgotten them," always waiting for "The One" to appear. His spare time is spent reading numerous books on every subject known, or working out with the "muscle men" in wrestling. Tom can always find time to help when help is needed, and he has been a roommate that couldn't be equaled.



Battalion Football 3, 2; Log 4, 3, 2, 1, Star 4, 3, 2; Lucky Bag 2, 1; Language Club; Boat Club; Stamp Club; Crest Committee; Ring Committee; 3 Stripes.

Battalion Football 3; Battalion Boxing 3, 2, 1; Cross Country 4; Company Rifle 1; Battalion Crew 1; 2 Stripes.



JOSEPH MANGET WEST
ANJEAN, WEST VIRGINIA

"Joe"

"Jose"

"IT wasn't like this at V. P. I." Whether he was referring to the military training here or the academics, it made no difference—that "rat" year there was heaven in comparison. A man of many loves [all true] he wins his way to the women's hearts by an accent that belies his birthplace and by a manner that recalls the old courtier days. Joe is a believer in the "sound mind, sound body" principle, and is as persevering about the first as he is enthusiastic about the second. Boxing and rope climbing are his top sports. Always on the go, always ready for something new, he is not the man to just kill time. He brings to the fleet a wealth of comradery and understanding.

ANDREW JACKSON GARDNER
SOMERSET, KENTUCKY

"A. J."

"Andy"

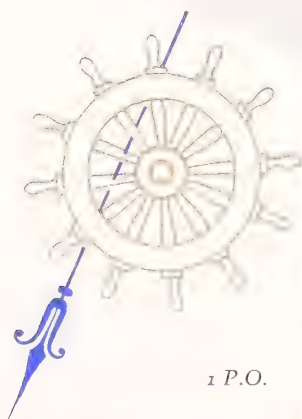
FROM Kentucky he comes, this tall mountain man of the Southlands. In the winter season he can be found in the natatorium where he spends his time in a fish-like manner practicing for the swimming team. In the spring he is found high jumping—a sport which is a natural result of a boyhood where it was necessary to swing on grapevines to jump creeks. Although he is not very savvy in such subjects as Bull, he excels in the theoretical subject of mathematics or any subject in which a thorough knowledge of mathematics is required. There is a lot more to him than one can glean from ordinary relationships with him. When one gets to know him, he has found a friend for life.

LOREN HALL KISER
CROOKSTON, MINNESOTA

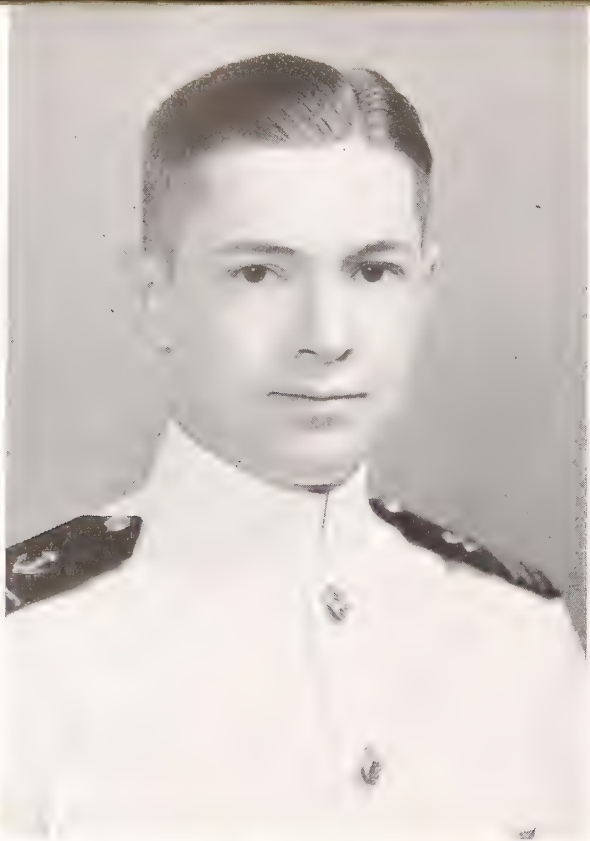
HE'S big and handsome, full of fun, and given to moods. He'd as soon wear blue dungarees and an open shirt as blue service and a starched collar. Minnesota holds no terror for him; rather he reflects its ruggedness. It would seem he prefers whittling or Collier's to Ibsen, but our grappler hero (as he aspires to be) is nevertheless a serious lad. Ask him what he'd like to do. "Take one of them old schooners and just sail, maybe even go around the Horn." He likes the sea. But at times he lives in his imagination in the Frontier days. A square shooter—and can he handle a rifle. Convention and opinion mean little to him. He's just Loren—that's why we like him.



Track 4, 3, 2, 1, Nth, Swimming 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 1; 1 P.O.



1 P.O.



ALBERT RAY BARBEE
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

"Al"

"Buck"

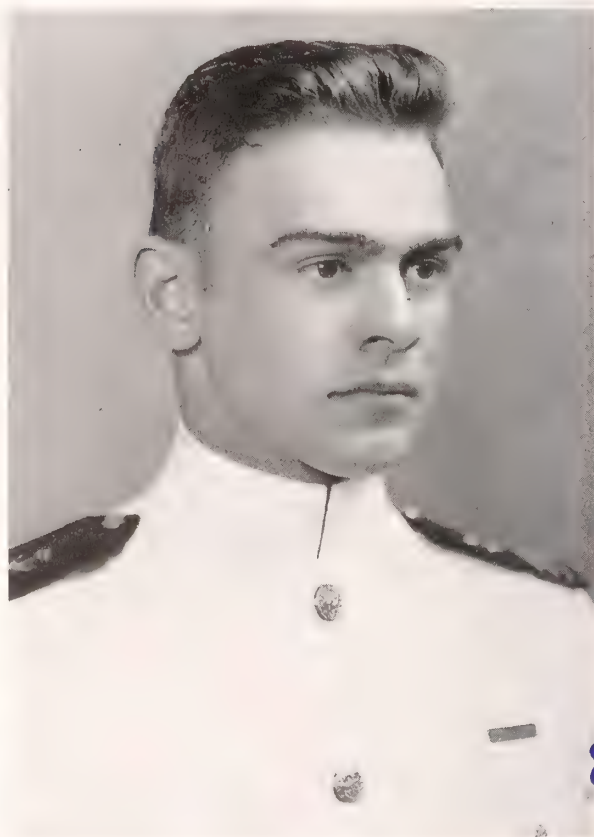
"Battler"

HE came from Oklahoma where the Indians evidently frightened him into joining the aggregation on the banks of the Severn. He is an all around good sport with plenty of courage for what he lacks in size. Every afternoon he can be found working out in the gymnasium and he seems to feel at home in the ring, to an extent disconcerting to his opponents. His love life, although a bit limited, blossoms forth every now and then in episodes which would make Romeo appear in need of coaching. Such incidents, however, are not serious [unless you include second class year] so he remains happy and congenial. Add to this a likeable nature, sportsmanship, and abundant energy, and you have the impressions that Al makes on those he meets.



Cross Country 4; Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1, BNT, Radio Club 4, 3, 2; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; Language Club 3, 2, 1; C.P.O.

Wrestling 4; Battalion 3, W39T; Company Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1; Company Pistol 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio 1; 1 Stripe.



HARVEY LEE LASELL
SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT

"Bud"

"Harve"

WHAT favorable forces harmonized to produce such an agreeable character as Harve Lasell, no one knows. Either the Vermont atmosphere, or his frequent association with Washington has given him a rich outlook on life. He plays life as a comedy—seriously, yet smilingly. For amusement and hobbies, he enjoys anything from motion pictures to canoeing. Personality flashes in his smiling black eyes—sufficient guarantee against his being a redmike. His favorite pastime, however, is not women but horses, and horseback riding. He possesses that appreciation of horses that never lets go of a man who once receives it. On our brief but memorable cruise here at the Naval Academy, he has been a comrade and a friend.

CARL FERDINAND PFEIFER
 SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

"Carl" "Casanova" "Ferdy"

EVEN through his swashbuckling good humor and spontaneous laughter, it is not difficult to see that Carl is a serious young man with a purpose. He never really has been compelled to "turn to," on his academic pursuits; but he frequently uses his study hours for studying, and he possesses the amazing and valuable gift of being able to concentrate on what he is doing, being apparently able to focus his attention in the "little spotlight" fashion, regardless of what psychologists say to the contrary. He usually receives enough mail to keep him going, because he faithfully answers his letters—and because he has a good profile. He never causes the ladies to run in the opposite direction, for he deserves this title of Casanova.

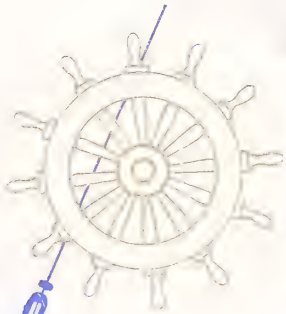
IVAN DALE QUILLIN
 KONAWA, OKLAHOMA

"Dale" "Ivanhoe"

IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But a certain spring four years ago Dale got sidetracked and when the haze cleared he was safely stowed away in the secluded "College" on the Severn. He was not entirely sidetracked however, for, although his natural ability for drawing has not kept him from coming to blows with the sketch - and - describe departments, the feminine influence in his life has kept him from ever missing leave. Being a Spanish savoir didn't help him in France, still he prefers Paris than Tulsa anytime. Argument?—pick your topic and choose your side—then stand from under. Famous last words, "Well, I ought to bone this afternoon but life is too short for such nonsense. Adios."

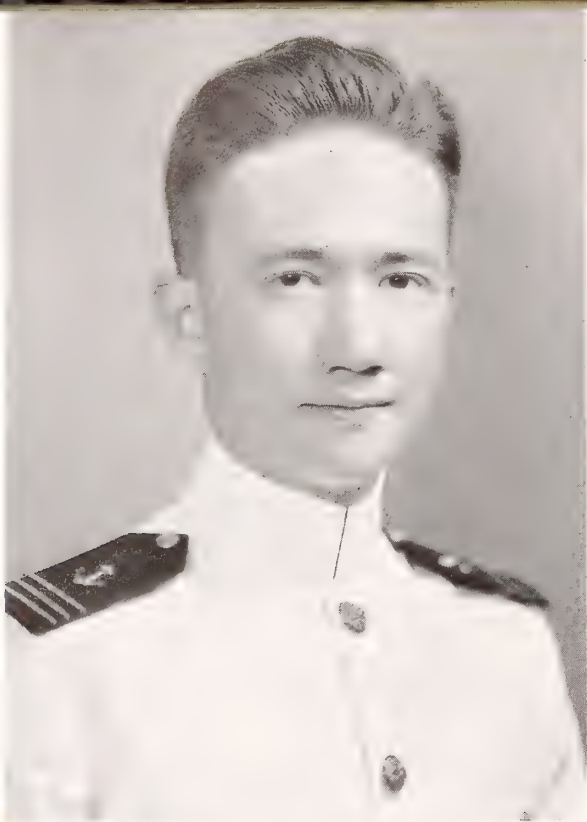


Battalion Tennis 3; M.P.O.



Boxing 4, 3; Cross Country 4; Log
 Art Staff 3, 2, 1; Trident 2; 1 P.O.





CARLOS JESUS ALBERT

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

"Carlos"

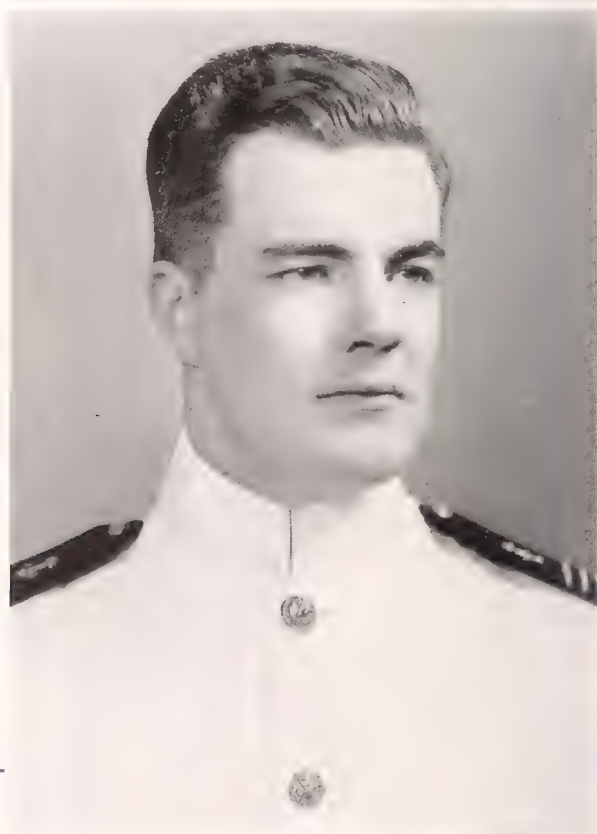
"Albie"

FROM the far off Philippines Charlie came to Uncle Sam's Naval School to learn the ways of the sea. Regardless of how much he learns however, he has given his comrades here much more than he can take away. Fun-loving, sympathetic, extremely polite and poised, yet withal so obviously sincere, Charlie is liked and respected everywhere. Naturally anyone so abundantly endowed with charm would have to be a snake; mail delivery always leaves a stack of scented letters in a feminine hand on Charlie's desk. Strangely, he is both artistically inclined, in a musical way, and a top-notch athlete, despite his diminutive size. We feel that we have benefitted by our association with Charlie; he has endeared himself to all those whose privilege it has been to know him.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1; ANF; Battalion Boxing 2; 1 P.O.

Battalion Football 3; Company Rifle 2; Manager Outdoor Rifle 4; Manager Indoor Rifle 3, 2; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club.



WILLIAM RICE BALLOU, JR.

BANGOR, MAINE

"Bill"

"Primo"

READED on the rock-bound coast of Maine, Bill has always had something of the sea in his blood. Although he grasps the theories in his courses with ease, he cares more for the practical side of his studies. He enjoys practice cruises and such things as tracing engine room piping and making complicated hook-ups in the juice lab. He builds radios in his spare time and, although they may not always work when first completed, they do before he has finished with them. A veritable polar bear, Bill thrives in cold weather—sleeping under a light spread while everyone else shivers under two blankets. Easy going and a regular fellow, he's possessed of a determination that will insure his arriving at his goal.

GEORGE MARION LHAMON
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Bob" "Moose" "George"

SINCE Bob was born in Los Angeles he claims California as his home state, although he has had the privilege of living in such interesting places as Florida, Hawaii, and Guantanamo Bay. He had to get into the Academy the hard way. He went to prep school for a year, took a competitive examination, and earned a Presidential appointment. He plays tennis, smokes a pipe, likes to read in bed and drags every time he gets a chance, even though he claims to be a redmike. He appreciates the finer things of life, such as music and good food. His ready smile, good sense of humor, and agreeable personality have made living with him a pleasure and his friendship a thing to be remembered always.



DAVID SANDERS ROSS
JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI

"Dave"

QUIET and soft spoken, this serious-looking Middle Westerner did not need an act of Congress to proclaim him a gentleman. Dave is every inch that sincere and real person whose seemingly ordinary qualities distinguish him as a gentleman. Possessing no affectations except that lazy Missouri drawl, Dave has gained for himself a host of friends who will always remember him for his common sense and sly chuckle. His deliberateness has been no handicap as far as the ladies fair are concerned, for Dave is a mighty first platoonier, 6 ft.-2, handsome, with brawn sufficient, and so falls under the strong-and-silent-man species. Taking leave of Dave, we wish him all the luck in his naval career and tender him to the mercies of our coast-wise sirens.

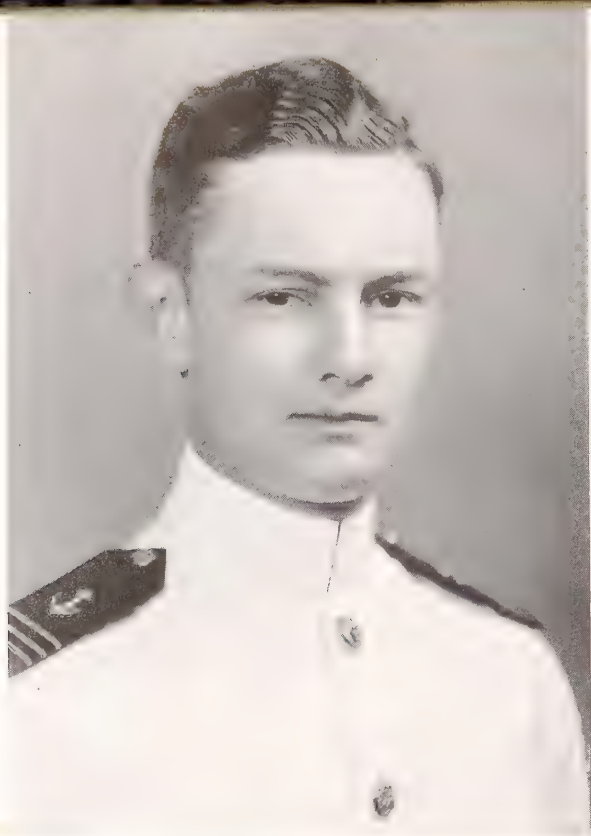


Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1, 1 NT; Battalion Swimming, Battalion Basketball, 3 Stripes.



Crew 4, M.P.O.





THOMAS HOOKER BELL
SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

"Ding-Dong" "T. H." "Tinkle" "Tom"

FROM out of the West to Uncle Sam's Naval Academy, by way of the Marine Corps Reserve and South Pasadena High School, came this young lad—since known as "Ding-Dong." His academic life is the envy of his classmates—a maximum of results with a minimum of effort. In regard to this, all that need be mentioned is that Tom excels in math, which means a lot here at the Academy. Athletically, he engages in battalion boxing, tennis, and soccer, not overlooking frequent trips to the pool, to prove that his gym squad membership Plebe year was all a mistake. The remainder of his energy goes to his ever-growing correspondence. His ability to interest women who can really cook makes him a highly desirable friend.



Soccer 3, 2, 1, ANF; Battalion Boxing 4, 3; Battalion Tennis 3, 2, 1; C.P.O.

Baseball 4, Battalion 3; Battalion Tennis 1; Indoor Rifle 4; Company Rifle 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



WILLIAM DOUGHTY BONVILLIAN
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Bill" "Bon" "Bonny" "Red"

THE summer of 1935 brought to the Academy a successor to Mahan in strategy and tactics, for it was only ability in these subjects that saved "Bon" from sinking under academic fire early in Youngster year. Living most of his life in Washington, Bill had the edge on most of us in his knowledge of the Service, a possible reason for his ardent Pro-Navy spirit. When the Youngster Cruise became too much for him, "Bon" wisely developed appendicitis and made a thorough study of Swedish nurses in a Stockholm hospital. For him the rest of the cruise was just like the movies—a deck chair with bouillon at ten. A lad with a sharp sense of right and wrong, "Bon" has started slowly but positively toward success.

JOHN VOORHEES CAMERON

RENO, NEVADA

"Ajax"

WHEN Jack arrived from the "Biggest Little City in the World" Reno, Nevada, he was in a state of blissful ignorance. Like everything else he does, "Ajax" entered the Academy on a happy-go-lucky impulse. But once here, he plunged with zest into the constant battle with Academics. Youngster February found Nevada's pride sat with two 2.5's. John always saved time for his first love, basketball, so he could indulge in his second love, "chow" on the training table. As a snake his potentiality is shown by the gallery on his desk. As a roommate he has been all that could be desired. He is heading for aviation, and if he keeps up his present standards Jack will soon be flying for the U. S. Navy.



THEODORE CHARLES SIEGMUND

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

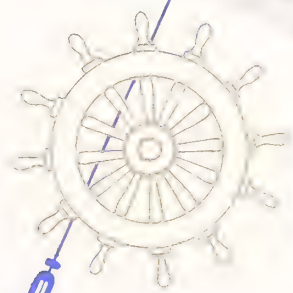
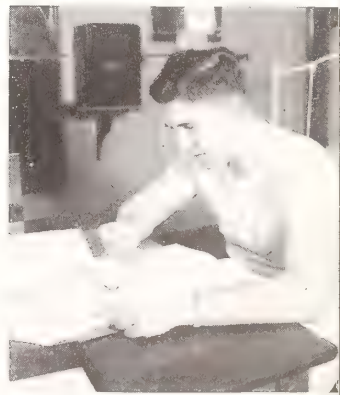
"Ted"

"Al"

TED entered the Academy with "Hail, Hail to Old Purdue" still on his lips, a college boy at heart. This pride of the Windy City has had only one real struggle, trying to escape the nickname of "Al Capone." Athletically Ted is versatile, if not outstanding. Formerly a swimmer, he became a plebe crewman and then changed his efforts to soccer. Newspaper work in college interested T. C. in writing and he has been a four-year man on the Log. Ted has a more than average interest in professional topics and is well informed on all branches of the service. As soon as he can add a column of figures three times without getting three different answers, he will be started on a successful career.

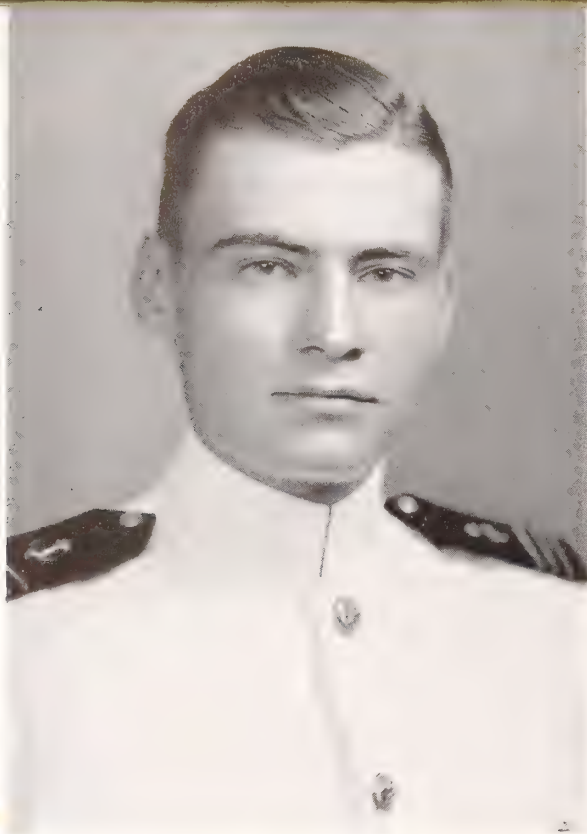


Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, N.A.;
Battalion Baseball 4, 3; Battalion
Tennis 2, 1; Log 2, 1,
1 P.O.



Crew 4, Battalion 3; Soccer 4, Battalion 3, 2, 1; Log 4, 3, 2, Editor-in-Chief 1; 1 Stripe.





JOHN CREIG LAWRENCE
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

"Larry"

"Pinky"

"Toots"

THIS level-headed grey-eyed chap from way out where even the West ends, is one of our outstanding business-minded boys. The tycoons of finance have nothing to fear, however, as the Navy has now claimed him. One can always find Larry busy with the advertising end of our publications or working out in one of the numerous battalion sports in which he participates. As he is known to all of his classmates as a good friend, we all hope that some day he will be our shipmate. One of the hopes that he cherishes is to get into the aviation branch of our profession; another is a certain lovely girl. May we wish that he attains both and enjoys a most successful career.



Track 4; Battalion Soccer 3;
Battalion Baseball 3; Log 4,
3, Advertising Manager 2,
Business Manager 1; Lucky
Bag Advertising Manager; 1
Stripe.

Battalion Soccer 3; Boat Club 3, 2;
Language Club 2, 1; Radio Club
2, 1; 1 P.O.



ROBERT HAYES SMITH
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Bob"

"Beagle"

"Smuffy"

BOB came to the Academy imbued with profound knowledge of military tactics, which has since been converted into naval strategy. A voracious reader, he devours everything printed—except text-books. Despite a few minor skirmishes with academics, he has taken everything else in stride. He has tried many sports, but has been most successful with the black spot on the target and with a tennis racket. Possession of sound judgment, clever wit, and a winning smile has made him a 4.0 roommate. As to a heart interest, we merely speculate on the future Mrs. Smith; this Casanova has that appeal which is irresistible to the fairer sex—yet bachelorhood reigns supreme. With such an excellent friend and roommate we hope to part only temporarily.

ROBERT WILLIAM CONRAD
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

"Conradito"

"Bob"

WHEN you see a roguish smile, a pair of twinkling eyes, a crop of chestnut hair [that enchants feminine fingers] coming toward you—that's Conradito. Despite his newly acquired affinity for Spanish, Bob is still a sea rover at heart—for plebe summer was scarcely underway before his Viking blood inspired him to make a cruise upon the Severn. He has since shown a keen interest in firearms and when not engaged with Miss Springfield, he willingly demonstrates his prowess at tennis. Chess has proved a baffling enigma to him but he is, nevertheless, stiff competition for most amateurs. Conrado is one of those unique few who possesses a creditable batting average with exec pitchers. We feel sure that his score in the fleet will consist of plenty of hits and runs—and no errors.



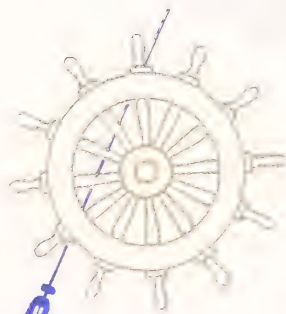
HÉCTOR MANUEL DÁVILA
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

"Caballero"

HOW beautiful are thy feet with shoes" has been the common reply to Pancho's proud statement that he hails from Puerto Rico. But it did not need four years for him to teach us that San Juan is quite as cosmopolitan as New York City, and that Spanish Americans are not natives in the narrow sense of the word. A desire for the learning rather than for the velvet; a caustic sense of humor; a surprising capacity for romance; and an ardent love for the tropics generally expressed as: "¡Que viva Borinquen bella y al diablo el que se oponga!" — all these, together with an appalling basso profundo voice, have gone to make up a likeable roommate and a fine friend.

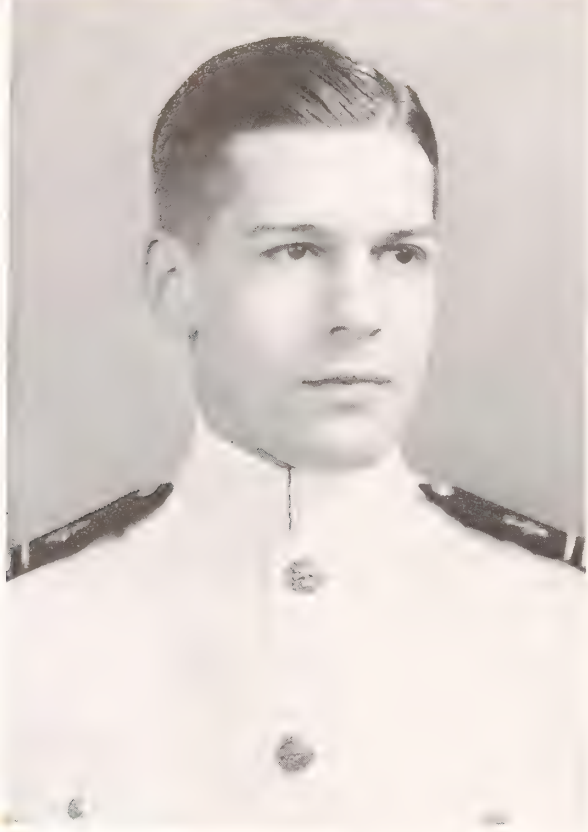


Football 4; Battalion Tennis 3, 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 1; Company Rifle 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



Boxing 3, 2, 1; Language Club; 1 P.O.





CHESTER FRANK PINKERTON

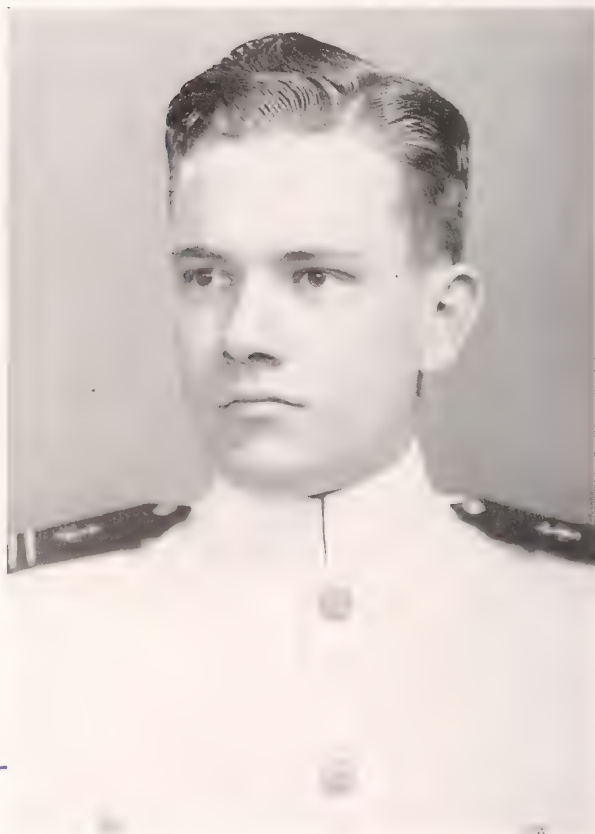
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

"Pinky"

ALWAYS ready to argue on anything if he can do the talking, Snuffy left the University of Wisconsin to give the Navy a break. While continually worried over weekly trees, he never has had difficulty in straightening out whatever the departments gave him. He disclaims all pretense of recognizing the fairer sex, but when occasion arises, no drag seems ever to have found him wanting. A natural yen for pinochle and cribbage coupled to a flair for good drawing makes him a good entertainer. With a pleasing personality that makes friends easily, he is a swell classmate. Snuffy's ability and character will earn him a good reception and certain promotion in this Navy of ours. To this end we wish him all the luck in the world.



Battalion Football 3, 2, 1; Lacrosse 2; Trident 4; Reception Committee 2, 1; Hop Committee 1; Star 4; 2 Stripes.



Company Rifle 4, 3; Company Pistol 2; Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Juice Gang 4, 3; M.P.O.



ROBERT JOHN SLAGLE

JONESBORO, ARKANSAS

"Sledgehead"

"Slug"

"Skagly"

ARKANSAS gave Hollywood Bob Burns and the Naval Academy "Slug"; the best man that ever worked on a second classman's radio or at a high power transmitter. Bobby was never worried about academics—usually spends his study hours writing the gentler sex. His morning mail is generally plentiful with nice pink envelopes addressed in white ink. Slug takes his athletics with a sigh, preferring the radio club work, but every week one can find him in the gym playing a mean game of handball. As a roommate Slug is one of the best. His wry sense of humor, combined with his good nature, make him a fine friend. As for the future, he aims for Pensacola, his wings, and a wife; we predict that he will get all three.

HERBERT EDISON BENHAM
FLAT RIVER, MISSOURI

"Herb" "Van" "Killer"

HE may have been born far inland, but this tall, good-looking Missourian is going far in our Navy. Quiet, unobtrusive, with good tastes and excellent manners, Herb Benham makes a fine prospective officer. He is a varsity boxer, and no mean physical specimen. But let it not be said that he is all brawn and no brain, for he reads avidly such authors as Dostoyevsky and Spinoza, writes poetry in off moments, and spends much of his extra-curricular time helping to guide the destiny of the *Log* from his position on the staff. He enjoys intellectual conversation and may be more easily interested in a philosophical argument than a chat about the latest news in the social world. This well-balanced combination of mental, physical, and social prowess speaks highly for Van's future career in the Navy.



JOHN HOWARD
MILLINGTON

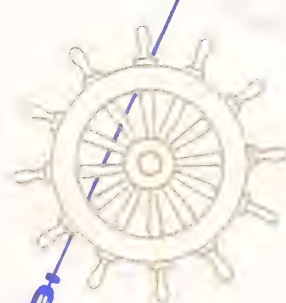
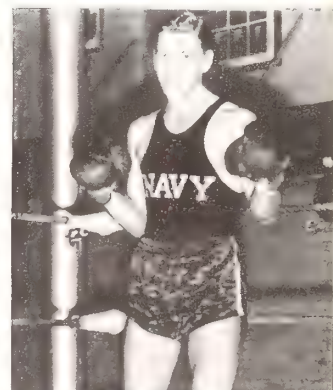
BURLINGTON, VERMONT

"Jack" "Bottle" "Yum-Yum"

FROM a sleepy town in New England comes Jack to enrich the memories that our class will have when gazing in retrospect upon life at the Academy. To us he has been an easy-going, congenial classmate, admirably suited for life at the Academy. He has kept himself well occupied in sports, swinging a mean racquet, oar, sabre, and line, and at other extra-curricular activities. Besides being in the Hellcats, "Bottle" has lead a blameless life. His only fault lies in his constant prattle about Vermont mountain skiing and swimming. We hope that the Fleet will welcome a most suitable young officer, so we take leave of our friend and companion of our Academy days, wishing him all success in our chosen profession.



Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1; Track 4;
Log 4, 3, 2, 1; Language 2, 1;
Battalion C.P.O.



Crew 3, Battalion 2, 1, 1939;
Fencing 4, 3, 1, F39T; Log 1; 1
P.O.



HAROLD NORMAN EGGER
ROUND ROCK, TEXAS

'Eggie'

"Ham"

HAILING from the Lone Star State, Eggie, as he is known to his classmates, always has been respected for his conviviality and level-headedness. Entering the Academy after a year at Texas University, he quickly became adapted to his new environs and was regarded as one of "the boys." His extra-curricular activities lay mostly in the fields of track, cross-country, talking "Dago," and an occasional card game. Though coming from the sandy plains and mesquite bushes, Eggie has an ardent interest in the water and sailing. His culinary tastes lean toward tortillas but he still enjoys peanut butter crackers as well as his after dinner cup of java. Good natured, smiling, drolly humorous, Eggie is an all around good fellow.



Cross Country 4, Battalion 3, 2, 1; Battalion Track 3, 2, 1; Language Club 2, 1; G.P.O.

150 lb. Crew 4; Battalion Crew 3, 2, 1; Masqueraders 2, 1; 1 P.O.



EUGENE VOLNEY KNOX
CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Gene"

"Duke"

'TIS he the Duke, one of the best sons of Ohio. With a locker full of "chow," a pack full of "skags" and an ardent forensic ability. Gene has been an ideal roommate. He has nosed out the academic departments so long that they have finally given up. A hard thinker, a practical savoir, a Masquerader of no mean ability, and a "Cosmo cowboy," that's Duke. He seldom misses a hop, and has been a boon to the genus crab. When the Spring rolls around Gene can be seen working out in one of the many shells on the river. His secret ambition is to sail around the world in a small boat. May he have the very best of luck in the world.

GEORGE EDWARD LAWRENCE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Friar"

"Gramp"

BACK in July '35 George celebrated a birthday by entering the Academy and fulfilling an ambition of several years. Though full of memories of swell days at Height's High, he soon entered into the swing of things in the Navy Line. Yet these memories have been strong enough to send him hurrying back to Cleveland on leaves, to rejoin old friends—or perhaps just Her. Classes come and go but bring little trouble to George, student that he is. More than sufficient time is reserved for shooting the breeze, or playing bridge—his favorite pastimes. His outdoor activities show interest in sports, while his book shelf indicates appreciation of literature. Our acquaintance with George has shown him to be a jovial companion and a mighty fine friend.

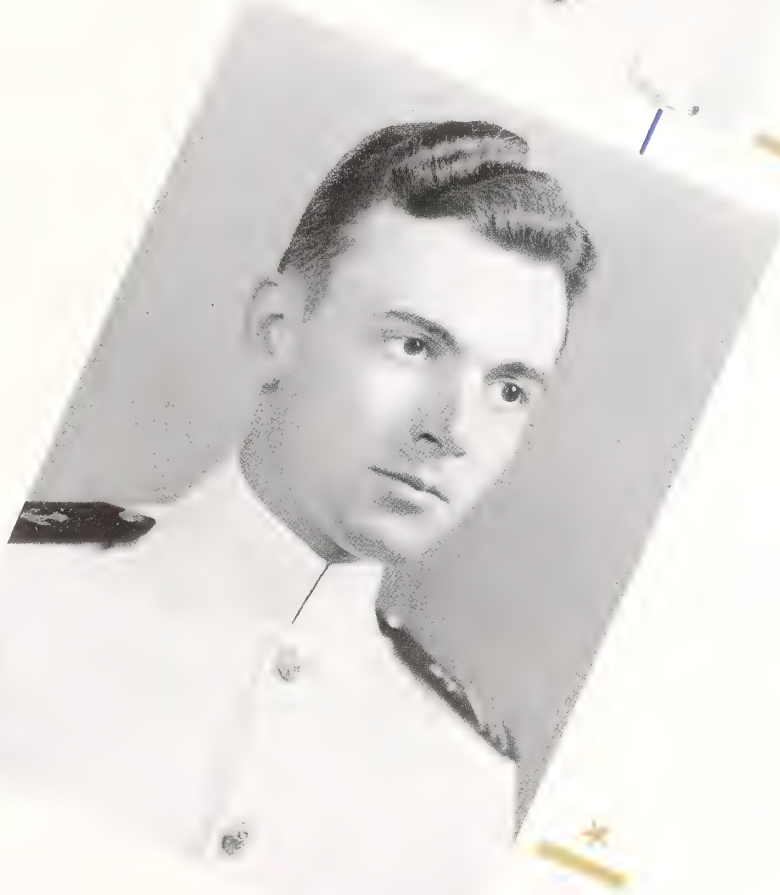


RICHARD THOMAS PRATT

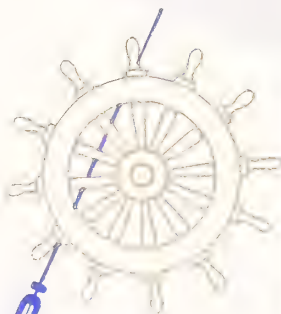
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Dick"

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, carefree Dick, the Hottest in Szegramia of "Her Highness Regrets," Kitty of "Let Us Be Gay," and Log artist extraordinary. Also an athlete. As golf manager he goes out and plays "just for fun," so he says. In the winter he works out in the gym and manages to hold his own with the battalion boxers. A savoir if he tries, he philosophizes, "fail today, a 4.0 tomorrow." Even the intricacies of a confidential locker do not daunt this zealous lad when it comes to tracking down "chow." His greatest joys are a big box from his "one and only" and his daily letter. His pet hate is licking postage stamps that won't stick. He claims he has no ambition, but we all like him.



Crew 4, 3; Football 4; Battalion 3; Boxing 2, 1; Language Club 1; 1 Stripe.



Manager Golf 1; Log 4, 3, 2, 1; President Art Club; Glee Club; Masqueraders 3; Ring Committee; Star 4; 2 Stripes.





IRA SOBISCA HARDMAN

WESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

"Ira"

"Petunia"

EVER since the beginning of our academic career back in September '35 Ira's by-word has been: "Aw nuts, I'm tired of studying." Ira is like that. Nothing worries him. He seldom misses a hop and has never missed a liberty. No matter where he goes or what he does he always manages to have a good time. It is characteristic then that he always drags when there is something to do—and sometimes when there isn't—attesting to the fact that the fairer ones must find his company pleasant. Although not distinguished in athletics Ira has successfully participated in intramural sports, playing football, basketball, and baseball. Possessing a keen sense of sportsmanship and integrity, his warm congenial friendship has made him a swell roommate and a true pal.



Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Baseball 4; 1 P.O.



DONALD JAMES HARDY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

"Don"

"D.T."



Gym 4, 3, 2, 1, GNAT; Battalion Baseball 4; M.P.O.

FROM way out in Minnesota comes not a Swede but a good-natured Irishman. A most prominent non-Irish characteristic, however, is his lack of a quick temper. Possessing an outstanding power of reasoning he has taken academics, as well as many other things, with mild indifference. Although having an aptitude for all sports he has specialized in the "body beautiful" sport, gymnastics. Subjecting his system to an extreme proving, he accepts even the fair sex with his usual carefree attitude. It is not strange then, that he has enjoyed himself in all circumstances, even to a slight stay on the Reina. To summarize, he lives by the philosophy "do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

GEORGE THORNHILL McDANIEL, JR.
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

"Daffy" "Mac" "Sloppy"

FOUR years ago the Academy was introduced to a train of chatter that has since been running continuously. That unstemmed flow has become familiar to most, has endeared itself to many, and has put fresh life into all. Its source? -McDaniel the best of mixers, easy-going, affable, pleasantly mischievous -and a gentleman. Mac plays a hard game of football, basketball, or tennis, swims, dives, and some day may learn to drive. Neither to smoking nor "de debbil" drink does he succumb, but we must admit that George has his vices. These failings include: loudly lamenting, while underestimating, his grades, and falling in love on the slightest provocation. However, we predict that no matter where Mac's career takes him, he will leave scores of friends in his wake.



JOHN RICHARD
ZULLINGER
CHAMBERSBURG,
PENNSYLVANIA

"Wedge" "Dick" "Zully"

WE'LL always remember Wedge as the stormy petrel who wrestled heavyweight for the First Company plebe summer—and lost. Also against odds, he had a titanic struggle with Steam plebe year. After the inevitable result, he came back the next year with a bang, and has been going ever since. Wedge is not strictly a redmike, but his adventures in romance are few. It wasn't until second-class year that the little boy with the arrows laid him low. People come, and people go, but Wedge should go on forever. Who else could fashion such classics as: "Vasco da Gama sailed around from India and discovered England"; and that immortal question: "What's the name of that ocean between Europe and Asia?" It can't happen here? It did!

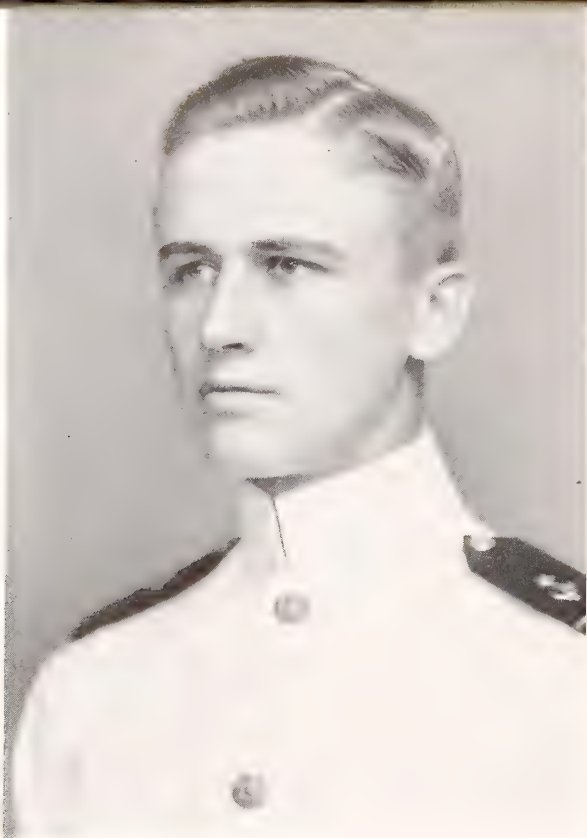


Football 4, Battalion 3, B Squad 2, Uarsity 1, N.A., Basketball 1, Battalion Basketball 3, 2; Battalion Tennis 3, 2; G.P.O.



M P O





EDWARD ACKERMAN

CINCINNATI, OHIO

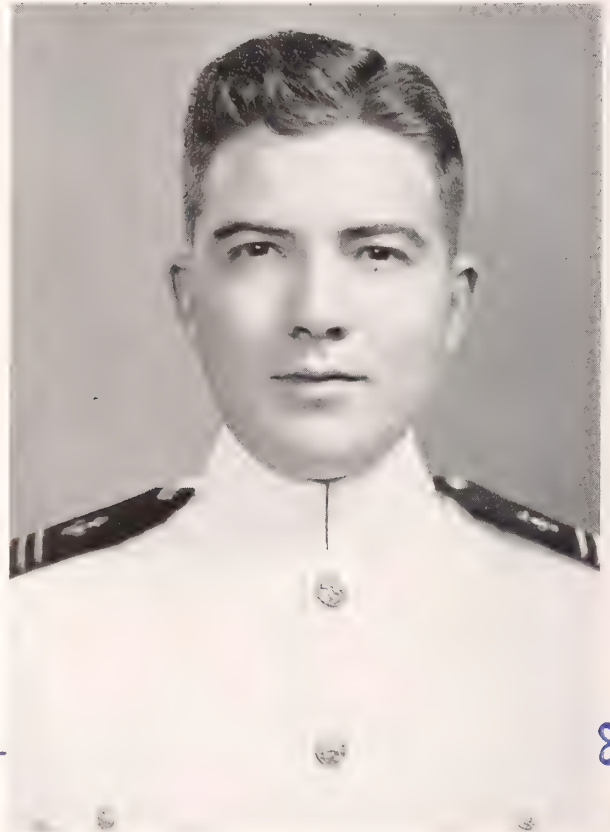
"Gus"

A CINCINNATI "Deutscher" who went Navy after having had a taste of the Army—in a Three C camp. Claims he needed the vitamin D. Greatest accomplishment is spoiling good stories by staring at the teller with a frozen face and demanding, "Well, go on," after he has finished. Methodical temperament—scratches off the days on his desk calendar. Number one man in his batt—alphabetically. Thinks life is unfair because he is always section leader, but consoles himself with being first in the pay line. Hobbies limited to boats, tennis, some bowling and regular "body beautiful" workouts. Wants to learn to play the oboe. Thinks looks unimportant in women, drags anything from a 3.6 to a 4.0. Adheres to the unvarying rule, "All dames is drifty."



2 Stripes

Gym 4, 3; Language Club 2, 1; Radio Club; Boat Club; 1 Stripe.



WILFRID EDWARD LESSING

ABILENE, TEXAS

"Lcs"

HE now admits he's a Midshipman but long before entrance into the Naval Academy he was permanently a son of Texas. A year at Hardin-Simmons University fixed Will up for studies—enough to get along and leave time for such things as workouts, free weekends for ketch trips and dragging. The Crocodile has never had a better cook. Besides possessing this unusual culinary ability, Will is adept at playing [?] the harmonica and telling droll Texas tales, which are now and then interspersed with salty seagoing yarns. A-1 sandblower and proud of it, he likes to tell first platoon men that "the higher you are the more likely you are to get hurt when you fall—or bump your gonk on a low overhead."

CHARLES DANCY
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

"Corky" "Slug" "Dany" "Allen"

THIS "stout fella," strictly a Southerner in all but appearance, actions and speech, has made a perfect roommate. While quiet and steady, he is an all-around good fellow, who loves to enjoy life to its fullest, laughing at his losses and smiling at his gains. Charley plays hard and works harder. The day without a stiff workout he counts as wasted. Never claiming to slash, he is always "sat," and while disdaining to snake, always drags forties. Though congenial and charming to all, he is a sound thinker who rarely gives idle or unsubstantiated opinions. Charley has been more than friend, for from him one can always obtain help, be it advice, money, or a solution to a Steam problem. His shipmates may count themselves lucky.

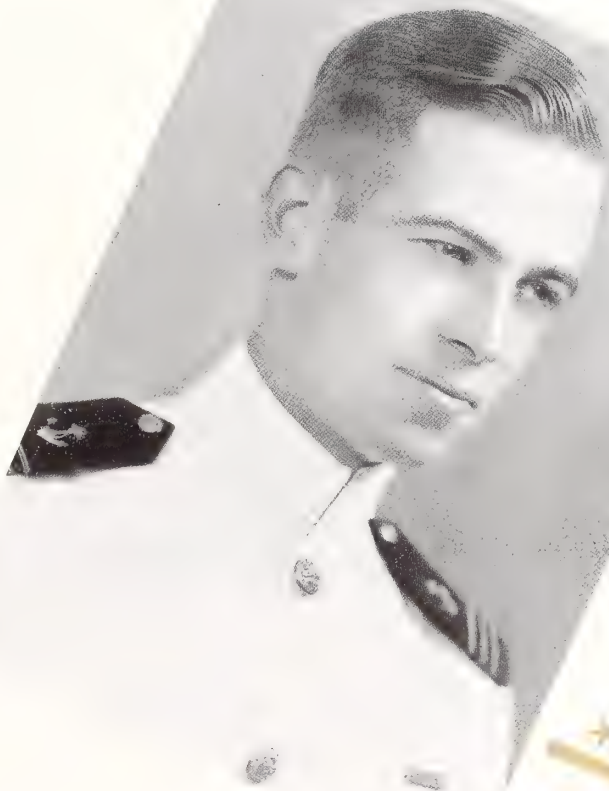


NORMAN STANFORD
SHORT

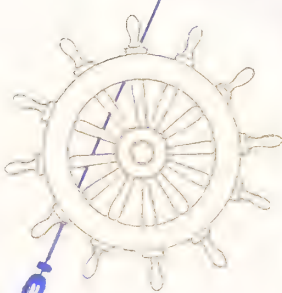
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Shorty" "Butch" "Norm"
"Snake"

HERE'S a man the Navy will be proud to have as an officer. He can assimilate more from a text book in fifteen minutes than the average midshipman can in an hour. Result—occasional stars on his full-dress blouse. But beyond being theoretical, Shorty is practical and can always offer a logical and worthy answer on any subject. Very tall and with an Esquire build, he has a flair for cit clothes. Because of this and other less definite virtues his correspondence increases enormously after every leave. He has a masculine charm, dances a la Nijinsky, and treats his femmes rough—claims they like it. His characteristic pose is tilted far back in a chair blowing countless smoke rings at the ceiling with an air of nonchalance. He's a Quaker State Yankee. But you can't be perfect



Battalion Basketball 3, 2, 1,
Battalion Track 2, 1; Battalion Cross Country 1; Christmas Card Committee; 2 Stripes.



Wrestling 4; Company Rifle 3, 2;
Star 4, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.





RUSSELL CLARK DELL
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Rud" "Bot" "Boxcar" "Russ"

RUSS enjoys life, there being nothing of nervousness or hurry about him. He lives to get around and meet new personalities. He has an easy going manner, yet possesses the ability to produce results when necessity beckons. Golf, Russ upholds as the greatest outdoor game, and he excels at it. He finds boxing, football and basketball also to his liking. Intensely interested, as he is, in the nation's financial and economic conditions, it is a safe bet to say that Russ would make his way in the business world if the Navy doesn't accept his talents. Always maintaining that "there's a solution for every problem" he often causes annoyed shifting of feet as he screams, "Hand me my 'slipstick'!"

Football 4; Golf 3, 2, 1, 1
P.O.



Gym 4; Battalion Soccer 1; Track
4, 3, 2, 1; TNAT, Radio Club 4,
1 P.O.



ELMAR STEBBINS WARING, JR.
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Tuggle" "Din"

BORN in Massachusetts but a staunch defender of a rebel state—South Carolina—our chum Elmar came to the Academy to find out what made the battleships go. Though by no means a savoir he stands easily in the top half of his class. Gets a 4.0 one day and a 2.0 the next. Sometimes he's smiling, sometimes he doesn't bother. The gals—he just can't figure them out. When the situation requires it he can be the most magnanimous fellow around. An "N star" in track is the height of his ambition. Says the reason he likes to pole vault is the thrill he gets flying through the air. Maybe Darwin was right after all. "Give me time; I'll learn how it's done—then I'll show you fellows."

GORDON DONALD GAYLE
DALLAS, TEXAS

"Teacooky"

"THE eyes of Texas are upon you!" With this song he started his naval career, and he has never let pass an opportunity to laud the merits of that expanse of sage brush and oil known as Texas. True, his vocalizing was, is, and always will be, nothing to bring credit to the home state. But "Horrid's" song, sung in any but the wrong way, would sound far, far, off key. Studies are the least of his worries. His pleasant personality wins him many friends. A typical example of "Ain't love grand," he has a way with the women equaled by few of his classmates. That he's a good roommate and a fine friend are but a few of the reasons why Gordon has few worries ahead of him.



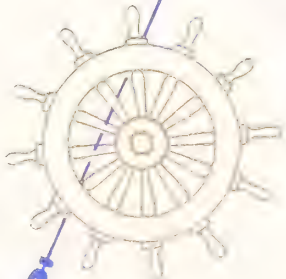
FRED WARREN KITTLER
MARINE CITY, MICHIGAN

"Fred" "Kit"

FRED is one of those modest, unassuming lads who does a lot of thinking and little talking. Perhaps his most outstanding characteristic is tenacity. When he was only a youngster, he earned a place on the varsity crew. His general outlook on life is fairly serious, but his wit is always ready to make the most of a humorous situation. Endowed with a pleasant personality and a capacity for making friends, he should have a fine career. Among his hobbies are popular music, pretty girls, and civilian clothes. Well liked and admired by his classmates, Fred is a typical member of the Class of '39 and a fellow not likely to be forgotten in future years when the class spreads with the four winds of the service.



Battalion Crew 3, 2; Uamarie Crew, Reception Committee 3 2, 1; Quarterdeck Society 2; Log 2; Reef Points 2; House Committee 1; Radio Club; Boat Club; Star 4; 2 Stripes.



Crew 4, 3, 2, Captain 1; Boat Club 1; 2 Stripes.





CHARLES RICHARDSON CHANDLER
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Chas"

"Sparky"

"Leetle Feesh"

CHARLIE hails from Washington, D. C. He—the son of a Navy man—fulfilled his life's ambition when he entered the Naval Academy. In spite of his small size, he has made a name for himself in wrestling, lacrosse, and soccer—having won his "N" in the first named. Charlie is one of the naturally "savvy" type, standing near the head of his class without the necessity of constant boning. In addition he is always willing to help out some less fortunate classmate. Charlie—full of pep, cheerful, and considerate—has proved himself "tops." His one great trouble since entering the Academy has been centered around the "juice" lab. It seems that he has a facility for the creation of short circuits—and has learned that sometimes they burn.



Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1, WNT;
Lacrosse 4, Battalion 2; Soccer 4; 2 Stripes.

150 lb. Crew 4; Battalion Crew 3, 1;
Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Baseball 2; Radio Club
3, 2, 1; Star 4; M.P.O.



ALFRED NELSON GORDON
DE SOTO, KANSAS

"Al"

"Flash"

CONCLUDING that his desire to fly for the Navy was greater than his urge to remain in his beloved Kansas, Al entered the Naval Academy with his usual impulsiveness. But in these four years, his success here points to a steadfastness of purpose behind it all. Naturally athletic, only his decided preference for parlor calisthenics has kept him from being a letter man in his favorite sport—basketball. Although definitely not the studious type, our Kansas Flash is a savour of acknowledged ability, lacking only the cut-throat instinct to span those few numbers to the top of '39. In Al we have the typical happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care man whom all his friends respect and admire—and he hasn't an enemy in the world.

CHESTER MEADE PERRY
KENOVA, WEST VIRGINIA

"Chet"

"Mathere"

NEVER a dull moment! Such is life with Chet. His good nature and ever-present desire to shoot the breeze make him an enjoyable companion. Tell him a story and he'll tell you one better. Just before Youngster Christmas, Math gave Chet a slight scare, but a little studying fixed that. He is admirably easy-going, taking things without becoming aroused. Few and far between are the times Chester lets anything get him down. His main desire in life is to fly. That is what brought him to the Academy. But how or when Chet ever heard of the Navy back in the hills whence he came is a problem. Those who know him can't help liking him and looking forward to being shipmates with him again.



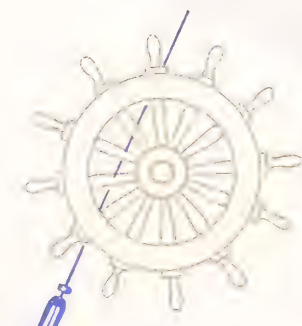
FRANK WILSON VANNOY
MADISONVILLE, KENTUCKY

"Fooley" "Van" "Tommy"

AFTER losing his money for nineteen years "on the ponies," Foo came to the Naval Academy, where his luck with Al Moore's marble machines wasn't much better. He experienced little difficulty however, except for the marble machines. Naturally a savoir, Fooley stands high in his class with apparently no effort. His worries ended when he conquered the sub squad during second class year. Van is an avid reader; new are the Collier's, Americans and Cosmos published during the past four years that he has not read from cover to cover. Amiable, even-tempered, and easy-going, he seldom becomes aroused. A certain way of being restored to Foo's good graces, once having lost them, is to scratch his back. He loves it!



150 lb. Crew 4; Battalion Crew 3, 2; Battalion Wrestling 3, 2; Radio Club 4; Company Representative 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



Cross Country 4; Basketball 4, 3; Golf 3, 2, 1; Star 4, 2; 1 Stripe.





JAMES ROBERT BANKS
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

"Bob"

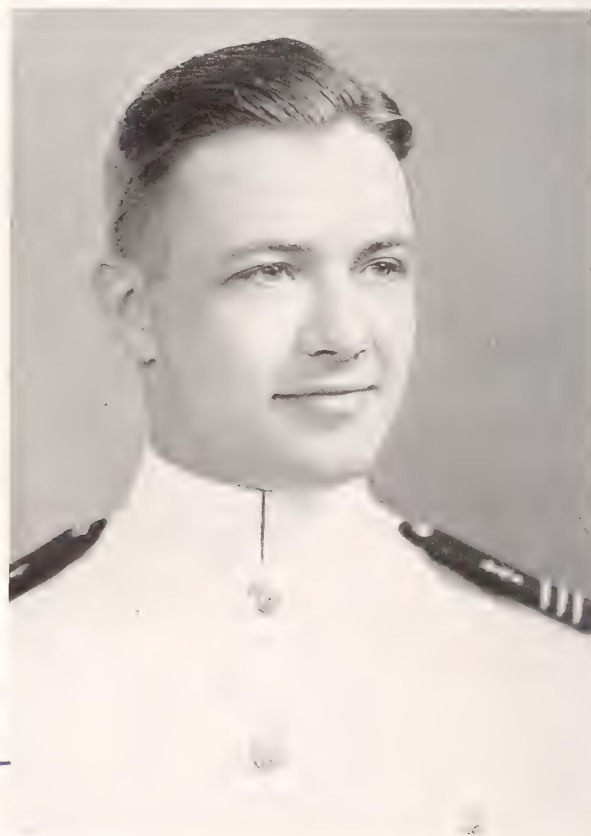
"Jim"

"Bobby"

"YOUNG Lochinvar rode out of the West"; dead astern of him rode Bob, from the sun-baked land of oil and Indians—Oklahoma. Even after discarding his high-heeled boots, he has been easy to identify by his ever present pipe, white smile and thatch of blonde hair. His rough-riding abilities have been diverted to the "Vamarie," and he has become an ardent devotee of sailing. "—I'm a redmike—" is belied by the variety of pictures on his locker door. His hobbies have been wrestling and trying to find for his collection of pipes a spot sanctioned by the executive department. His unfailing good nature, his even temper, and his bent for making friends will make him welcome on any one of our Uncle Samuel's pigboats.



Lacrosse 4; Wrestling 2, 1; Battalion Track 2; Vamarie Crew; Lucky Bag 1; Radio Club; Boat Club; 2 Stripes.



Water Polo 4; Battalion Soccer 3, 2, 1; Company Rifle 4, 3, 2; Company Pistol 4, 3, 2; Manager Baseball 4; Lucky Bag 1; Language Club; Boat Club; Reception Committee 3, 2, 1; Star 4; 1 Stripe.



EDWARD MAX PRICE
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

"Max"

"Eddy"

"Shorty"

WHETHER she did happen to be a forty or not, our pal Maxie from West Virginia retorts on Sunday mornings after a hop "She might not be a forty, but she sho' can dance." His drags are usually quite a bit above the line, though. Academics are fruit to him, and with a cheery smile he's willing to lend a helping hand or two to the fellow who doesn't get this stuff. Instead of boning at night, we find him rooting around in all sorts of peculiar books. Before water polo was discontinued, Maxie used to try to commit suicide, but now he's content with kicking the soccer ball around. He's an all around fellow and a sea daddy to the plebes.

FRED MARSHALL BUSH, JR.
NEW HEBRON, MISSISSIPPI

"Freddie"

FRED came up from Mississippi in the summer of '35 to look the place over, liked it, and stayed. This tall lanky Southerner has led a life of varied interests and pursuits here at the Academy, but even the heavy pressure of the Academic Department has failed to dull his interest in law, politics, drags, and the world in general. As a result Fred has developed a wonderful sense of perspective, the essence of which is good judgment and common sense. Nothing of a really serious nature, either with the Executive or Academic Departments, has affected the unruffled calm which has marked his four year voyage through the Academy. We predict similar weather conditions for the rest of his naval career.

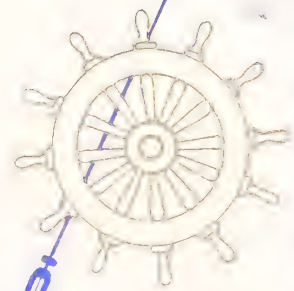
EDWARD FALKA RYE
FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT

"Scotch" "Short Shunt"

HE has never been subdued by the Academic Department, never run afoul of the Executive Department, and never had any disappointing entanglements with the femmes. Briefly, Ed's sojourn by the Severn has in every way been a success. He's a scrapper through and through, and no one has ever doubted his position on any question, whether a matter of class rates or international affairs. In spite of all the work a midshipman is expected to do, Ed usually has a good book around and spends much time reading. This and his ability to think clearly about what he reads make him a conversationalist of enviable ability. His keen sense of humor, vivacious personality, and unquestioned sincerity have won for him the respect and admiration of his associates.



Manager Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Basketball 1; Company Pistol 3; Quarterdeck Society 4, 3, 2, 1; N. A. C. A. Council 1; 3 Stripes.



Boxing 4, 1939; Wrestling 3, 2, 1, 1939; Quarterdeck Society 2, 1; German Club 1; Radio Club 1; 1 P.O.



AUGUSTUS JOHN RUSH
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

"Speed"

ALTHOUGH not a Navy Junior, Jack entered the U. S. N. A. with advance dope, both good and bad, to see that his roommates during plebe summer did not fail to get the word. His inexhaustible supply of jokes and stories have proved entertaining not only to his classmates but to anyone who would lend an ear. Academics held no difficulties for him except for a slight collision with the Math Department youngster year. Speed is a man of energy and moods—likely to skylark playfully one moment and then to work diligently the next. But beneath his changeable exterior lies a determination to forge ahead. So whether it be in the Fleet or in civilian life we can wish him only the best. Bon voyage, Jack.



Masqueraders 2; Advertising Staff Lucky Bag 1; Radio Club 1; M.P.O.



JOHN PHILIP WEINEL
COLUMBIA, ILLINOIS

"J. P."

Buttalion Soccer 3, 2, 1; Advertising Manager Lucky Bag 1; Radio Club; Boat Club; 1 P.O.



"Blackie"

ON the heels of the drought of '35 Blackie shambled into the Academy from "way out thar" in Columbia, Illinois. As a plebe, he used a little of his dry wit to keep the first class guessing, used some more of it just to keep him sat in the pinches, and used the rest on his victims, "the boys." He is a leader of some of the more unique organizations in the Academy, a dilettante of good books, and a heady bridge player. An easy man to like and get along with, Blackie is that rare creature, a man without an enemy. With women he has the charm of indifference, with the "boys" it doesn't make any difference—so we still like him.

JAMES COLLINS BIDWELL

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Chester" "Jim" "Biddy"

CHESTER hails from nowhere and yet everywhere. Being a Navy Junior he has made his home wherever the Navy has a port—and that's quite inclusive. If all Navy Juniors were like him more people would certainly say "More power to them." He came to the Academy directly from high school but this has not prevented his standing near the top of his class. A serious thinker, he knows when and how to study, but when recreation time rolls around he is certain to be outside taking active part in athletics. He puts out no dope unless asked for it. Chester is sure to get ahead in the Navy for he has what it takes—a clear brain, which he knows how to use.

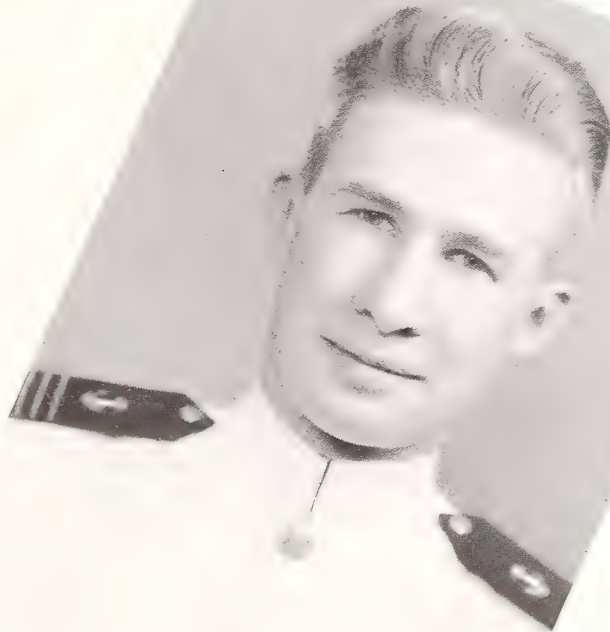


SAXE PERRY GANTZ

PENDLETON, OREGON

"Saxe" "Gus" "Bags"

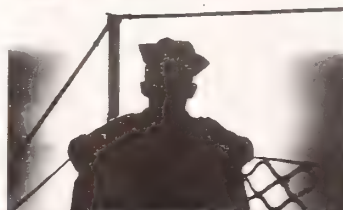
WITH a touch of the spirit that "There's no place like home," Saxe believes Oregon to have the best of everything. That is, everything but the one whose picture he has on the table. Always willing to cooperate, he is one of the first to volunteer for work—always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. As a roommate, his consideration and jovial nature have made it a pleasure to live with him. His sincerity and his desire for nothing but the best are helpful traits in any occupation, but especially so in making the grade in the Navy. Add to this a willingness to assume responsibility, and we wonder if it is necessary to wish him luck in his career.

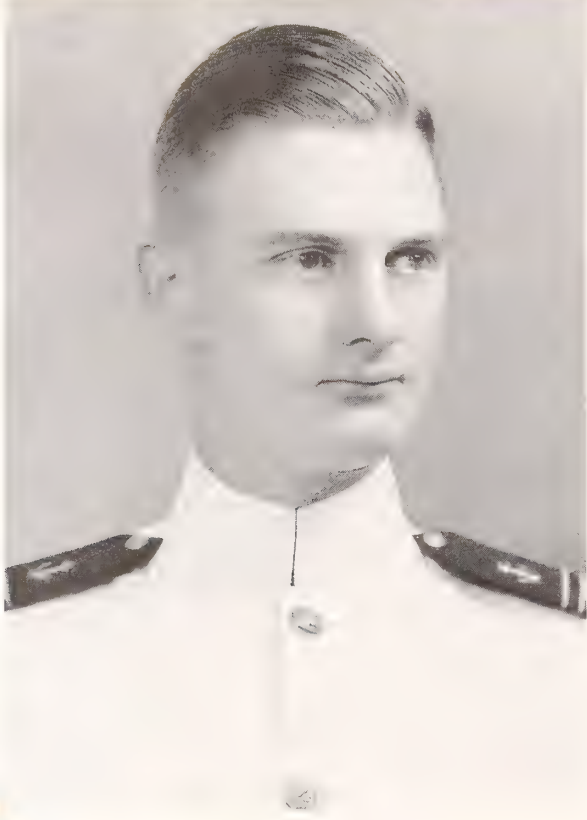


Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1, ANAF;
Battalion Basketball 3, 2;
Boat Club; 2 Stripes.



1 Stripe





JOHN HARRISON CROWE

SAN BENITO, TEXAS

"Jim"

"Good Time"

IT is a far cry from the plains of Texas to Bancroft on the Severn but Jim became easily acclimated. He now rides the waves in the Bay as easily as he did the ranges of Texas on a horse. During youngster cruise he became a camera fan and has developed into a veritable fiend. Any bright morning may find him looking towards the east to see if the sunrise warrants a "snap," and one must be wary lest he be the victim of a chance candid shot. Despite this craze Jim has been an excellent roommate and has shouldered more than his share of work. If his camera doesn't get the best of him, he will become an excellent officer and a credit to the service.



Lacrosse 4, 1939; Water Polo 4, 3; W39P; Battalion Soccer 4 2; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 Stripe.

Resigned.



FRANK LaVERN FULLER

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA

IT was not so long ago that a bright young fellow came out of the West, all the way from Nebraska in fact, to start becoming one of the officers in this Navy of ours. His mind was full of high ideals and his heart strong with the determination to succeed. Although the sledging has been tough at times, he has maintained his worthwhile aims, and he has never flinched in his work. To keep his courage up when a depression comes, he sings. All hands know him for his admirable work with the NA-10 and the Masqueraders and the choir. To his friends he is always cheerful and lends the proverbial helping hand. He is a true friend and a gentleman

HOWARD A. I. SUGG

AT LARGE

"Sy"

SY hails from that great northwest region laugh-
ingly called "God's Country." He developed the
determined chin playing trumpet in various dance orches-
tras, and to this day his beaming and perspiring face may
be seen through the coils of the bass horn in our own
ensemble, the NA Ten. Music hath charms, so they
say, but so far we have been unable to find the charm in
"Oompah, oompah!" But music is not his only accom-
plishment. He can outtalk any Bull Prof that ever en-
tered Maury Hall. He also can be guaranteed to hold
any drag spellbound for at least an hour, and he can
dance with the best of them



WARREN JOHN HOLMES

EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

"Willie"

"Skippy"

IF you are in search of a typ-
ical member of the Class of
'39, Willie is your man. The sea-
like atmosphere of the shores of
Lake Michigan inspired Warren
with the desire for a naval career.
The call of the sea was even so
strong that he made swimming his
big sport. Always ready for a
good time, Willie never misses a
hop or a "rally-round." His
room's study hours always begin
an hour late; Willie enjoys arguing
and never loses—as long as vol-
ume is the deciding factor. Even
the confined life at the Academy
doesn't hold Willie down for he
rates drags from Philadelphia to
Chicago. His years here have
been most successful and we know
that his future will be even more



Resigned.



Resigned.



Fourth Battalion

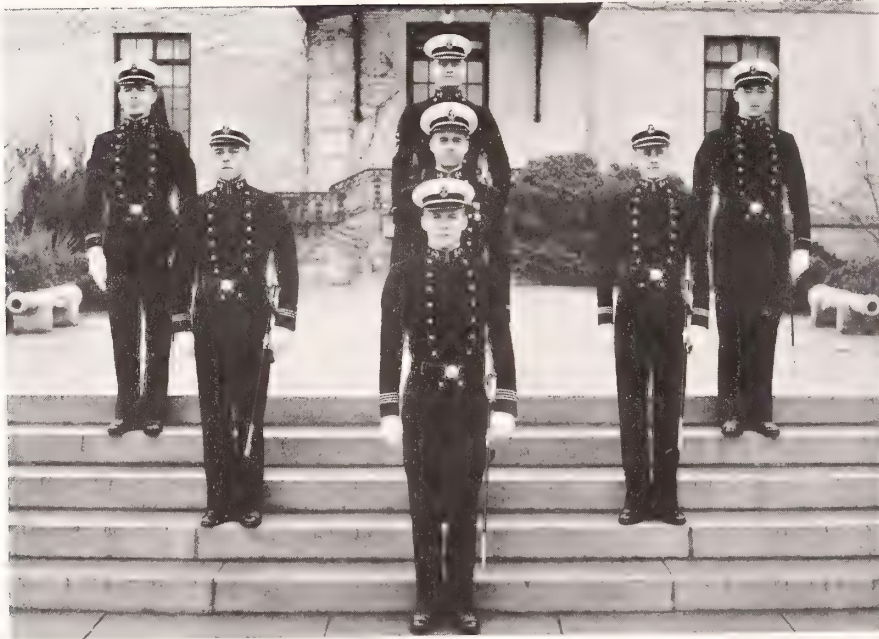


Lieutenant Commander C. E. CONEY

NEAL
McGUINNESS

HINGSON
PAINE
MILLER

JAMES
RODDIS



DAWSON
OLDFIELD
MILLER

ANDERSON
PAINE

GOOLSBY
WEILER

McGUINNESS
WILSON
BORDER





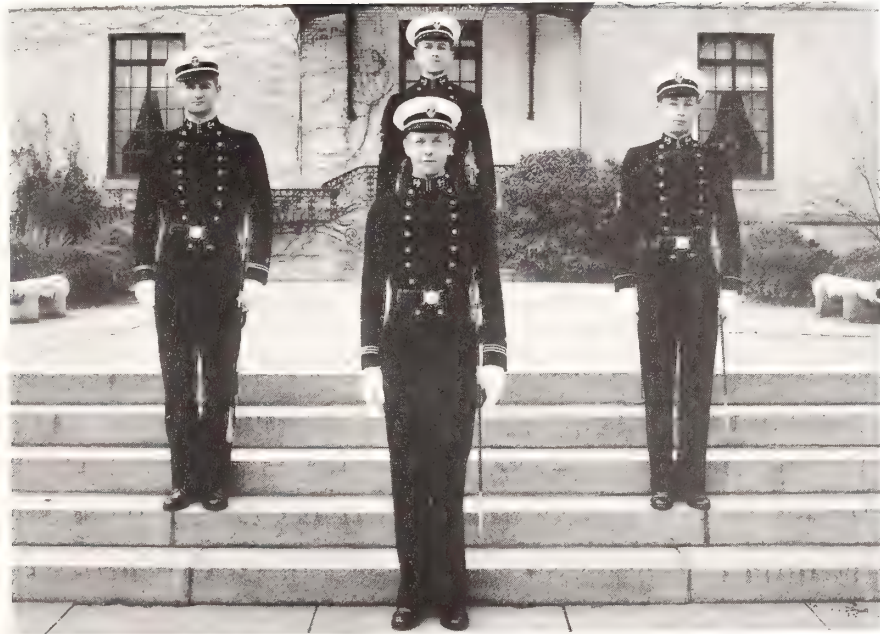
Lieutenant J. W. STRYKER

Tenth Company

LANEY

MAHONEY
JOHNSTON

STARNES



BECKER

HARRISON
LANEY

JAMES

KURZAWA

CAREY
JOHNSTON

SUTHERLAND



Eleventh Company

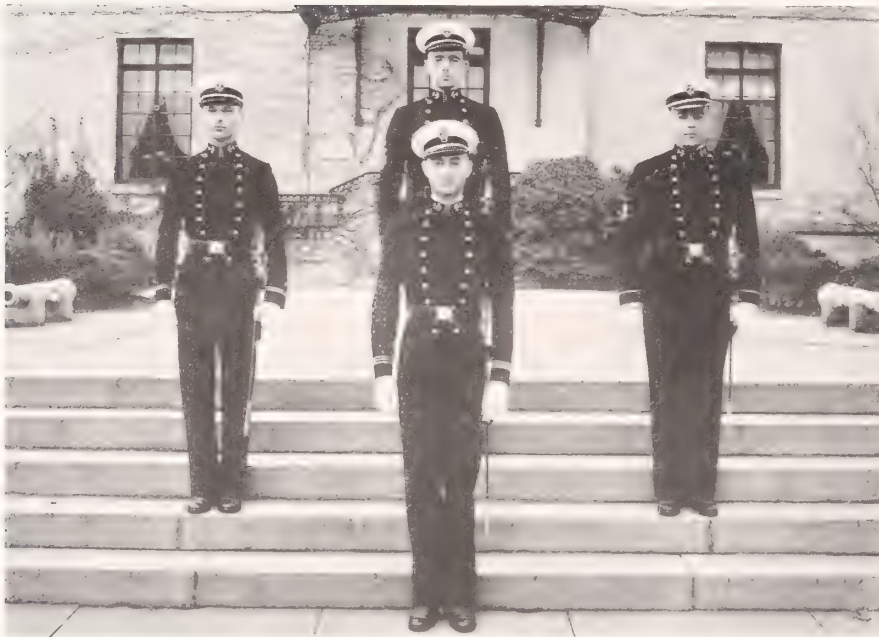


Lieutenant W. J. GALBRAITH

SCHREITER

BILL
PERLEY

DAWSON



MUHLENBERG

BRENT
HART

SHAMER

WELLS

VIEWEG
PERLEY

STAPLER





Lieutenant L. M. MARKHAM, JR.

Twelfth Company

CLARK

GOODRUM
WEILER

RANEY



BALLINGER

GEHMAN
NEAL

MICKA

PERRY

HOGABOOM
CLARK

BEARD





THOMAS JOHN RUDDEN
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

"John Thomas"

"Rud"

HERE'S one fellow who's going a long way. Tom has the happy faculty of seeing the best in everything, particularly people, and his personality has attracted more friends than he can count. His greatest problem lies in the solution of the inconsistencies of the opposite sex. Tom has really been faithful to one, but he never misses an opportunity to drag and his drags are always "Best Drag" candidates. His great ambition has been to pitch a varsity game, but he has spent so much of his time convincing Mr. Orland that he can swim that he hasn't had a chance to prove his ability on the diamond. Then too, extra duty takes up time. Best of luck, Tom, you've been a grand roommate.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Football 3;
Reception Committee 1;
Trident Society 2, 1;
Lucky Bag 1; Star 4;
1 Stripe.



CHARLES DERICK NACE
ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

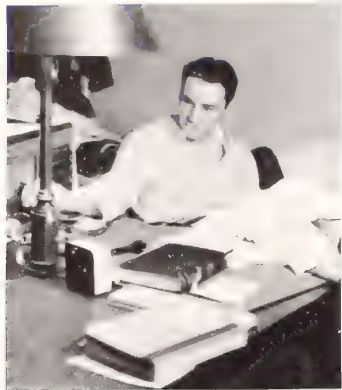
"Chuck"

FIRST of all, Chuck is a "Man's man" and naturally enough it hasn't taken the fair damsels of hereabouts long to find it out. He professes to hate the hops but it's a rare Saturday night indeed when he can't be seen tripping the light fantastic in Dahlgren Hall. Golf is his second love and it is whispered (very softly) that he can swing a mean club. His outstanding fault is that he never gets mad, except when he misses a putt, and that is seldom. Congeniality (those after-taps bull sessions) and thoughtfulness (that made-up bed after a hop) are only two of his many fine traits. As friend, roommate, and classmate Chuck has been the tops—what more need be said?



1 Stripe.



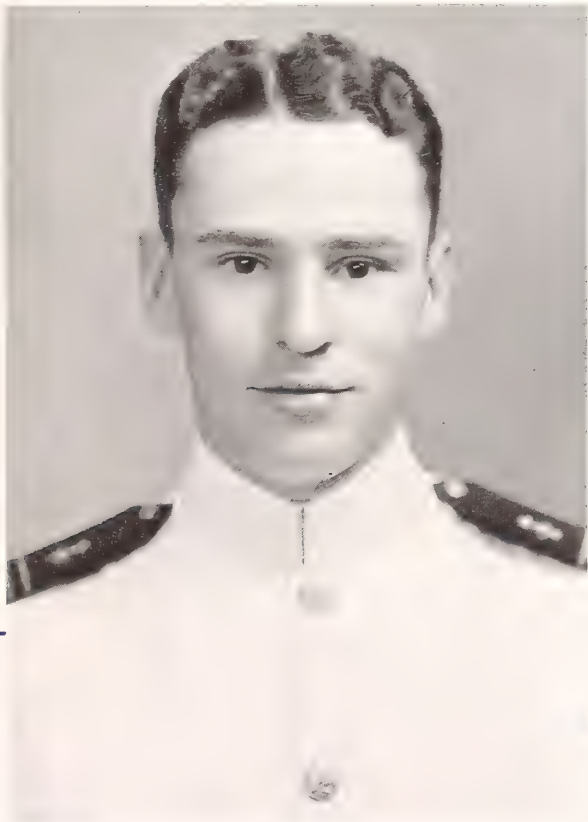


Crew 4; Battalion Lacrosse 3; Reception Committee; 1 P.O.

STEPHEN LOBDELL JOHNSON
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

"Steve" "Strut" "Snake" "Babe"

FROM the banks of the parched Wabash, Steve struggled eastward to be a Naval Cadet. His main topics of conversation were a certain "Girl," and Indiana basketball. Plebe year's high spot was a tumble into the Severn, uniform overcoats. Although Steve failed to get an N-star, five stripes, or passing marks in numerous subjects, his four years were by no means fruitless, because he did manage to learn to make excellent coffee, and to acquire a top hat. He has all the attributes of a good cell-mate, due to his willingness to buy all the magazines, clean up the room, and receive fewer letters than his roommate. The sub, weak, and extra duty squads held no terrors for the Lafayette Laughing Boy, although they did often interfere with his afternoon siestas.



Battalion Football 2;
1 P.O.

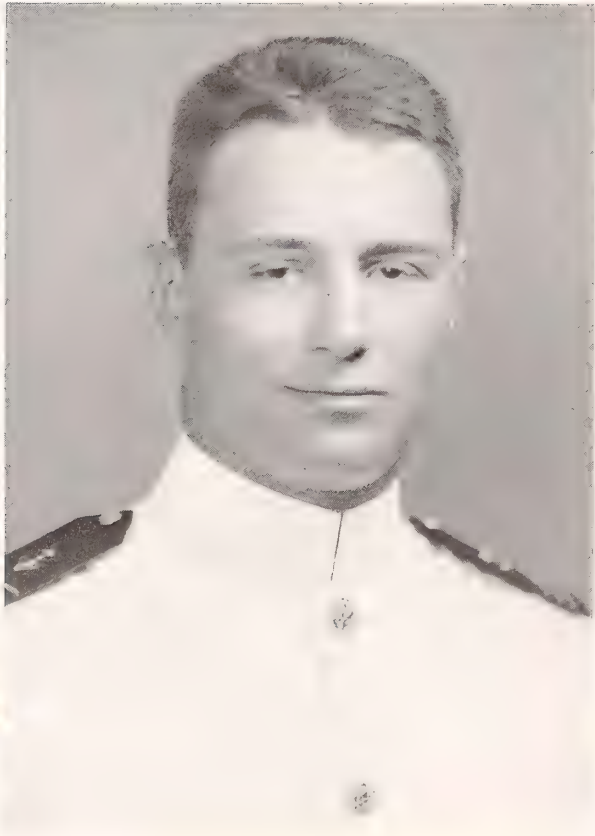
NELSON JOHN ALLEN
DULUTH, MINNESOTA

"Butch"

"Bud"

THE old saying, "Oh, Sugar, but it's cold in Maryland!" has never bothered Butch, for it was in the North Woods of Minnesota on the icy banks of Lake Superior that he first heard Navy's call. Not too serious, not too excitable, not too optimistic, not too gloomy, Butch exemplifies moderation at its best. His energy and ambition are unlimited. These, combined with perseverance and a helping hand for everyone, make him a welcome companion at any time. Usually conversationally inclined, he remains mute when the topic is broached of certain of his escapades during second class summer. Butch has spent too much time sleeping and snaking to be a great athlete, but the sub squad has kept him in trim.





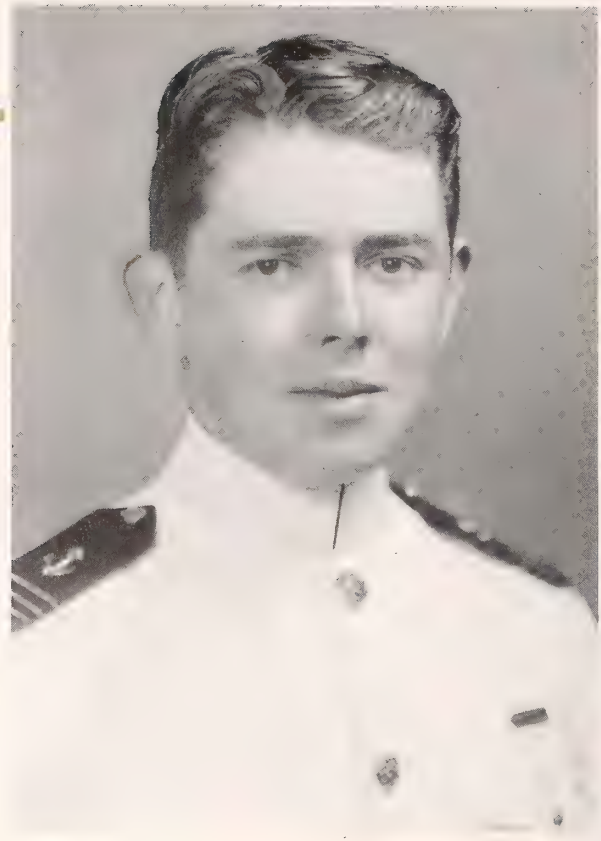
TOM SLAUGHTER SUTHERLAND
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

"Pug"

"Tom"

KANSAS CITY lost a potentially great politician the day that Tom began the long trek eastward to the School on the Severn. His gift of gab and ability to see the humorous side of any and all situations have made him the central figure in many a bull session. Although the practical Scotch blood in Pug never enabled him to appreciate fully the beauty of the French language, he had little trouble weathering the storms brewed by the academic departments. An injury Youngster year kept him from his first love—wrestling—but he devoted his natural athletic ability to any sport that happened to be in season. His good nature and infectious grin have helped smooth out many a bump, and made it a happier four years.

Football 4; Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1; Track 4, 3, 2, 1; G.P.O.



HUBERT THOMAS MURPHY
BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Murph"

"Pat"

MURPH has never gotten over the fact that they forgot to build a hockey rink down here. However . . . "Anybody want to toss the apple around?" Ol' Murph's out on Kelly Field every afternoon heaving passes in the fall and catching a baseball in the spring. The studies have never worried him, and he's always ready to dig out the right answers for his classmates. The love bug bit him September of second class year, and since then he has heard the National Anthem every Saturday night. To wipe that smile off his face, you'll have to call him a black Irishman. Or perhaps just one other way is to use an electric razor when Benny Goodman is on. It's been four happy years, so—"Erin Go Bragh."



Boat Club 4, 3; 1
Stripe.





1 P.O.

DAVID WAYNE WATKINS, JR.
CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Della"

"Watty"

DAVE likes problems: math, women, why-the-radio-won't-work, and so on. Thus he has taken the weeks in stride with the week-ends, aided only by a slide rule. Bull and dago have been his only stumbling blocks, for he could use neither his beloved slip-stick in bull nor his southern drawl in dago. He's never too busy to help a friend with a tough prob. He can swim like a fish but since his younger days at Clemson he has considered training an awful grind. However, he does yield intermittently to the temptation to exercise. Della is non reg at heart but smart enough to realize that crime does not pay. Therefore he confines his non-reg activities to tall girls, tall glasses and tall tales.



Football 4, '39, Wrestling 4, W.N.I., Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1, N*, 1 P.O.

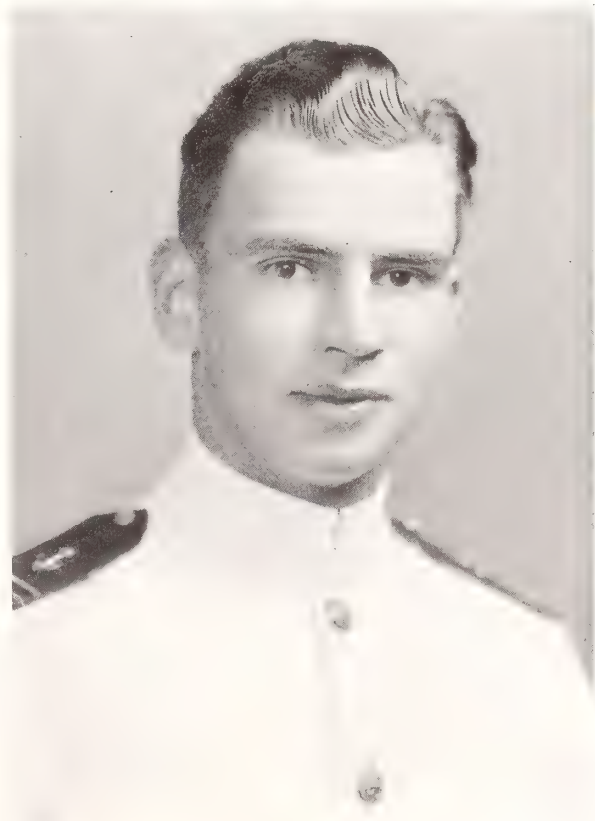
JEROME JOHN BRUCKEL
AVON, NEW YORK

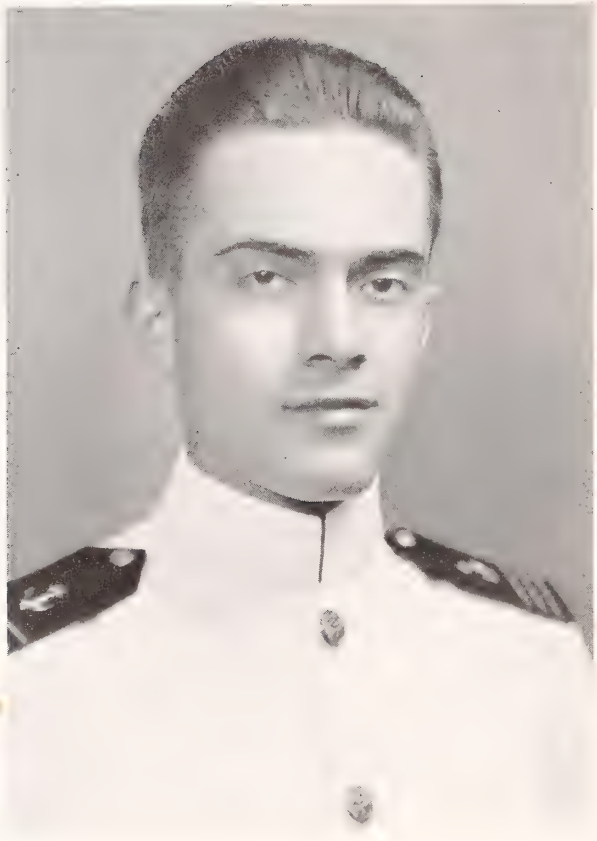
"Jerry"

"Bruck"

"Dic"

A STRETCH, a lazy swing of the arm, a quick flick, and the splat of leather on leather. "Yerrou!" shouts the ump, and another Navy team has been pitched to victory by the husky hurler from Avon, up New York way. His happy disposition and ready witticisms make him the center of almost any gathering. You can tell him by the wave of his dark hair and the brown of his eyes, that is, if you can take your eyes off the lovely creature on his arm. "You'll have to do better, Mr. Bruckel, if you expect to play baseball again next spring." This could be almost any prof speaking; and his advice is always taken, even if it means skipping a few of those fall bunk drills.





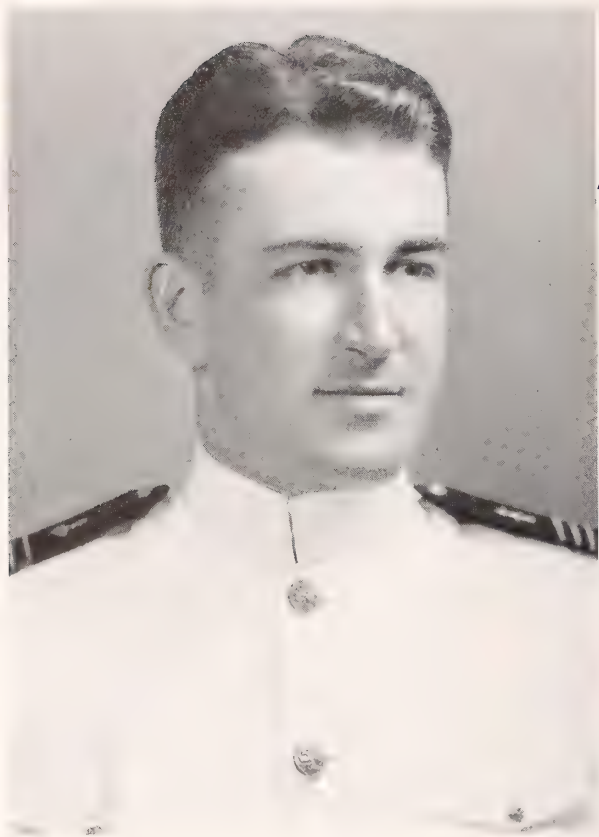
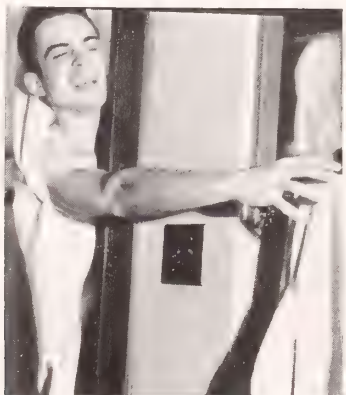
BERNARD JOSEPH GERMERSHAUSEN
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Benny"

"El Greco"

FOR some reason not quite clear, this quiet, slender-built fellow is known as "El Greco." The whys and wherefores of it all are shrouded in the mists of antiquity, otherwise known as Plebe year. Unknown to many, because of his quietness, he has grey matter aplenty. A lover of sports, he was found in soccer, Youngster year, pushing the captain at such a pace that he rated an NA. He tried lacrosse, but lack of experience kept him off the A squad. However, his fleetness of foot has always made him a potential threat, and it is this same speed which he claims is his best defense in boxing. A more enduring quality is his unfailing patience. Conversational piece: "Gee, but this place is pretty in the Spring."

Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1,
ANF; Lacrosse 4, 3,
2; 2 Stripes.

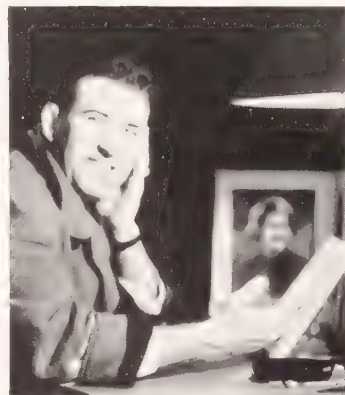


WILLIAM JOSEPH CAREY, JR.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

"Bill"

"Willie"

UNCLE SAM got his money's worth when he selected this two hundred pound son of Erin as a Midshipman. We soon recognized his easy-going, happy-go-lucky nature. He has but two weaknesses, chow, and more chow. He certainly gets his money's worth out of his ration allowance (and that of two or three other fellows). Exam week usually finds Bill burning the midnight oil to keep sat. His tendency to take life easy accounts for his tree-climbing feats. In the department of athletics, "little Willie" has established a more enviable reputation. But his ill-luck with sojourns in the hospital has curtailed his athletics considerably. He played football for two years, but changed to soccer in his last two. An operation prevented him from making the varsity lacrosse team in his Youngster year. But he goes serenely on, in spite of all the Navy does do.



Football 4, 3; Lacrosse
4, 2, 1, N*; Soccer 1,
N; Press Gang 1.
C.P.O.



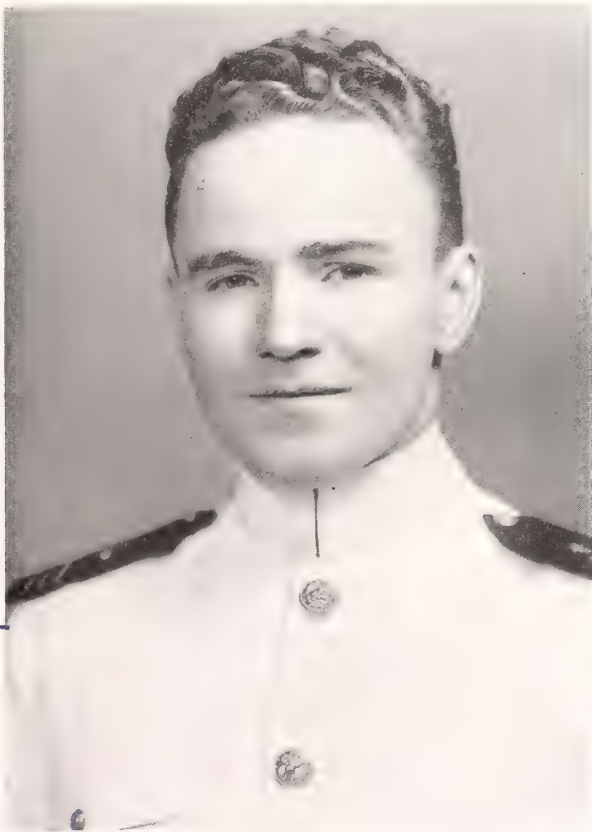


Crew 4; Wrestling 4,
3; Battalion Wrestling
3, 2, 1; Language
Club 2, 1; 1 Stripe.

STEPHEN CHARLES O'ROURKE
BRONX, NEW YORK CITY

"Steve" "Red" "Pat"

A SON of old New York, Steve left his carefree college days behind him to come down to the banks of the Severn to learn the how, why, and wherefore of the Navy, and many times has lamented that "college was never like this." Many afternoons have found him toiling away in the gym at his customary daily workout, but the number of days he has spent in the natatorium he usually keeps a secret. He never misses his after-chow smoke to the accompaniment of music from the radio. He likes swing music and dancing, but he seldom drags. His hobby is clothes, though he of course doesn't have a very good chance to follow his fancies in the sartorial department except while on leave.



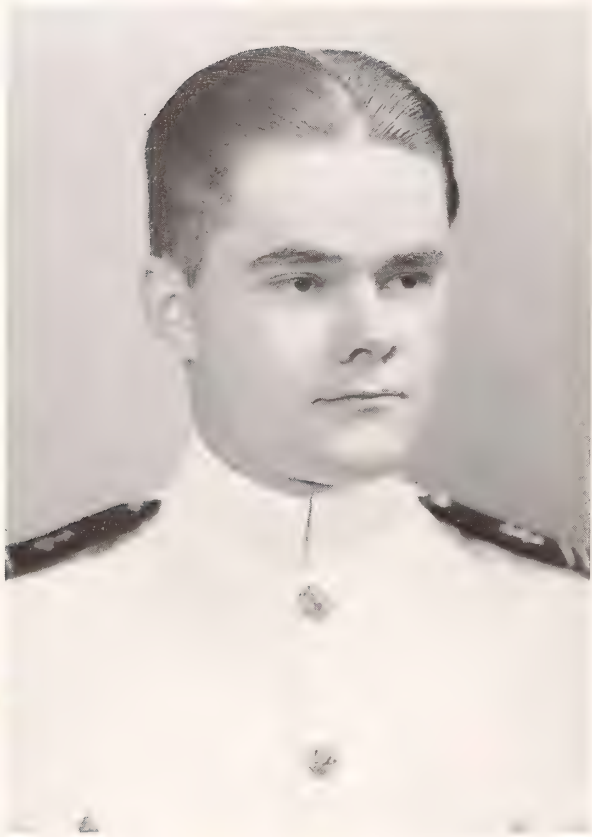
Track 1, 3; Radio
Club 4, 2; French
Club 1; 1 P.O.

MARTINIANEAU FELIX
CHAMA, NEW MEXICO

"Mart" "Fec"

MART takes a genuine interest in everything, although he never bubbles about showing it. It is almost impossible to fathom his feelings, and he seldom commits himself. He's quite a snake but always pretends to be otherwise. Although serious looking, he dislikes taking anything to heart. He started out plebe year as a powerful trackman but discontinued it in order to become more proficient in all around athletics. Academics never worried Mart. He's an engineer at heart, but inclined to be a linguist also in spite of himself. Felix entered the Academy about three months late, determined at the very outset to catch up with the rest and get used to the system. Her certainly has done it in a big way.





JOHN GORDON STREET
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

"Blackie"

"J. G."

ANYONE should be glad of a chance to leave Oklahoma City, but it took an appointment to the Academy to make John like it. John is a steady, easy-going sandblower with a ready, subtle wit. Outside of a bad first plebe year nothing academically has troubled him; athletically he is a rope climber and a wrestler of no mean ability (besides, sweatsuits make great winter pajamas). Tennis and batt football take care of the off seasons. Fidelity to one girl back home has kept him from snaking, but he could show any of us points in the art. Always a friend to everyone, generous to a fault—with such a combination he should go a long way in the Navy or as John Citizen.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Football 2;
M.P.O.



GEORGE WOODRUFF FORBES
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

"Harry Dog"

"Bud-Bub"

"HONES', I ain't lazy—I'm jes' dreamin'." In spite of his easy-going shuffle and his southern inertia, "Harry Dog" (the nickname is a product of prep school) can, if the occasion moves him, exert a tremendous amount of energy. If the occasion doesn't move him, he just don' move. But judging by his record in batt football, lacrosse, terrace basketball, and tennis, occasions there are. It must be his southern hospitality and personality that wins all of his friends. For you show me a man who doesn't know "Harry Dog," and I'll show you a man who doesn't know the Regiment. The same holds for femmes, who are attracted by the dancer, the conversationalist, and the companion in him.



1 P.O.



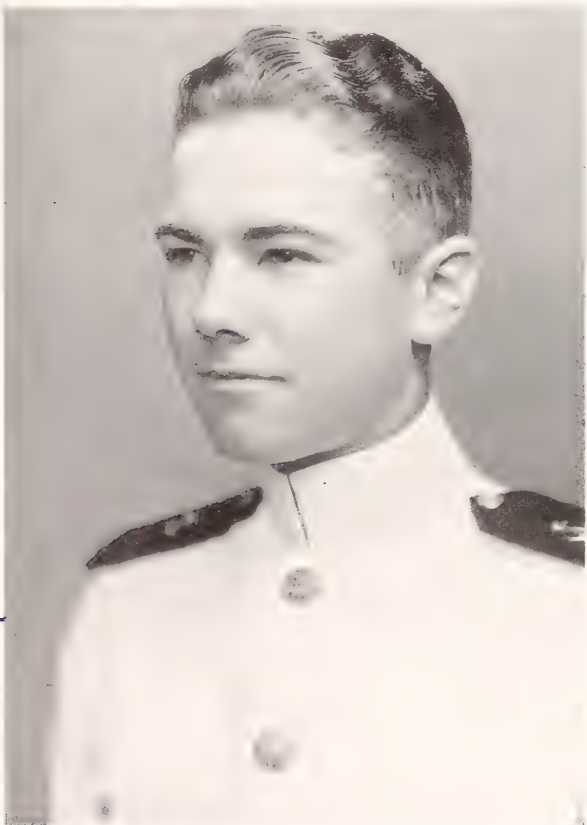


Boxing 4, 3, 2, 1,
B30T, 2 Stripes.

WILSON GEORGE WRIGHT
OGDEN, UTAH

"Punchy"

"IN the good old summer time"—George still exists in the winter, true enough, but frosty weather finds George a sadder man. Arising before dawn in the cold winter months, his once sunny smile turns to a rather sardonic grin as he prays for more heat in the radiator while tearing himself from his bunk. In spite of his bitter complaints of Maryland weather, Wilson is not the kind who would like to hibernate. He has no use for the radiator in the afternoons, but goes to the gym for the daily workout with the gloves. He gives and takes the punches freely. His determination is accompanied by a sincerity and generosity that will take him places in any project he undertakes.

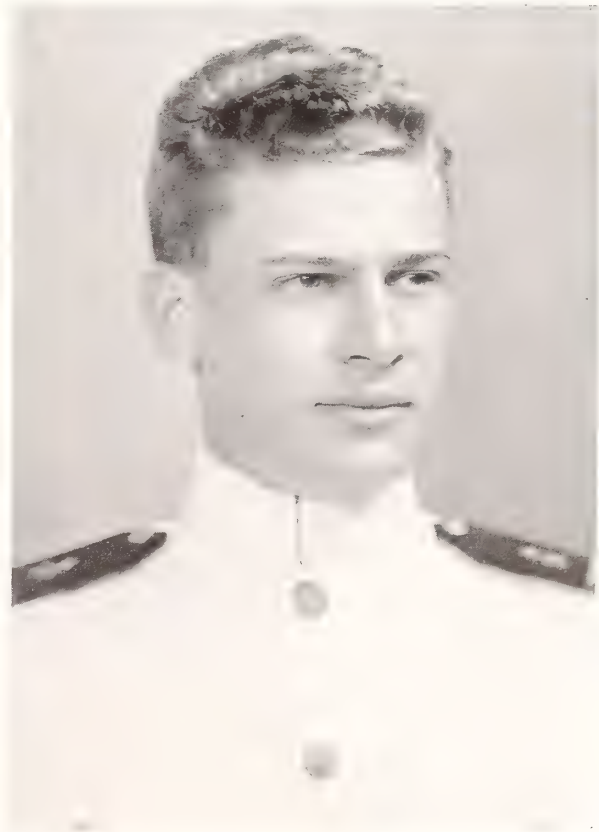


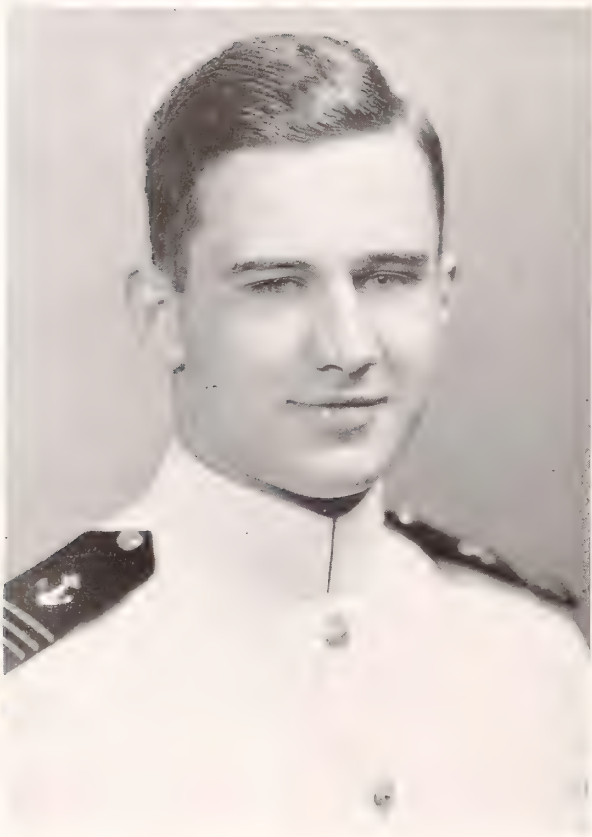
Battalion Wrestling 4,
2, 1; Battalion Cross
Country 4, 2, 1, Com-
pany Rifle Team 3, 2,
1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2,
1; Musical Club Shows
4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club
4, 3, 2, 1; Thompson
Spy Glass 1936, 2
Stripes.

CALVIN SHRIVER GEORGE, JR.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Cal"

CAL came to the Naval Academy indoctrinated in the ways of the Navy, having spent more than a year in the Fleet. His love for ships and sailing is evidenced by the Thompson Spy Glass, won by him after many afternoons in a spanking breeze and a heeling knockabout. He not only plays the violin and is fond of good music, but also possesses a talent for drawing. Decidedly not of the "radiator squad," however, most afternoons find him running batt cross-country, or engaged in the gentle art of wrestling. In regards to the fair sex, his interests are all centered on his O. A. O. Cal has been an excellent roommate, conscientious, never threatened by that grim 2.5. The service will gain a fine officer upon his graduation.



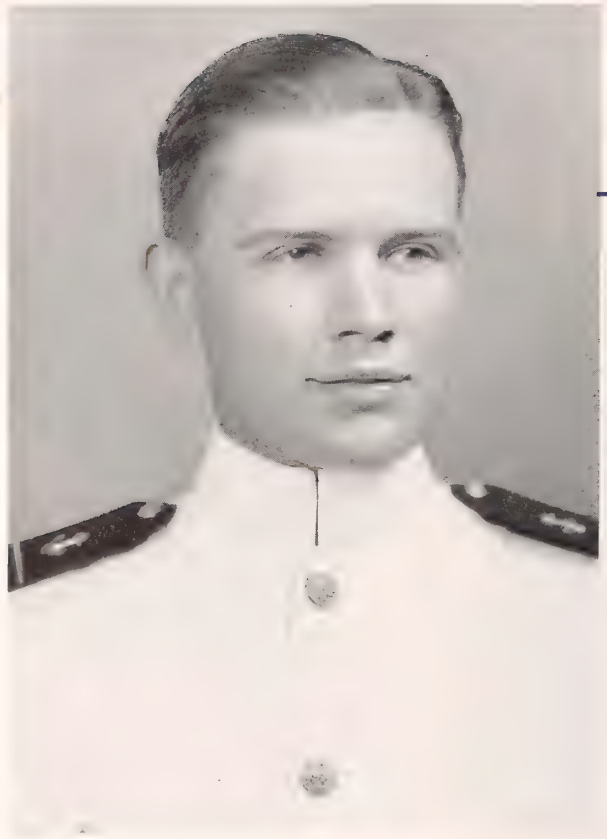


LUTHER SORRELL REYNOLDS
NEWPORT, TENNESSEE

"Les"

GENERAL affability often seems to be marked by a great variety of nicknames for that person. Well, every friend has a different name for Les. When he first entered the Academy, he stated that his favorite sports were wrestling and boxing. At that time it was difficult to visualize him as a wrestler. Nevertheless, he set to work to become a varsity man in the sport, and he succeeded. Those long hours of training were made short to him by talking and singing of those much beloved East Tennessee mountains. Natural ability in academics have made it simple for Reynolds to stand near the top of his class at the Academy—and there is just where he will remain after graduation.

Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1,
WNT, 2 Stripes.



LEE DILLARD GOOLSBY
COLDWATER, MISSISSIPPI

"Killer"

"Lee"

COMING from some village vaguely located as being near Memphis, Lee is a true son of the South. The jump from the banks of the Mississippi to the Severn has never been great enough to make him forget that he is still a "good old Rebel." Academics have never been a great worry for Lee, although his southern drawl would not mix well with French. He missed no tricks, however, on the cruises. For him every season is basketball season; he never passes up a chance to get in a game, be it on the terrace or in the Armory. Lee seldom misses a hop—owes his many experiences with blind drags to his inability to say no. A true friend, he's capable in every way.



Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1;
Baseball 4, BAH, 2,
1; Radio Club 4, 3, 2,
1; 1 Stripe.



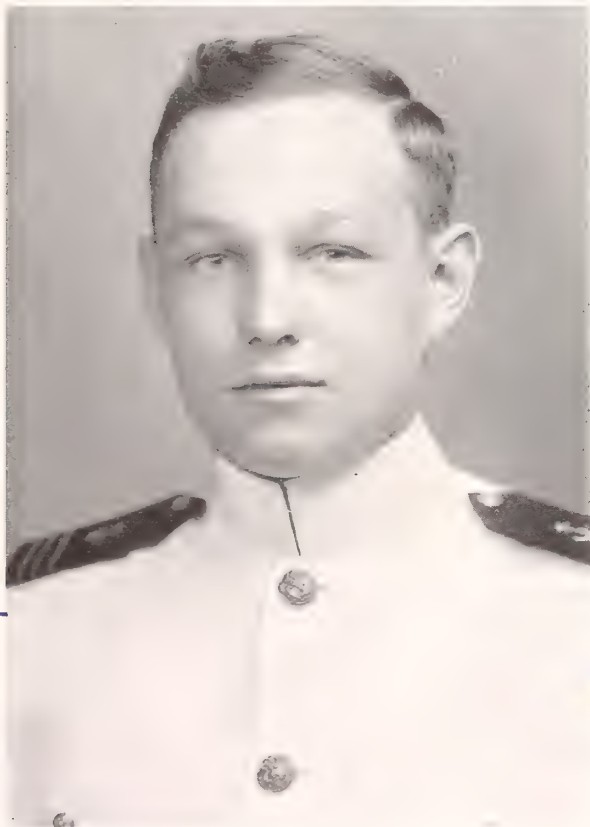


Soccer 4; Golf 2; Battalion Football 3; Battalion Track 3; Battalion Soccer 2, 1; Battalion Wrestling 3, 1; Christmas Card Committee 2, 1; Star 4; 2 Stripes.

ALFRED HENRY HIGGS
EAST PATTERSON, NEW JERSEY

"Harry"

HARRY came from one of the finest technical schools in the country, well-prepared for the slings and arrows of an unpitying academic department. His groundwork has been a help, not only to him, but to any of his classmates who may have stood in need of a little unofficial tutoring. His interest in sports lies chiefly with the more rugged types such as football and soccer, but he does not scorn the less dangerous ones like basketball, golf, and dragging—though the safety of the latter may be open to doubt. Amiable and good-natured, he may at first seem quiet; but his silence, you will discover, is due to the fact that he stops to think before expressing his views.



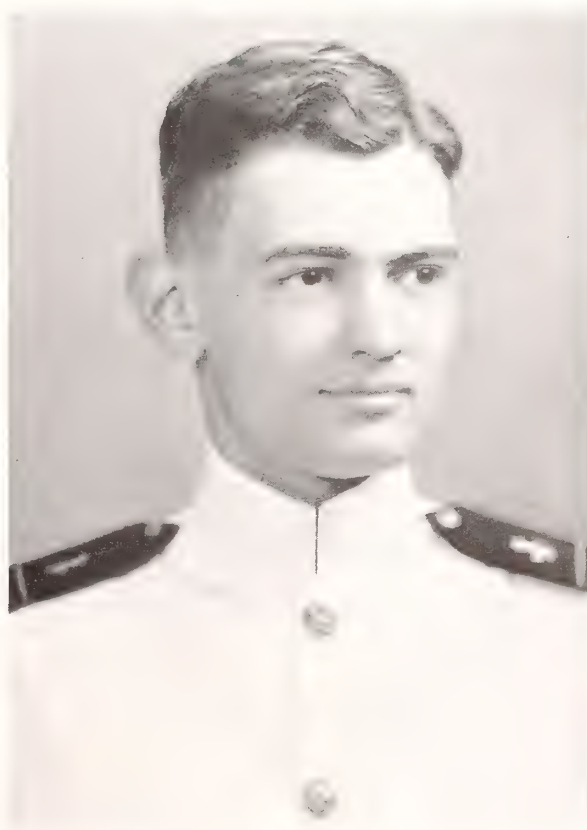
Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Tennis 1;
Company Pistol 3, 2,
1, 2 Stripes.

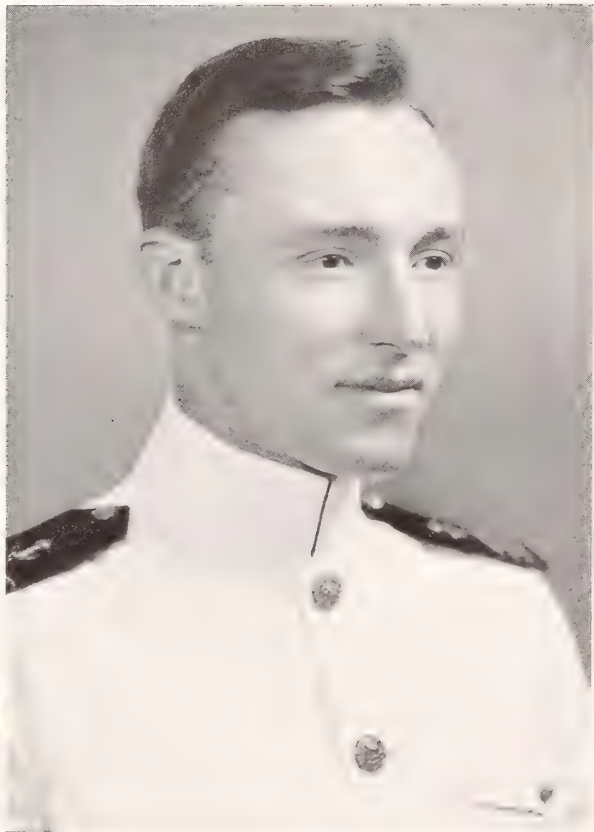
JAMES BLAIR GLENNON, JR.
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

"Jimmy"

"Jim"

JIM comes from an old Navy family whose traditions he is fully capable of carrying on. He has been with the Navy all his life, and coming to the Academy was a natural thing for him. Academics have not caused him any worries, and never will. His favorite sports are tennis and golf, during the warmer months, and fencing in the winter. He is quiet and unassuming, but let someone start an argument on history or international affairs, and he will swamp their boat with facts and statistics. On hop nights one will usually find him dragging, but there are those who think his heart was left in Berlin. A swell fellow to live with, he will make a grand officer in the fleet, and his future shipmates are lucky.





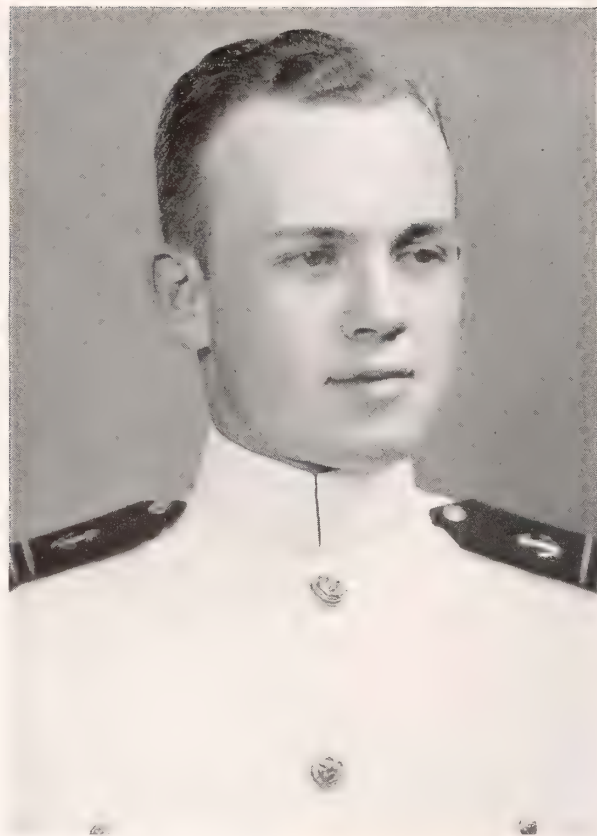
NATHANIEL WILLIS JAMES, III
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

"Nat"

"Duck"

AMONG the most valuable qualities that anyone can have are sincere friendliness and the ability to get along with others. And especially do we know this to be true of the Navy. Here is, then, a man admirably adapted to his vocation, for these are the keynotes of Nat's personality; they have made him one of the best liked men in '39. He possesses an indomitable spirit which is best displayed when he is in his natural element, in front of a lacrosse goal. It has also helped him in several skirmishes with the steam and math departments. No matter how rough the going may be, Nat can be counted upon to come through in good shape. It is a privilege to have him for a classmate.

Football 4, 3; Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, Captain 1, N^o.; All American Lacrosse Team 1938; Soccer 1, ANF; Battalion Soccer 2; Press Gang; 2 Stripes.



ARTHUR GERNT HARRISON
CROSSVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Foo"

"Senator"

"Baldy"

BY these words ye shall know him, "The moo the foo, the foo the moo." The Senator is a savoir, but he does not wear the lean and hungry look of a typical slasher. In fact, on the contrary his rotund joviality and pink cheeks put one in mind of a Santy Claus forced by the regulations to shave once a day. The Senator's well known prerogative of unlimited debate has survived even the silencing effect of the rules regarding talking in ranks. An outdoor enthusiast, he particularly enjoys riding and football, winning all-battalion honors in the latter. Almost any study-hour he may be found hunched over a crossword puzzle, muttering to himself, "What's a three letter word starting with foo?"



Lacrosse 2; Battalion Lacrosse 3; Battalion Football 3; Press Detail 1; Lucky Bag; Star 4; C.P.O.





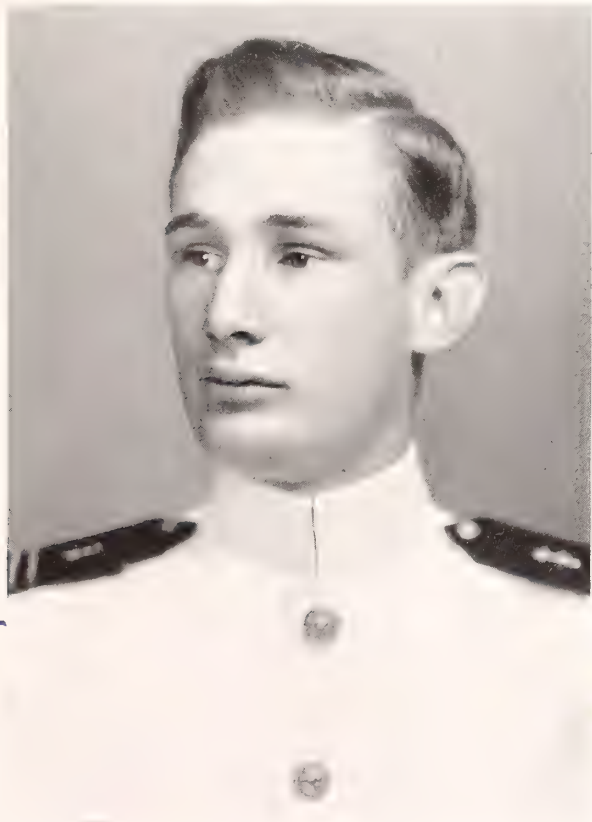
M.P.O.

WILL PARK STARNES
MATHISON, MISSISSIPPI

"Bill"

"Joe"

BILL comes from that part of Mississippi where salt water's only use is as a gargle. Consequently, his views on the Navy are unbiased by any previous connections. Just get him started on them sometime—but have handy a way to stop him! Bill never has much trouble with academics; if it's practical, he'll figure it out; if it's just dope, he probably knows it. A swimmer of some note, he is a rabid sports enthusiast; never missed a sports page since he was old enough to read. If you can get him started, he is likely to recite poetry for hours. Bill is an ardent follower of Mark Twain's philosophy ". . . if you can sit, why stand; if you can lie down, why sit?"



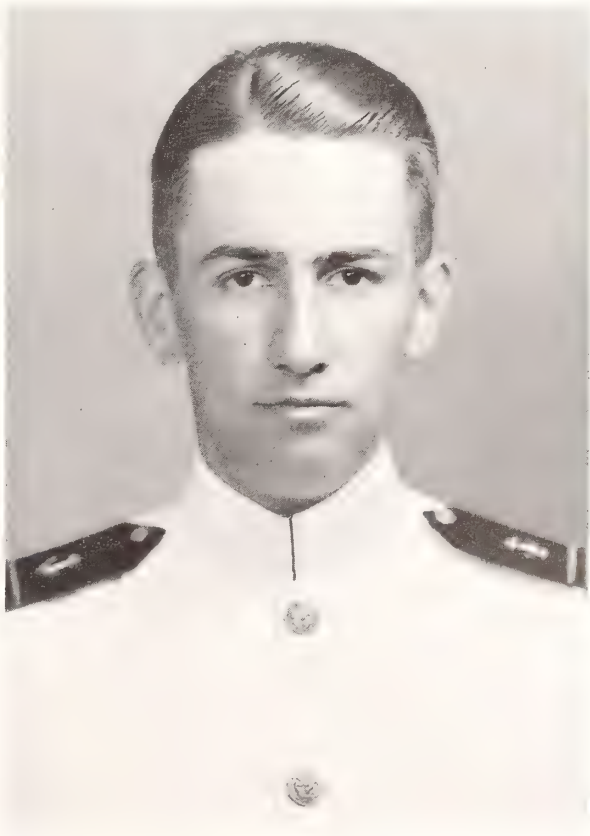
Musical Clubs, 4. 3;
M.P.O.

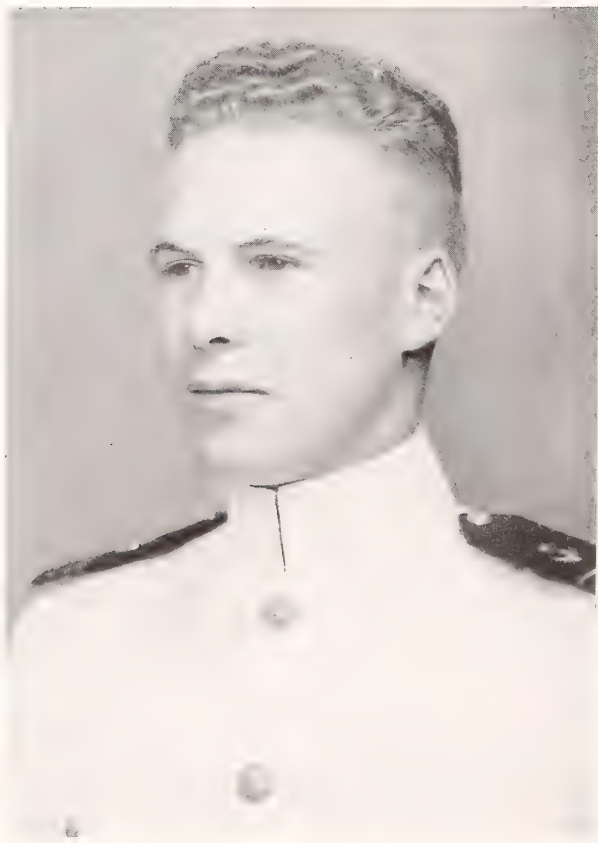
JOHN WOODROW LEWIS
OGDEN, UTAH

"Jack"

"Ham"

HERE'S another man who has had to come a long way to go to sea. Although hailing from the wild and wooly West, Jack has a marked preference for the civilized things of life such as good food and a soft bed. Despite this tendency to take things easy, he always manages to get along very well. Jack likes good books and good music, but there is doubt from some quarters as to his personal ability in the musical line. Perhaps his worst fault is a strange desire to dwell in an ice box for a room. Always ready to man the front line trenches in an argument and a ready lender, he makes a fine cellmate provided you can hold your own with him in radiator discussions.





WALTER BERNARD MILLER
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Walt"

"W. B."

WITH stars twinkling on his collar, straight from The Citadel came Walt,—and they continued to twinkle during his sojourn here. Born and reared in Paris, he was the shining light of the Dago Department. His stay in the South has completely Americanized Walt; yet his accent will baffle everybody; he is best described as a cosmopolite. He has found ample time to indulge in boxing and various club activities. Concerts with "Scheherazade" and "Beethoven's Fifth" hold pleasant memories for us who collected in his room after evening meals. He has also had his "affaires," but we have managed to save him for the Navy. Endowed with the right proportions of ambition, practicality and romance about the Navy, Walt will be perfectly at home in the Fleet.

Boxing 4; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Language Club 2, 1; Star 4, 3, 2; 4 Stripes.



JACK ALGER MAHONEY, JR.
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Jack"

A BEAUTIFUL woman and a beautiful ship have no peers." Coming from Charleston, "The Beautiful City by the Sea," Jack is a staunch Rebel. His ability as a teller of yarns is well known, his favorite topics ranging from the elegant social affairs of Charleston to yacht regattas and hunting. Jack is a sailor from 'way back, sailing in many Southern Coast regattas before entering the Academy and being one of our representatives in intercollegiate racing. Socially Jack is up with the best of them. He has dragged many, but the Southern Belle remains his preference. Professionally, with his military background from the Citadel, his ambition to make good, and his ability to make friends, Jack will be an admirable shipmate and an enviable asset to the Navy.



Soccer 4; Sailing Team 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; International Star Boat Crew; Medal offered by Ministère de La Marine Marchandaise; 2 Stripes.





Battalion Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Musical Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Hop Committee 1; Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3; Trident Society 1; M.P.O.

JOHN CRAIG WEATHERWAX
HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN

"Waxy" "Whitey" "Johnnie"

THE glitter and glamour of brass buttons and blue uniforms brought Johnny from his native haunts in the sticks of Michigan to the banks of the Severn. Too small to be an athlete like his father, he devotes his time to the ladies. The hops come and go, and so does Johnny—he goes to all of them, usually with a different damsel. Waxey discovered a latent ability to run when he beat the pride of the Fourth Battalion track team in a challenge mile. He says, "I owe it all to those last minute sprints after the hops." It is a real pleasure to be with him, for he is always so cheery, generous, and considerate; and with these attributes, he should acquit himself well in the Navy.

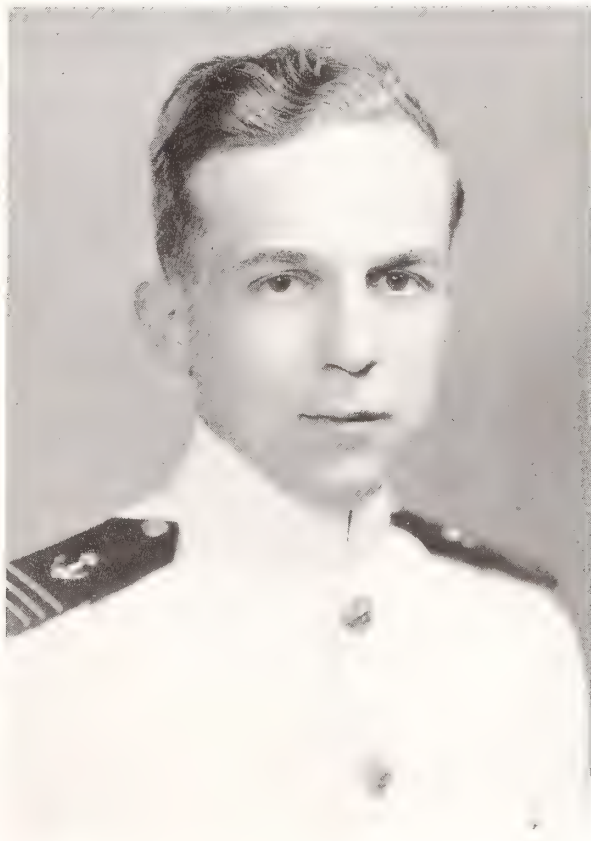


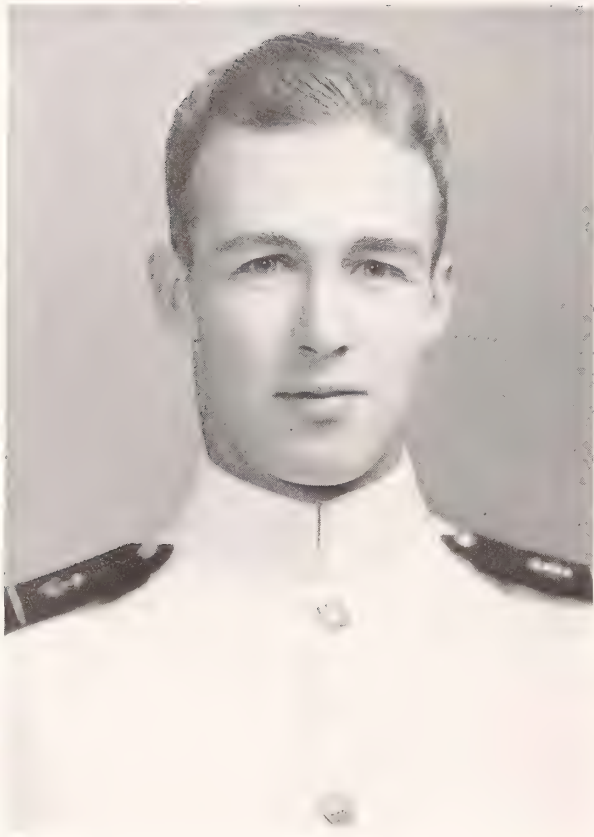
Crew 4, 3, 2; Battalion Boxing 4, 3, 2; Musical Club 4; Trident Society 1; M.P.O.

SAMUEL JAMES MAJOR
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

"Sam" "The Molecule" "King Kong" "Maj"

WE'RE still trying to figure why Sam chose a naval career (the closest he'd ever been to salt spray was a salt water gargle)—whatever the reason, it's Navy's gain. "The Molecule" is no exception to the rule that the best things come in small packages. He's a little fella', but "plenty rugged," (ask any of the crew men). His greatest effort goes towards keeping falling hair from obstructing his vision (he's tried every known hair tonic—to no avail). Academics never bothered him, which gave him an opportunity to improve on an already "wicked" bridge game. After four years, reveille is still his greatest trial. Still, Sam's been one of the best—a real pal and a swell classmate. Good luck, and stay with 'em, "little man."





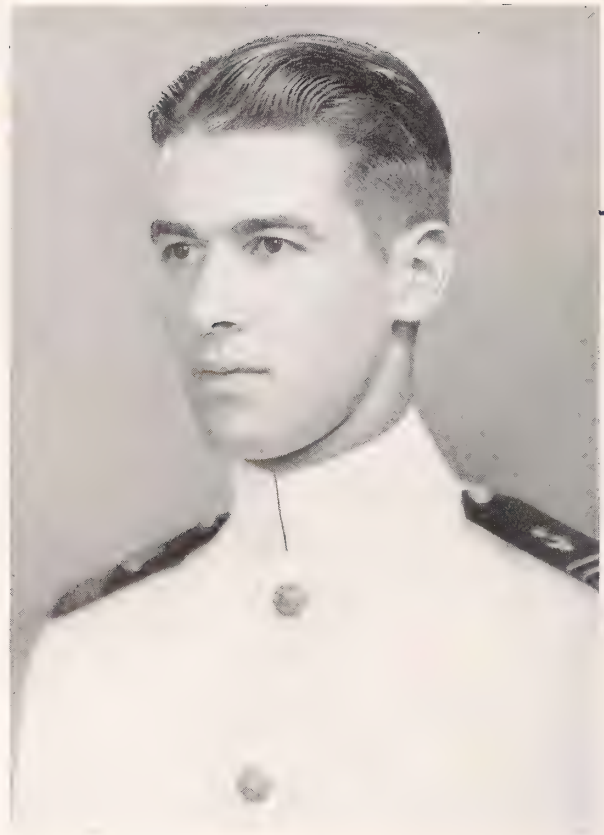
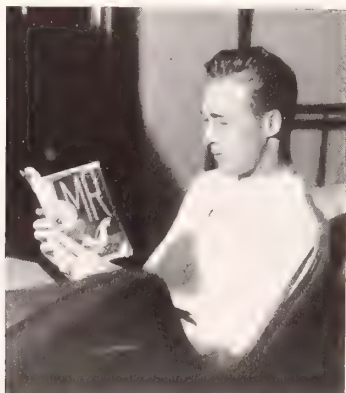
GEORGE CHARLES SIMMONS, JR.
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

"Chuck"

"Oz"

IF someone were to attempt to pick a model midshipman from looks and outward appearances, here's his man. Chuck came to the Naval Academy from varied life in Long Beach, Panama, Washington, and Severn Prep. He calls St. Petersburg home just now. One of his best assets is his ability to make friends, which alone will overcome many an obstacle. Basically Chuck is pretty quiet; but don't think for a minute that he doesn't hold his share of attention in any man's bull session—particularly on the Navy. A hobby with Chuck are the practical applications of his artistic ability, stimulated by his generous willingness to do any odd art job for his friends. He has some definite ideas on his future, too, and we're betting he will make them work out.

Lacrosse 4, 2, 1; Log Staff 4; 1 P.O.



STUART OXNARD MILLER
SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

"Stew"

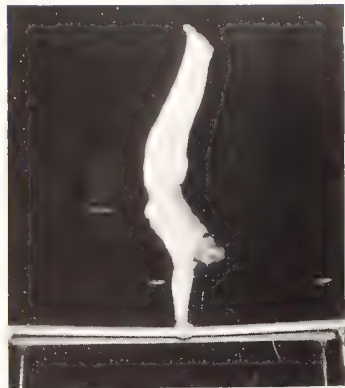
"Oxblood"

WITH one exception Stew will probably be the same twenty years from now as he is today. Lacrosse sticks and bars, hops and good clothes, and swing music and Esquire will surely be as much a part of him then as they have been for the past four years. But his love of the nicer things in life doesn't mean that he hasn't a serious side. When one wants a job done, and done well, Stew is the one who does it. No more can be said of any man. And the exception? To find it one must go to the beach at Waikiki and look for a tall dark boy and a slim pretty girl who only have eyes for each other.



Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1; N*; All American 3; Basketball 4, 3; Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Battalion Football 4, 3, 2; 1 Stripe.



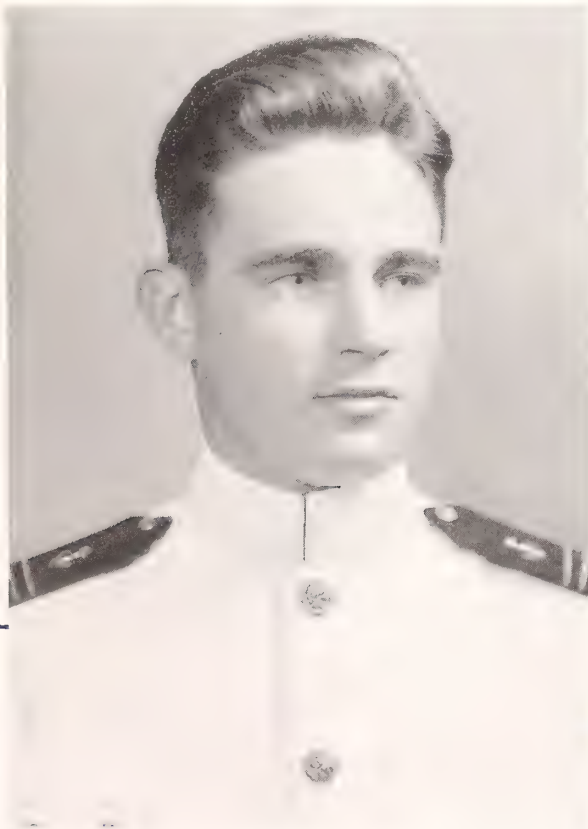


Gym 4, 3, 2, 1, G.N.T.;
Battalion Football 2,
1; Musical Club 3,
Boat Club 2, 1; M.P.O.

WILLIAM JEFFERSON WALKER
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Bill" "W. J." "Jefferson"

BILL'S a true Southerner who entered the Naval Academy tired and hasn't had a chance to rest. Although "Bunk Drill" is perhaps his favorite sport, he has found time to go to the gym and develop that "body beautiful" enough to become one of the Academy's best parallel bar performers. In the fall he indulges in football and is generally considered the bulwark of the Fourth Batt line. Not inherently brilliant in his studies, he always manages to pull down a 3.2 or better without staying off his bed during study hour. Jeff is a snake of the first order and hardly ever misses a hop, even when way behind in his sleep. Although his big blue eyes slay all women, he is true to only one (sorority).



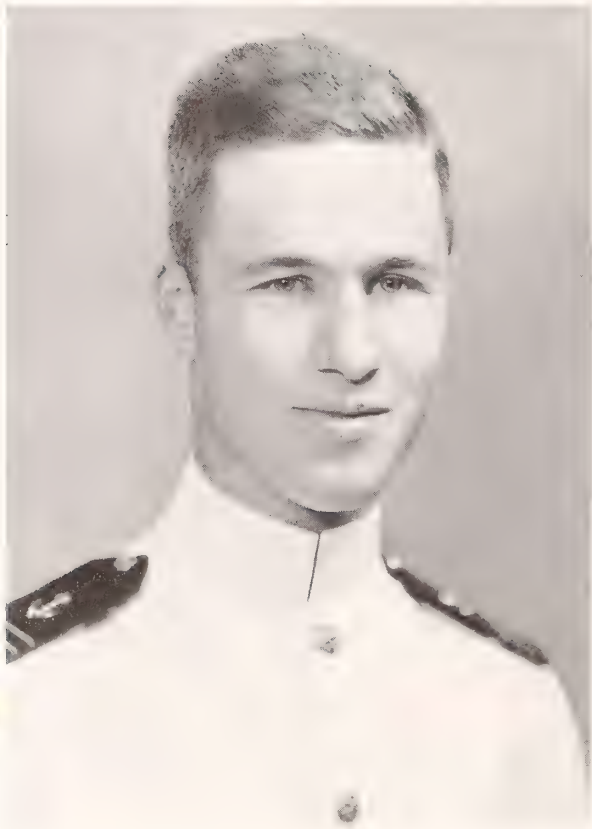
Wrestling 1, 3, 2, 1,
Battalion Soccer 4, 3,
Battalion Football 2,
1, Battalion Baseball
3, Battalion Lacrosse
2, 1, Boat Club 2, 1;
Star 4; M.P.O.

ALLYN BERTRAM OSTROSKI
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

"Freckles" "Al" "Ozzie"

ALLYN came from everywhere—Washington State, the Philippines, Switzerland, Alcatraz Island (in his capacity as an Army Junior, he insists) and California proper. In all this travel and particularly in Switzerland, he learned enough about French to stay in the very low numbers in that subject with practically no effort. This dago savoir has the distinction of being the youngest present member of '39. His tender age however does not keep him from being a grunt-and-growler, nor from attending most hops. Other diversions include Log work, a Tiple (super-ukulele) and a collection of sheet music and phonograph records. His particular talent, however, is in drawing 4.0 blind dates. So far he has refused to reveal his secret.



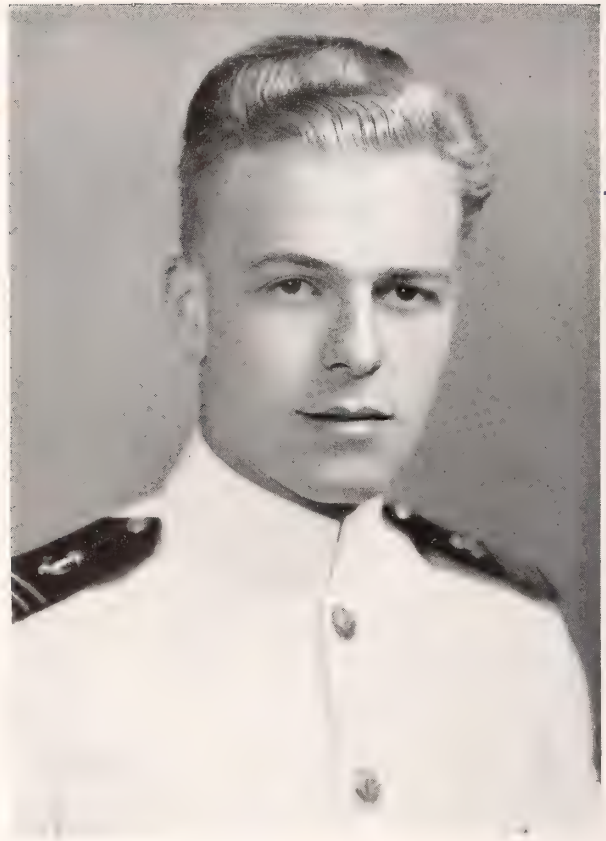


ALBERT ROWE STROW
BENTON, KENTUCKY

"Albie"

BETTER known to all as "Albie," he brags that Paducah is the biggest little city in the South. He is willing to make light conversation on any subject, and prefers anything else to Steam. Can do, though, when a full power run is needed. One can't call him a heart-breaker, but he is a regular hop trotter. He has a line that rivals Caesar's "I came, I saw, I conquered." Truly philosophic, "No use to worry," says he: "Tomorrow we may have 35 pages of Ordnance." Bunk drill is his forte, and o620 finds him never too eager to alight on an icy deck. He's really one of the boys, with his friendly grin and cheerful offers of "where ya stuck?"

Football Manager 4;
M.P.O.



JOHN CURTIS SPENCER
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

"Spence"

"Curly"

WHO is the handsome curly-headed blonde with the Southern aristocrat manner? Any Midshipman (and almost any femme) in the vicinity can answer that question, for Jack, by virtue of his friendliness and unassuming good-nature, has won many friends. He changes his girl as often as he changes his tie but, being a true son of the old South, he naturally prefers the Belles of that region. He has had a tough struggle with the Steam department, but has always managed to win out. To keep in trim, he works out in the gym, or being an able sprint man, passes his afternoons on the track. First to chow, first to bed, and last to sing the blues—that's our Jack.

Track 4, 3, 2, 1, N*;
Football 4, 3; 1 Stripe.





Soccer 4; Water Polo Manager 2; 1 Stripe.

CLEON JUDSON HOLDEN
TICONDEROGA, NEW YORK

"Cleo"

"Cle"

THE hops come and go and so does Cleo; he goes to all of them. He is first to chow, first to bed, and last to sing the blues. With no fear of academics after exams are over, he spends his time answering his stacks of fan mail. Many a poor maid's stationery reposes on his desk awaiting a spare moment in Cleo's busy life. He has dabbled in various sports, but none have successfully retained the young athlete's interests. He is always ready to argue, frequently downing his roommate with good sound logic. On many a dreary Sunday afternoon the strains of some beautiful symphony orchestra may be heard issuing from this music lover's room. Four years of domestic bliss is mute testimony to Cleo's ability to be a lawyer, judge, and roommate.



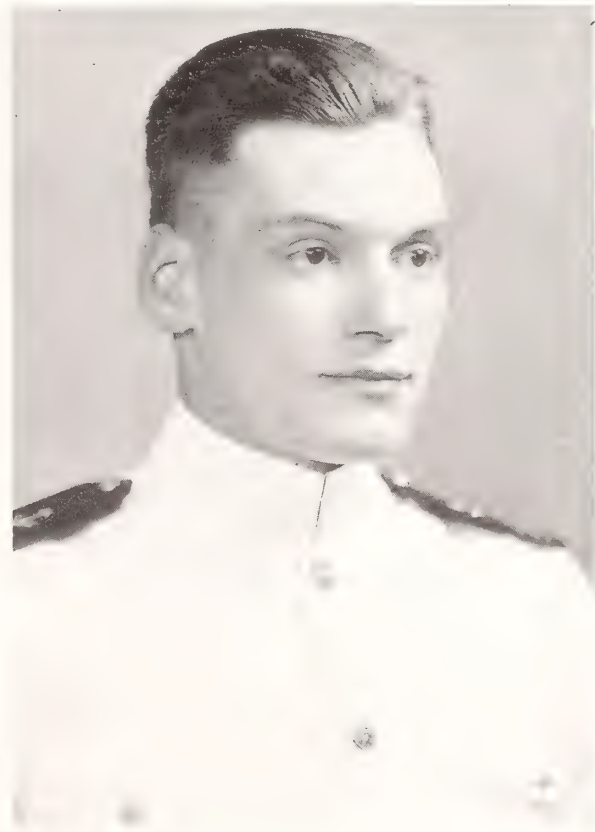
Football 4; Basketball 3, 2, N. A.; Battalion Football 3; Battalion Basketball 4; Battalion Baseball 4, 3; G.P.O.

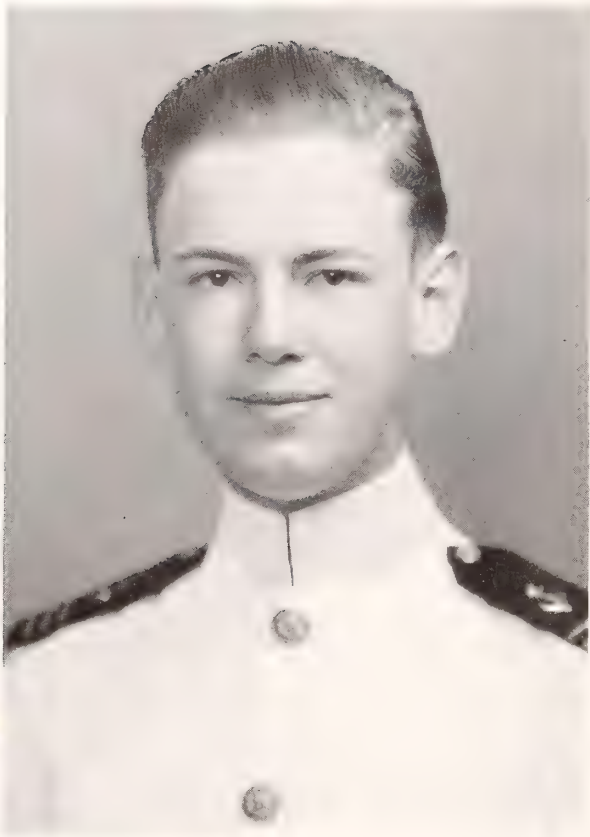
CLARENCE WILLIAM BECKER
ALTON BAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Ole Cle"

"Beck"

THIS long, lanky Marine Junior hails from all points of the compass, but he has a warm spot in his heart for the Hawaiian Islands. Beck has the build of a "natural" athlete, but he specializes in basketball and indulges in other sports only to keep in trim until the basketball season rolls around. He follows the collegiate and big league seasons with enthusiasm and can tell you who won what game for the past three years. When not on the courts he likes to play cards or try to beat the pin ball games out in town. He is a confirmed redmike, but he has one big love—that for his pipes, which fill the room. Good luck, Beck, you've been a swell pal.





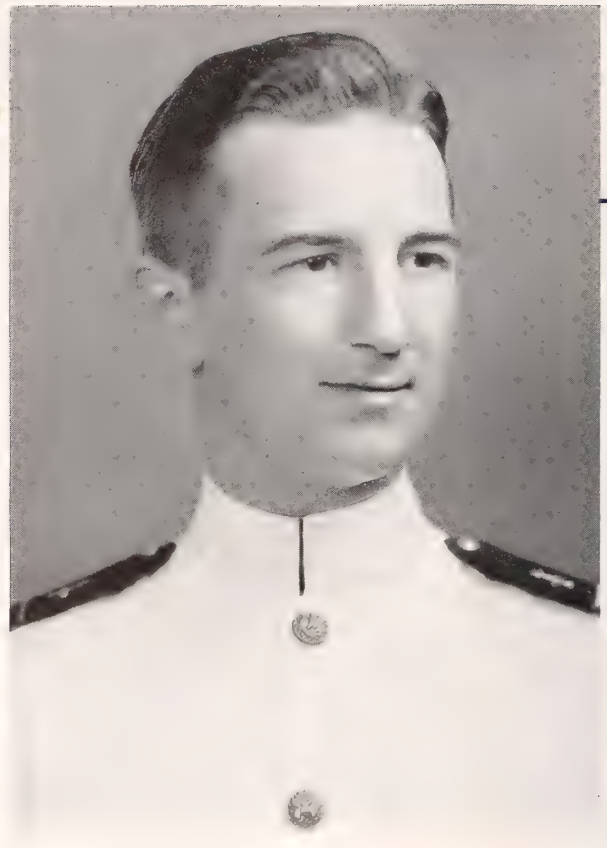
JACK WOODROW HOUGH
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

"Jack"

"Small Stores"

FROM the land of corn came a young lad with the stature of Napoleon. The main idea in his life has been to eke out the old 2.5 in every course and graduate with '39. Looking too young to be a first classman, he took quite a ribbing that year but never lost his humor. Besides, it was all very appealing to the young ladies who visit these four grey walls come weekends. With such popularity his, he could not long remain with any one femme; and so we have seen an endless string. Four years together and now the parting; but paths cross in this profession, and when again we meet we may expect to find an officer the envy of his bald-headed classmates.

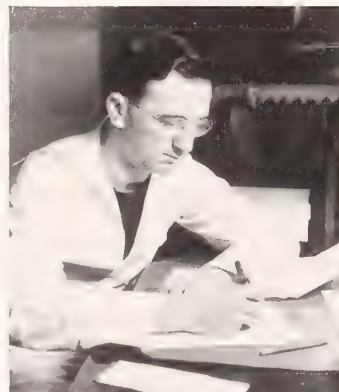
Crew 4; 1 P.O.



CHARLES HENRY BENNETT
BELK VERNON, PENNSYLVANIA

"Chuck"

FROM the coal fields of Western Pennsylvania came a young man now well known around here. Charlie has always been okay even though at times inclined to the radical side. A "star" plebe year, he remained amongst the top of the heap. A girl he left behind him in Pennsylvania kept Chuck on the straight and narrow for two years, but second class year he made his bid around ye old N. A. Charlie can show the Marine Corps a new wrinkle in its management when he doffs plain blue for red-striped pants. Perhaps with his radical nature he can show them how to award more medals per Marine.



House Committee; Star
4; 1 Stripe.





Gym 4, 3, 2, 1; Wrestling 4; "E" Great Guns; 2 Stripes.

ROGER WARDE PAINE, JR.
AUSTIN, TEXAS

"Rodge"

"Tex"

FROM a Navy family and with a Navy heart, Rodge came into the Academy and quickly settled down to the routine life. And the fact that he comes from the plains of Texas has been no handicap to his nautical life. A keen grasp of the situation has made life here easy for Rodge. His feeling for the Navy has resulted in a book shelf filled with enough naval literature to supply the answer to any plebe question. His spare time has been spent in the gym satisfying a curiosity for seeing the world at odd angles. Rodge's ambition is to get out into the Fleet where his willingness to work and his desire for accomplishment will always keep him on the top.



Crew 4, 3, Company Representative 3, 2, 3 Stripes.

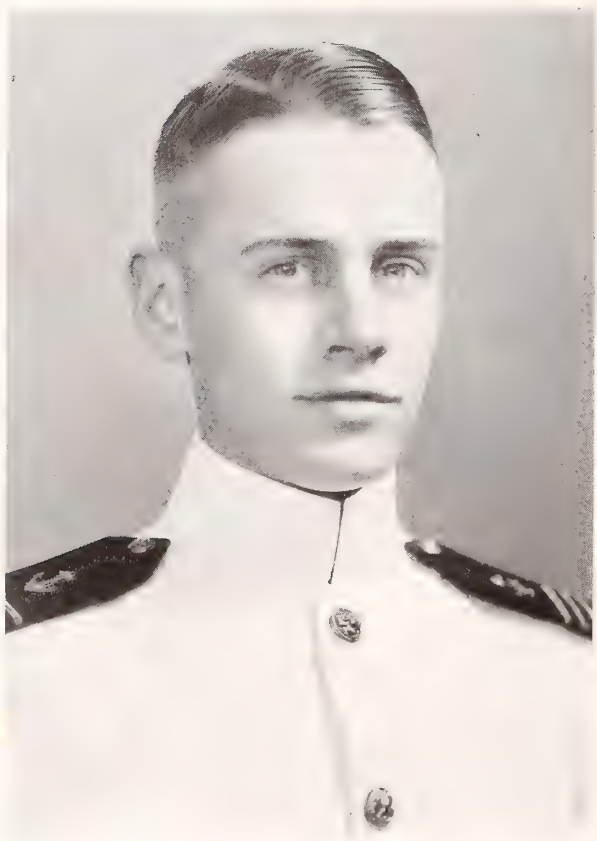
DAVE JOHNSTON, JR.
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

"Dave"

"Johnny"

YARS ago the call of the sea spanned a hundred miles of fertile farmland and was heard and heeded by this versatile son of the land of sunshine and flowers. Accordingly, Dave abandoned his shovel and plough and other unseamanlike gadgets to embark on a naval career. Intrigued by the way a properly coerced fifteen-foot pole can be made to induce aquatic locomotion, Dave has succumbed annually to the lure of Hubbard Hall and the upper Severn. Most any afternoon out of season he may be found in Smoke Hall making those ivory balls click. His mathematical mind has made short work of academics, and has helped many a wooden classmate through shoal water. Dave will find it easy to con his own ship to a safe anchorage.





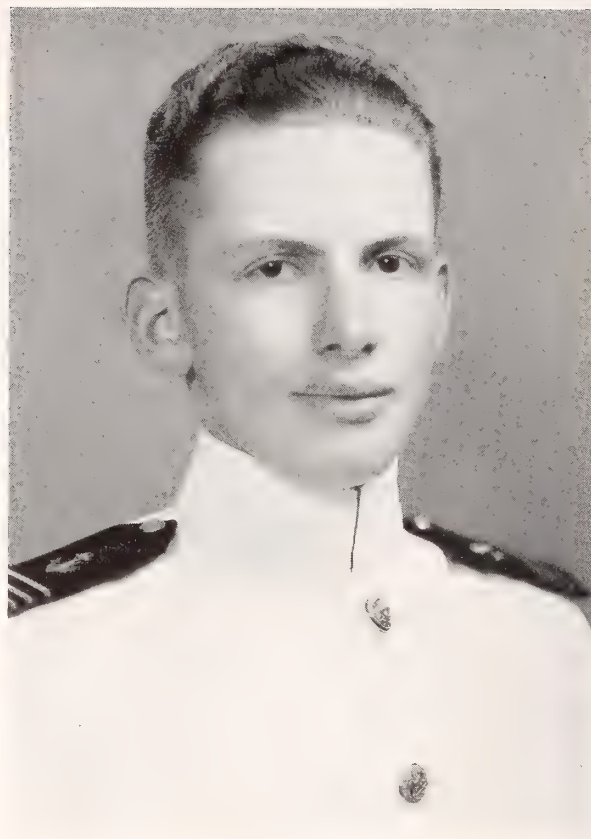
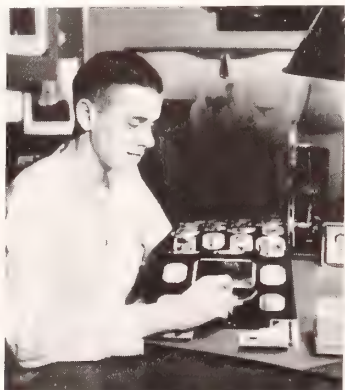
LOUIS HARRY RODDIS, JR.
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

"Louis"

"Lou"

LOUIS, always ready to uphold the Navy in any argument, has had his eye on that stripe and star ever since he was born with a sextant in one hand and a stadimeter in the other. Aside from leading the academic department a merry chase he has delved into most every technical activity available, be it electrical, chemical, mechanical, optical, or what have you. Fall and spring have found him busy keeping eight men off the shores of the Severn, and winter has kept him busy deciding between blondes and brunettes. However, he hasn't let the seasons cramp his investigations. Lou's never failing smile and willingness to help less fortunate seekers of 2.5 have given him many close friends and made him an excellent roommate.

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1; Juice Gang 4, 3, 2; Movie Gang 3, 2; Boat Club 2, 1; Star 4, 3, 2; 4 Stripes.



ROBERT LEE BORDER
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

"Bob"

MINIMUS is the red headed edition of the Border pair in '39 following in the footsteps of '05. In spite of the flame tint of his topping, his temper is remarkably amiable; he is always (well, almost) ready to come to the aid of a roommate needing a helping hand in fixing anything from a watch to a camera, with a patience that is surprising. Bob has never been greatly perturbed by the academic departments; always managed to end on top in spite of an active interest in blondes. He kicks a mean soccer ball and is one of the reasons the Fourth Batt. could count on winning the soccer plaque (if nothing else). Now he's on his way to prove that sandblowers do make good officers; and he'll do it, too.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1; Gym 4; "E" Great Guns; Expert Rifle and Pistol; 1 Stripe.





Soccer 4, 3; Boxing 4, 3, 2; Glee Club 4, 3, 2; 2 Stripes.

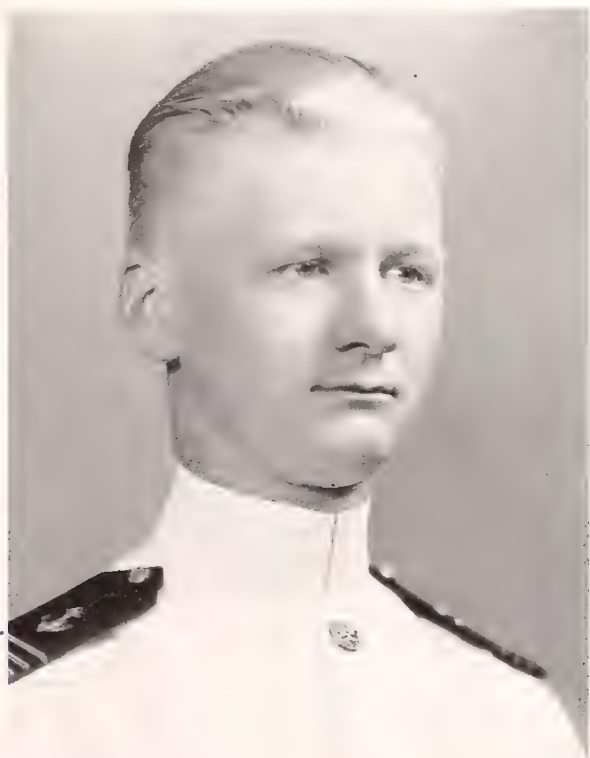
CHESTER JOHN KURZAWA

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Chet"

"Blondie"

WITH one year of college behind him, Chet entered with a thirst for all mathematical subjects and an unsatisfiable love of inventions. Plebe year he made the spotlight in Steam when he took number two position. Since then he has made many original attempts in creating new plotting boards, automatic turret control gears, and automatic director controls, but unfortunately none has met with too much success. Socially, he is a lover of pleasure, taking in most of the hops but invariably missing those which turn out to be below par. A boxing and soccer enthusiast, he may be found on the field or in the ring whenever he is not with his drawing board. Many a future midshipman will labor long over his coming Ordnance creations.



Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1; Outdoor Rifle 4, Mandolin Club 3, 2, 1; International Star Boat, 1 P.O.

WILLIAM REUBEN DURRETT

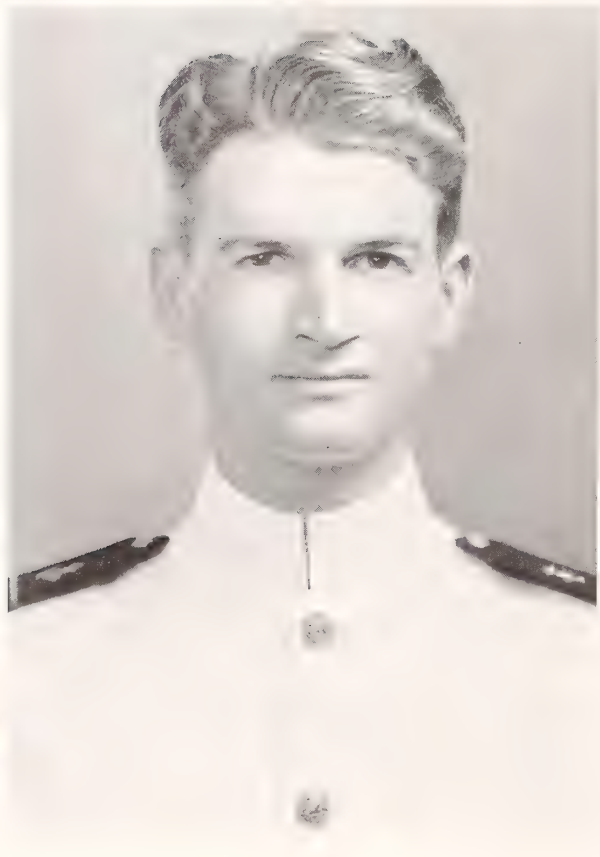
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"Bill"

"Smoke"

A TRUE Rebel from the Bluegrass State, Bill entered the U. S. N. A. with six years military training already behind him. Used to discipline and drill, academics became his biggest headache. He did not, however, let them interfere with his private life. Many a study hour has found him designing and building model airplanes, playing his guitar, or reading Dr. E. E. Smith's latest classic. Recreation time finds him in the fencing loft during the winter, but on warm days he may be seen on the Severn racing a sailboat, or driving "Pest V," his racing class B outboard, —name courtesy of somewhat censored remarks on the subject of the noise his boat makes. Originally a redmike, he has seen the light and is changing slowly.





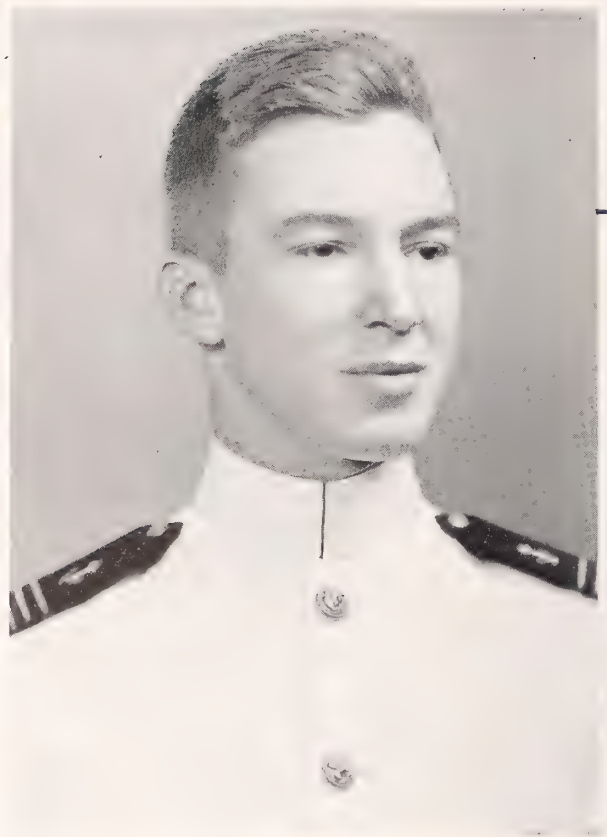
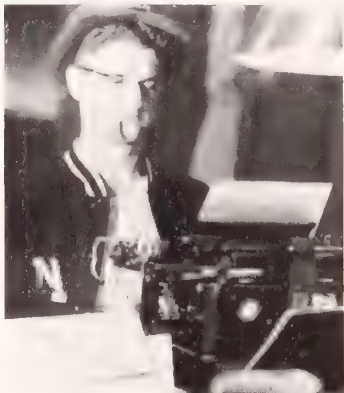
ROBERT VANDERLIN LANEY
HOUSTON, TEXAS

"Bob"

"Lena"

BOB was born in Pennsylvania but has spent most of his life in the Lone Star state where he has acquired the habits and drawl of a real southern gentleman. Bob is an athlete, scholar, and an astute conversationalist. He enjoys an opera as well as the latest swing, is well read, and is a connoisseur of good books. He can select a meal that any chef would find pleasure in preparing. In his spare time, when he is not engaged in athletics, extra-curricular activities, or social life, he studies enough to stand well in the class. Capable, with his excellent sense of humor, of enjoying life to its fullest, Bob has great things in store for him in any life he chooses.

Crew 4; Basketball 4, 3, 2, Captain 1; Tennis 2, 1; Ring Committee; Secretary-Treasurer Class 3; President Class 2, 1; Hop Committee 3; Star 4; 3 Stripes.



EDGAR DUNKLEY GRADY
WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA

"Red"

"Ed"

FROM North Carolina came a friendly, happy, and easy-going person we all know as Red. To see Red is to see a smile, red hair standing up in the wrong places, a bright-eyed look, and a characteristic North Carolina shuffle. After playing Batt football in the fall his athletic interests turn to boxing and wrestling in the winter. His fondness for literary subjects has often made the numerous technical courses seem especially difficult. He likes good books, enjoys good music, both jazz and classical, and delights in good conversation, especially if it concerns tobacco or political affairs. Red's biggest asset is his big heart; the willingness to do a good turn for everyone. He's a real fellow to know.



Lacrosse 2; Battalion Boxing 4, 3, 2; Battalion Football 4, 3; 1 P.O.





Company Small Bore
Team 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio
Club 4, 3, 2, 1; 2
Stripes.

ROBERT WILLIAM GAVIN

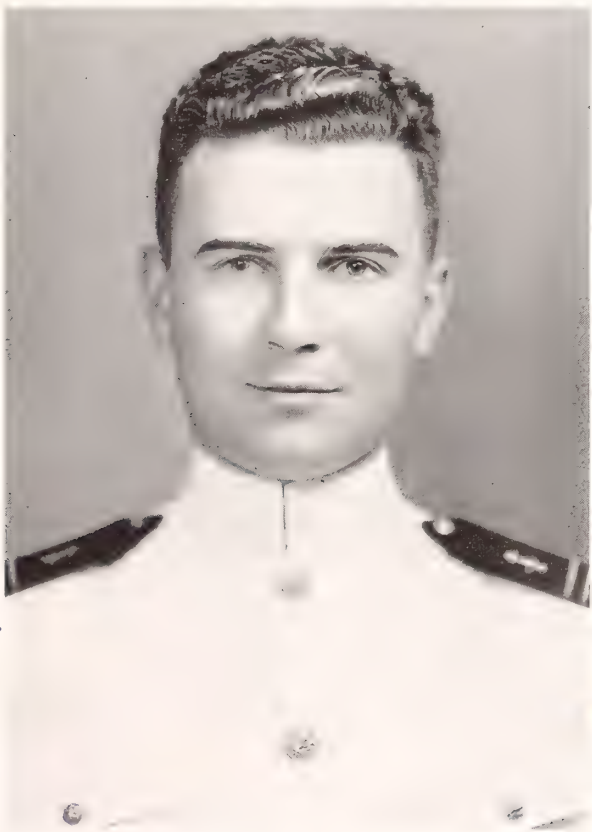
BOISE, IDAHO

"Bud"

"Sparks"

"Bosco"

FROM the wilds of Idaho, Bud came to the Academy to taste of the sea and civilization, never having seen much of either. Endowed with that rare quality of "Savoir faire," he has studied only when it was imperative, and divided the rest of his time between sleeping, writing letters, and tinkering with the radio, an outboard motor, or anything available to see "what makes it tick." It is lucky for him that they do not charge admission at Dahlgren Dances, for he would be harder hit than perhaps any other man in the class. Reserved, yet at perfect ease with the fairer sex, he is always ready, if not eager, to drag. No matter what comes up, Sparks meets all situations with his contagious laugh and good humor.



Team 4, 3, 2, 1.
Basketball 1. Battalion
Basketball 2. 1. Com-
p. Rep. 1. M.P.O.

GRANT HOUSTON ROGERS

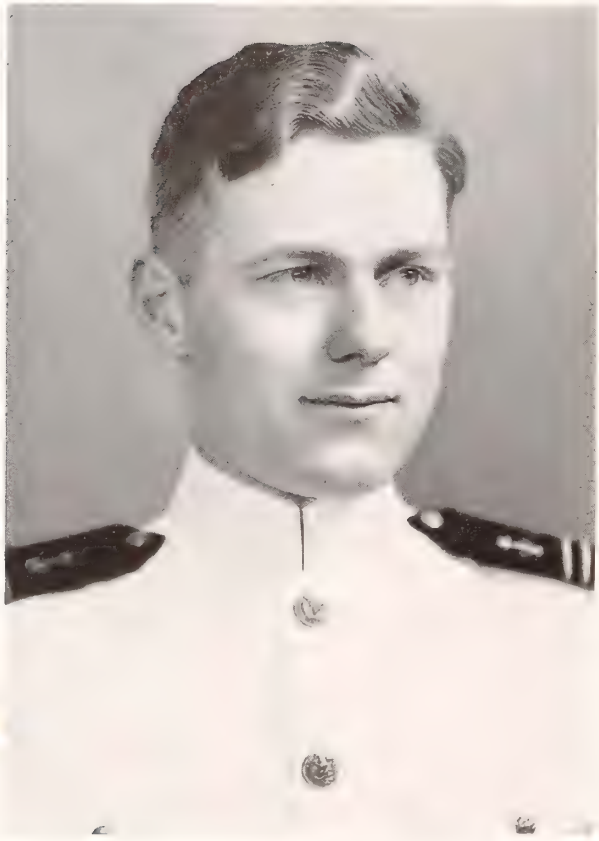
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Shotgun"

"Uncle Grant"

FROM a freshwater city, Chicago, came a fellow really enthusiastic about being a midshipman and naval officer: that was Grant. Came the usual troubles of plebe year, cruise work, extra boning, watches on the wrong week-end. But everything was all right, because "look where it's getting us!" Lots of things kept him busy—letters from that girl, "gotta-keep-in-shape" workouts, and tennis courts in spring. He's in his glory, though, when telling one of his side splitting stories to a visitor. "Tell him the fish story, Grant!"—and boy, what a whopper. Of course we cannot foresee the future but it's howitzers to crossbows that in a couple of years he will be at Pensacola flying. Good luck, Grant.





DOUGLAS NEIL SYVERSON
MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN

"Sy"

"Red"

THIS young red-head entered the Academy surprisingly unaware of the pros and cons of the Navy, knowing more about railroads than warships. But of course time has changed all that. However his interest in railroads still remains, as is evidenced by a meticulously constructed model of a railway car which is habitually parked atop his radio. He is a great lover of sports, but only from the spectator's seat, with one exception: golf. He swings a mean niblick, as a Scotsman would say. He is always lighthearted and gay, and he causes many an involuntary smile as he passes. His temper is even, and he is not subject to periods of mental depression. "Gosh darn it, what's the matter with you?"

Glee Club 4, 3; Musical Club 4, 3; 1 Stripe.



WILLIAM HERMAN SNYDER
EVERETT, PENNSYLVANIA

"Snitz"

"Snid"

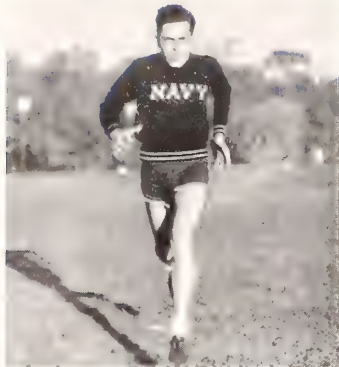
"Willie"

TO Valley Forge Military Academy we are indebted for giving the Navy a well-moulded gentleman. Think of Bill and you can not help remembering him either, as the five foot seven bundle of energy playing—or rather slapping—the base fiddle at the Sunday afternoon Smoke Hall tea dances, or as a happy-go-lucky fellow regaling a room full of his classmates with guffaw-producing, picturesque, hilarious stories. For three years Willie has been the victim of blind drags, swears after every escapade "never again" but is always on hand the next week-end. Bill, as we said, came to us a gentleman; he leaves a gentleman and an officer. More power to you Willie, with your energy and thoughtfulness to others nothing can stop you from reaching the top.



Boxing 4; Musical Club 4, 3, 2, 1; N.A. 10 4, 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.





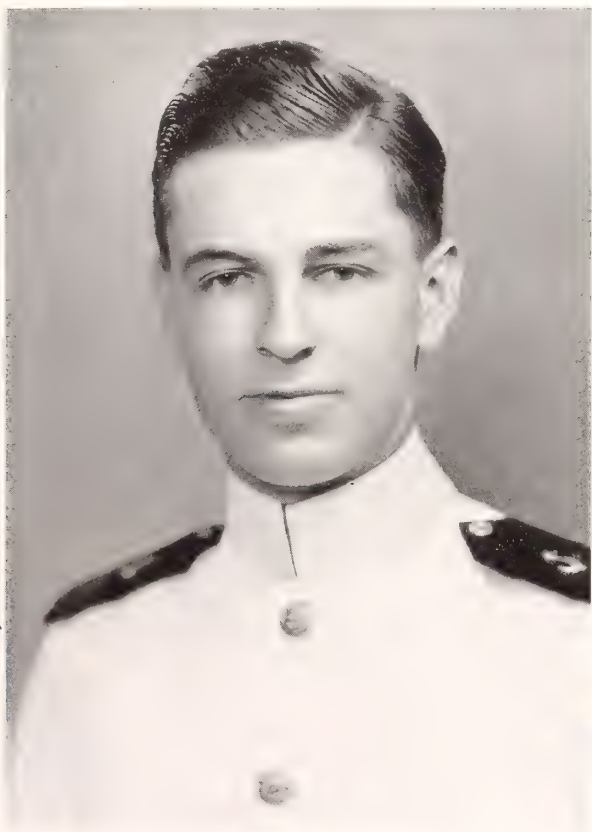
Cross Country 4, 3, 2, 1, cNc, cNc*; Track 4, 3, 2, 1, N**, Captain; Stars 4, 2; 3 Stripes.

JAMES CHESTER OLDFIELD

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

"Barney"

BARNEY heard the call to go a-sailing even out among the corn stalks of Iowa. He made his way into the Academy with no difficulties at all, either physical or mental. Academics hold no terrors for him, and a path was soon beaten to his door by those not quite so savvy, who had heard of his ability to cope with the sterner problems of Math, Juice, Nav, and Steam. Everyone always finds him ready and willing to help them out. The number of letters and N-stars on the back of his bathrobe prove him an athlete of no mean ability. Cross country is his first love, and he rarely misses an afternoon work-out on the track, getting exercise and a view.



Battalion Soccer 4; Movie Gang 4, 3, 2; Language Club 2, Orchestra 4; Expert Pistol Medal, 2 Stripes.

WILLIAM BARDSLEY DIDSBURY

WALDEN, NEW YORK

"Bill"

"Dids"

BILL hails from the Empire State—New York, you unknowing codger—but he had a taste of Maryland weather at prep school before he came to the Academy. He has a decided interest in things esthetic, and loves good music. He goes even farther than this though, by playing the piano delightfully. His principal hobby is photography, and his room is frequently visited by camera fans who come to borrow literature on the art, or to discuss some of its phases. He steadfastly claims to have an O. A. O. back home, and this is supposed to account for his non-dragging tendencies, or perhaps better, practices. He is envied by some of the doubtful snakes, who figuratively have to sell their shirts to feed the inner woman.





WILBUR HARVEY HUNTER, JR.
IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY

"Bill"

A COSMOPOLITAN gentleman, Wilbur's tastes extend from the prosaic art of boat-building to the ethereal heights of Shakespeare. At the outset of his career, Bill spent his recreation learning the age-old sport of pin-pushing, but early there came to him the dream that comes to all sailors eventually—a boat of his own. His inspired fingers developed "the finest little craft on the Seven Seas and the Severn River." When the lad walks into the room with that far-away look, the Muse has taken possession; the desk slowly submerges under reams of hastily scribbled lines to some person, place, or thing. Women? Love 'em or leave 'em—they'll always be around! Studies? A snap—with his ability to understand the things that count.

Fencing 4, 3, 1, F39T;
Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
M.P.O.



ROBERT HERBERT DASTEEL
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Bob"

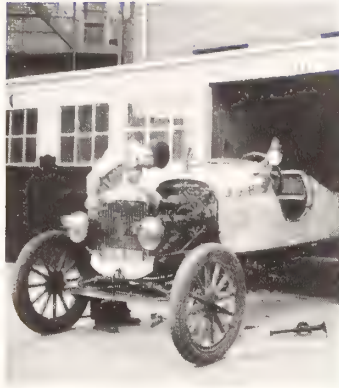
"Dasty"

LET this dark-haired sandblower from L. A. tell you what life is all about. Bob has the ability to put out the line which has stood by him on the battalion debating team as well as in Academics. His wrestling workouts and afternoon naps keep him in shape for hops and New York Christmas leaves toting top hat and tails. His drags have been numerous, yet he refuses to concentrate his attention on any one. His secret of success seems to lie in the fact that he always knows just "when to loaf, when to bone, when to grease, and when to groan." Looking ahead we can see nothing but smooth sailing for him, since he knows what he wants and how to get it.



Battalion Soccer 4, 3,
Class Numerals
Wrestling 1; Battalion
3, 2; Quarterdeck So-
ciety 4, 3, 2, 1; 2
Stripes.





Boat Club, 2 Stripes.

PRESTON NAUDAIN SHAMER

AT LARGE

"Press"

DESPITE his affiliation with that certain clan known as "Navy Junior," Preston has demonstrated that he's every bit as Navy at heart as he is by lineage. Reared under a model "T" Ford, he quickly adapted his three dimensional perspective to his sundry academic battles, emerging from underneath slightly bespattered, but with all troubles located and mastered. His daily diversion—getting that much-needed workout at his punching bag; his hobby—a trim set of sails and a smart breeze; his only fault—a passionate fondness for melodramatic monologues. He likes 'em young—but that's another story, even though he does admire a bachelor's freedom. Easy-going, cool, friendly, with a weather eye out to help his classmates, he has our best wishes.



Company, Soccer 4, N. A. 10 4, 3, 2, Musical Clubs 4, 3, 2, Choir 4, 3, 2, 1, Star 4, 3, 2, 3 Stripes.

ERNEST FREDERICK SCHREITER

WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS

"Ernie"

ERNIE is one of those quiet fellows who accomplish things with the least amount of ballyhoo. His interests are extensive, but his favorite extra-curricular activities are all tied up with music—operatic, symphonic, or jazz. He swings a mean piano, whether it be in the NA Ten, or at the end of a hilarious evening in a German beer garden. He is a bit of a crooner on the side, but, in deference to the wishes of his neighbors, he restricts his vocal efforts to a few hot hymns of a Sunday morning. Though still foot-loose and fancy free, he has frequently expressed his preference for the intellectual type; but he seldom drags, because "the gals here ain't like we got in Boston."



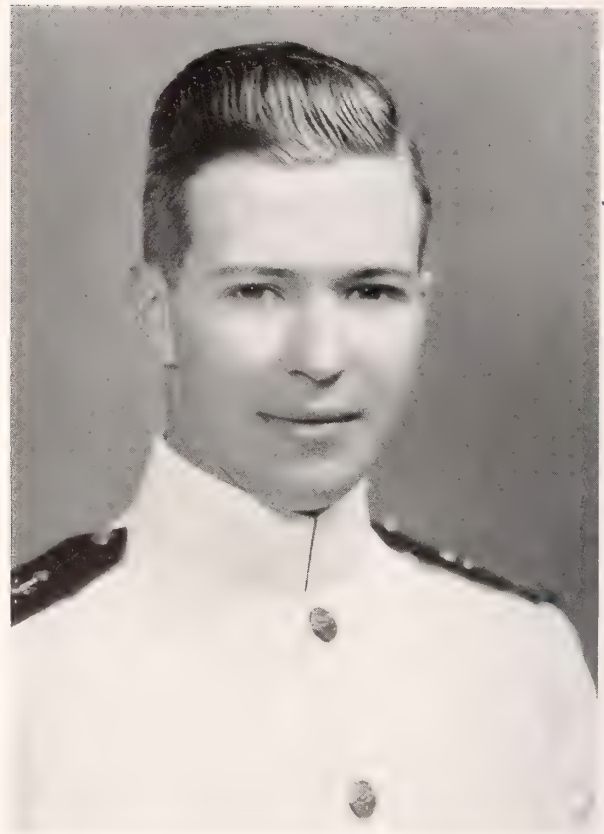


WILLIAM SALTER DAWSON
NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA

"Bull"

BULL dropped in on us by way of Georgetown. His presence has always been like a social call, but his stay in the service will be permanent. He isn't really savvy, though he does much better than the average. Hard work in the last two years has brought him near the head of the class. His athletic career has been confined to handball and bowling—only occasional spurts, these. He has a talent for making friends. His constant geniality has made him a welcome member of all our bull sessions, weekends, and house parties. The Bull seems to have those prime requisites for getting ahead in the Navy; he can take orders, and he gets along well with his seniors. We, his friends, expect the best of him.

*Company Soccer 4; 1
Stripe.*



JESSE STANLEY CLAYPOOLE, JR.
NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA

"Stan"

WHO is the guy that jumps when the pulchritude of southern belles is questioned? "Who's the blonde boy who believes Chapel Hill is heaven on earth?" That, my friends, is Stan, sometimes known as "Little Jess," the staunchest rebel ever to come out of the wilds of eastern North Carolina. Athletically inclined—a bone-crushing "Grunt and Groaner"—he has so far succeeded in keeping his ears almost normal, much to the delight of his feminine admirers. Academically he has made the grade with but one skirmish that with the T-square and triangles of the Steam Department. The best of luck to you, Stan, and may your dreams of that rocking chair, hound dog and pipe come true. And save some space on the front porch for me.



*Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1,
W39T; M.P.O*





150 lb. Crew 4; Manager Football 4; Wrestling 4; Battalion Water Polo 3; Handball 2; 2 Stripes.

ROBERT RAYMOND STUART, JR.
BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

"Bobby"

"Jeb"

"Stu"

WE got Bobby direct from the hills of West Virginia, and we are still trying to get the coal-dust out of his hair—what remains of it, and get him used to the idea of wearing the usual addenda to a pair of pants. He is by no means a great scholar, but he always manages to find enough time off from his greatest love, bridge, to stay sat. He seems to have a particular knack of getting in trouble with the weaker sex, but none of the ladies has ever accused him of being unfaithful, as fidelity is one of his greatest characteristics. His motto is "Always be true to one woman, but never the same one for more than two months."



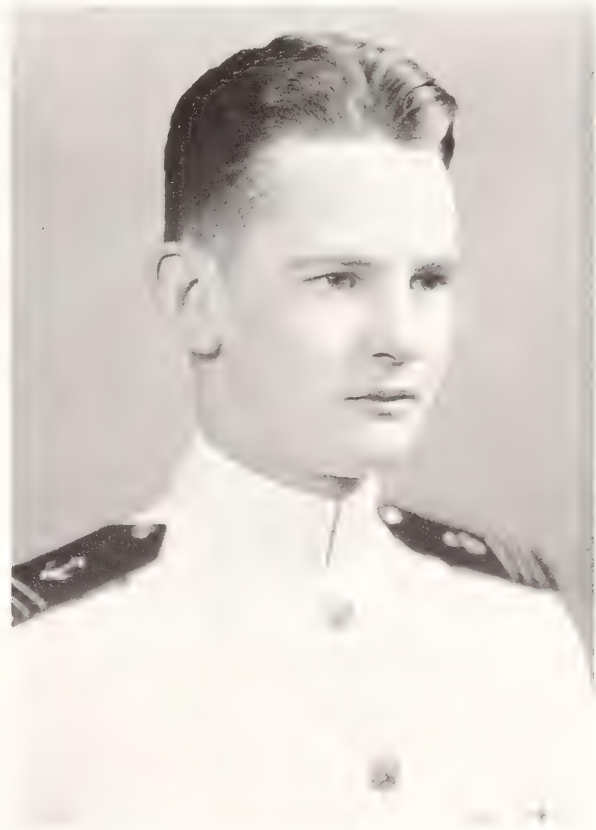
Boxing 4, 2, 1, BNT;
M.P.O.

JOHN ELDEN SHEPHERD, III
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

"Johnny"

"Junior"

OUTSIDE of the Navy, John has one ambition. That is to inherit a million dollars. However, in these days of mounting taxes, it is probable that even if someone did leave him the money, he would still be depending on his ration allowance for meals. He attended the University of Virginia for two years, and took two re-exams, which makes it all even. It was at Virginia that he began his boxing career; as a Nyvee fisticuffer he has defeated former schoolmates. The official name for his weight is a bit difficult to remember, but it is one of the lighter weights. So far he has not ruined his profile in the ring, and it continues to stand him in good stead during leaves.





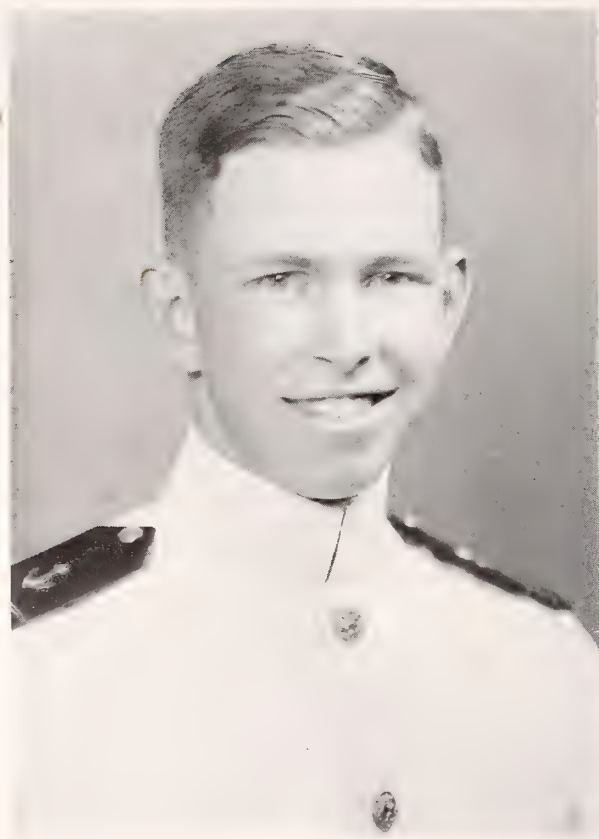
CHARLES RAMSAY STAPLER
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Brute"

"Corkie"

CHARLIE is one of those men whose quick smile and genial nature make you want to know him. Born in Baltimore, reared the world over, and appointed from California; he's a Navy junior set on following his father's footsteps. He attains his objectives by hard work rather than by genius. Corkie has a decided bent towards athletics; in the spring his fancy turns to crew, where of an afternoon one can hear him calling, "Give 'er ten." As for ladies, he is never in want of a drag. He has an inherent weakness for them—and for chow, too. Always easy-going and cheerful, he's an ideal roommate. How can you fail to get along with a man who won't do anything but smile even in adversity?

Crew 4, 3, 2, 1; Soccer 4, 3; Battalion Cross Country 2; Battalion Soccer 1; Boat Club; 2 Stripes.



FREDERIC AMORY HOOPER
DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

"Butch"

"Super"

"Joe"

FREDDY has two loves: crew, and his collection of ungainly pipes. But of the two, the former is dominant. From October until winter, and from the first thaw until June, he goes out and rows—he knows not whither—always backwards. But in the summer the pipes come into their own, and even his most rugged friends pass out. Though he comes from the shadow of Beacon Hill, a year of prep and four years at the Academy in Maryland have nearly obliterated any trace of a Harvard accent. But Boston is still to him the "Hub of the Universe." On Sundays he holds down a post as basso-profundo in the choir; and through it all, he manages to star, or come close to starring.



Crew 4, 3, 2, 1, JNU; Soccer 4; Battalion Soccer 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Star 4; 2 Stripes.





Football Manager 4.
 Battalion Football 3.
 Battalion Baseball 3.
 2, 1; Handball 1.
 M.P.O.

WILLIAM MASON REINDOLLAR

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Bill"

"Reimbuck"

MEN have come from the farthest reaches of Bancroft Hall to tell Bill their troubles and to hear them fitted into the great pattern of past grievances against the system. Unfortunately, the stern spirit of the crusader in him is marred by one great defect—a sense of humor. Somehow, all of our worries get mixed up with it and effervesce out of the mixture leaving the old system unbothered. Looking at Bill's career here we find that this humor and spirit of fellowship are his true claims to fame. He hasn't starred in athletics, though he has always been out there putting in his time with the best of them, nor in academics—but just ask any of his classmates who Reimbuck is. He'll be remembered, and enthusiastically, too.



Boating 4, B30 I, Battalion Lacrosse 4, Company Soccer 4, C.P.O.

ROBERT BRENT

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Bob"

"Therb"

BOB came to the Academy after having first got a taste of Navy life in the Reserves. He has never had much trouble with the academic departments, with the possible exception of a little scrap with the Math boys Youngster year. When it comes to dragging, Bob is right on the ball. He hasn't missed a chance to drag since the Masqueraders of Plebe year—and he always drags a beauty. Whenever some of the fellows come in for a griping fest, Bob, level-headed and cool, is the stabilizing influence that keeps the rest of us from becoming too pinkish in our attitudes. Athletics aren't Bob's long suit, but almost every afternoon finds him in the gym fighting hard to keep off the Radiator Squad.





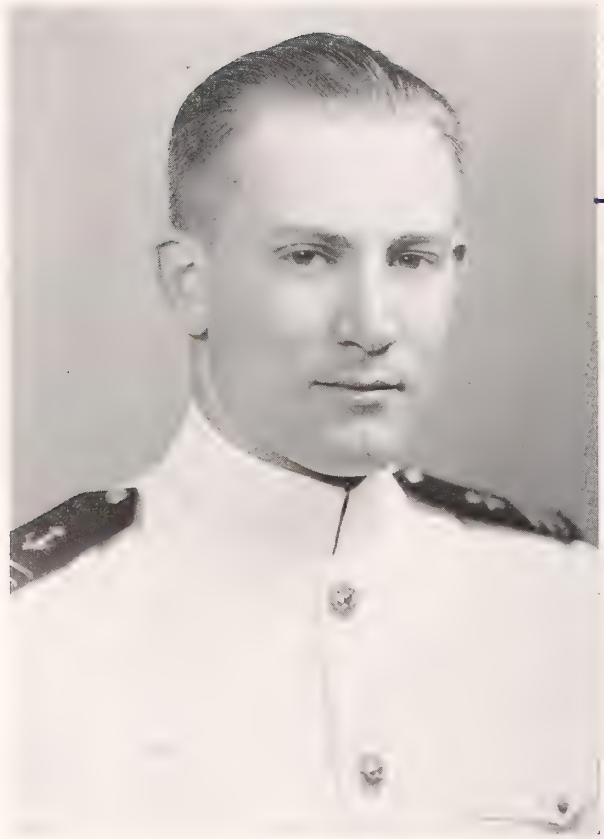
JOHN CAMERON KRESS MUHLENBERG
COLUMBUS, OHIO

"Jack"

"Muhly"

JACK is an Army brat who saw the error of his father's ways and joined the enemy's camp. And when he joined, he didn't do it half-heartedly. He is a charter member of the Boat Club, and has a boat of his own. "Muhley," as he is sometimes called, has a fondness for tinkering with anything that is mechanical. Anyone knowing him well is not at all surprised to find him on the floor in the midst of a million different parts trying to put something together. Jack is not an athlete but his deficiency in that respect is more than made up for in his ingenuity. Though some of his ideas have been "goofy," it has been a real pleasure to share in them.

Fencing 4; Radio Club 4, 3, 2; Boat Club 3, 2, 1; Movie Gang 2; G.P.O.



JOHN DALE PYE HODAPP, JR.
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

"Hubcap"

ADYED-in-the-wool Navy Junior, "Hubcap" had the jump on most of us when he entered the Academy. Familiarity with the Navy routine gave him the right to sit in the center of every "gripe session," and he made use of that right to good advantage. A woman-hater of the inverse order, he has never been known to miss a hop if he could possibly get there. And music has occupied a good deal of his time, too. Likewise that of the unfortunate plebe who crosses his path; for his favorite questions are: "What's the name of that piece" and "who wrote it?" Rooming with "Hubcap" has been a liberal education; those who share the same bunk-room with him will profit in the same manner.



Lacrosse 4, 3; Gym 4;
Log 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes





Masqueraders 4. 3:
1 P.O.

GEORGE VAN ROGERS
HILLSBORO, OHIO

"Rog"

"G. V."

ROG, a jolly old Sigma Chi, came to us from Denison University, where he had done well both academically and socially. He had a very vague idea of what to expect, but was resolved to work hard and not to run around too much. Needless to say, George kept the latter resolution far beyond his wildest dreams. As for the former, he managed to keep up with most of the current magazines and stand above average in his studies—no mean accomplishment. The sub-squad has been about the only thing that could pull him away from his reading or beloved bull sessions. Just give him a small girl and some swing music and then grab a ringside seat, for there is some smooth dancing soon to be seen thereabouts.



1 P.O.

EUGENE BAKER HENRY, JR.
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Uke"

"Massah"

"Gene"

HERE is Massa Gene from the South, a man of wide acquaintances. Gene is a man of many nicknames, having been called "Captain," "Uke," "Massa," and many others. An inveterate reader of magazines and best sellers, Gene still manages to eke out the necessary work for the Academic Department, only extending himself when absolutely necessary. His forte, however, is History, and in that he is practically a textbook. The Plebes at his table soon learn to recite glibly the seven wonders of the ancient world, or the seven most famous red-headed women in history. No varsity athlete, Gene keeps in condition with afternoons of "touch," and tennis. Most any rainy afternoon finds him taking over less experienced players at the bridge table.





JAMES JOBE MADISON
BROOKSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

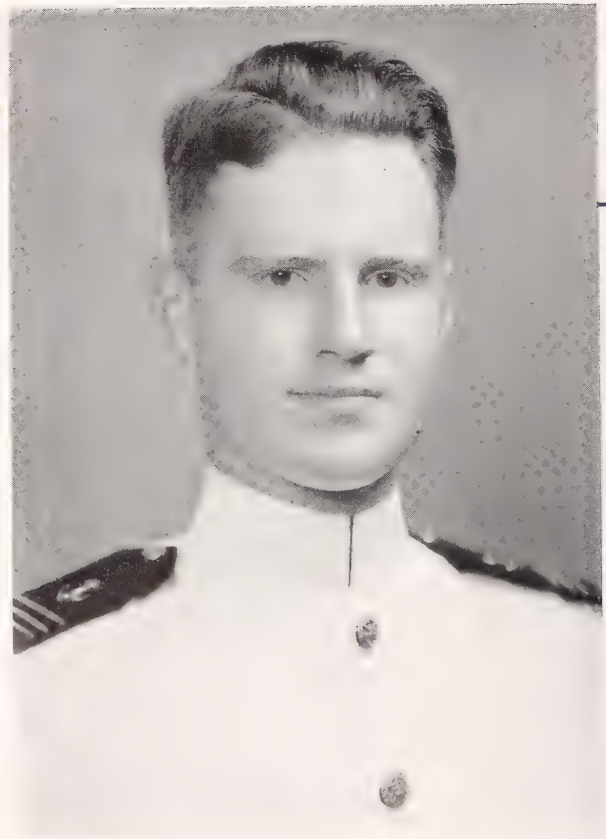
"Jig"

"Jimmy"

"J. J."

A BOYHOOD in the Old South has inculcated in Jig a Southern humor that gives him a front seat in innumerable bull sessions. His favorite sport is baseball, and any spring afternoon finds him with the horsehide sphere in his hand and a blade of grass between his teeth. No one has ever called Maddy a human dynamo, but all problems, great and small, are attacked by him with a determination that spells success. His congenial personality coupled with a sincerity of purpose mark him as a staunch friend. An act of Congress was not needed to make Jim a gentleman. Mississippi molded one upon which even Congress could not improve. "Yes, ah reckon cotton will be selling pretty good this year."

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1.
Battalion Baseball 3,
2, 1; 1 P.O.



JOHN BERWICK ANDERSON
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

"Red"

"J. B."

"Andy"

ANDY was bitten by the travel bug at an early age, and decided to see the world via the Navy. Since he is an Army Junior, home is wherever he hangs his hat and Navy life held no novelty for him. Here at the Academy he has divided his time between arguing and sailing, being equally proficient in each. Although not a snake in the accepted sense of the word, he has never been known to run from the smell of perfume. A sincere and ever-growing interest in the Navy and in things nautical, and a good sense of humor are assets that should help him in the new life that he is about to take up in the Fleet. They'll soon be glad to have him aboard.



Soccer 4; Boxing 4, 3;
Bout Club 4, 3, 2, 1.
Star 4; B.C.P.O.





Swimming 4, 3, 1;
 Cross Country 4, Track
 4; Company Small Bore
 4, 3, 2, 1; Quarter-
 deck 4; Boat Club 4,
 3, 2, Secretary 1, Com-
 modore; Ring Commit-
 tee, 3 Stripes.



REUBEN NOEL PERLEY, JR
 U. S. A.

"Chip"

"Poil the Rube"

CHIP was raised in the Army, but you would never know it now. He started out at the age of twelve as a deck hand on his Dad's forty-footer, fresh-water sailing from Chicago to New Orleans. Since then he has been going full speed ahead for a Naval career. His hobbies now are very salty. He is a charter member of the Boat Club, and even foregoes the doubtful pleasure of dragging to go on week-end ketch trips. His collection of nautical photographs is extensive, as is his knowledge of quaint facts about the sea. He is a great help to Plebes seeking the answers to unusual questions. Differing from the classic sailor, he spends a great deal of time swimming—and not on the sub squad.



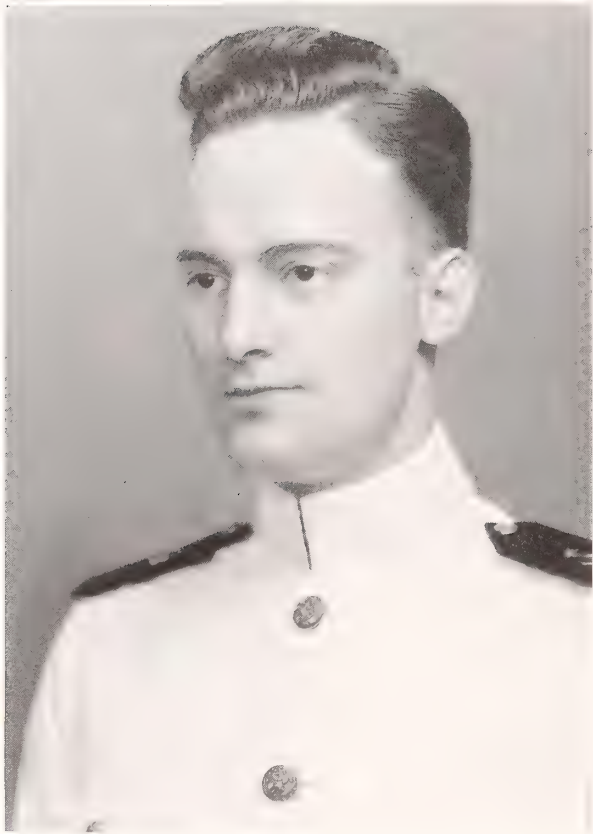
Small Bore Rifle 4;
 Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
 Rifle, Pistol Expert;
 Trainer "F", Silver
 Medal 40 Medal
 Match, Star 1, 1
 Stripe.

CLYDE HARLESS PARMELEE
 NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

"Parm"

PARM was Army born and Army bred, and as we all know, no Service training is lost in the Navy. He's a follower of the sea with the best of them, having spent a good part of his Academy life cruising in the good ship Turtle. Academics hold no terrors for Parm, and he has taken them in stride from the very beginning. His athletics are tennis and squash, and his other interests cover, in addition to sailing, shooting, models, and all things of a mechanical nature. Parm takes life as it comes, but usually gets what he wants along the way. He neither chases femmes nor runs from them; and he's a good lad to have around anytime.





STANLEY WILLIAM KERKERING
QUINCY, ILLINOIS

"Stan"

"Kerk"

STAN is one of those quiet, friendly chaps you just can't help liking. His characteristic cheerfulness and ever-ready chuckle make him a charter member of the more enjoyable bull sessions. His love of brain-teasers, while it annoys the plebes on his table, helps him to cope with Ordnance and Navigation probs without straining his easy-going nature. He can wear his bathrobe with a swagger matching that of any man on the radiator regatta, but a sunny day finds him on the terrace, swishing them through the net with regularity, or enjoying on the courts a fast game of tennis or handball. His love for the sea has not dimmed his dreams of an evening by the fire with a pipe and a book.

Soccer 4; Battalion Basketball 2, 1; Reception Committee 3; Log 2, 1; Lucky Bag; 1 P.O.



DAVID SPENCER BILL
DAYTON, OHIO

"Dave"

"Dirty Bill"

DAVE is noted for his ability to handle a tennis racquet; but that is not the only kind of racket he handles. Whether the volume of his vocal vibrations may be attributed to the exercise of holding p-rades for hogs in the sticks of central Ohio is open to conjecture, but the fact remains that he is the only man in the Regiment who can barter for an extra dessert with a friend four tables away. When tennis is not in season, he turns his athletic ability to basketball or Battalion football. He could be a savoir if it were not for the fact that he studies on a cause and result basis and it is not until he hits one or two trees that he really turns to.



Football 4, 3, 2, '39;
Basketball 3, 2, 1, N. A.;
Swimming SNT;
Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1,
JNT; Small B o r c
Rifle; 2 Stripes.



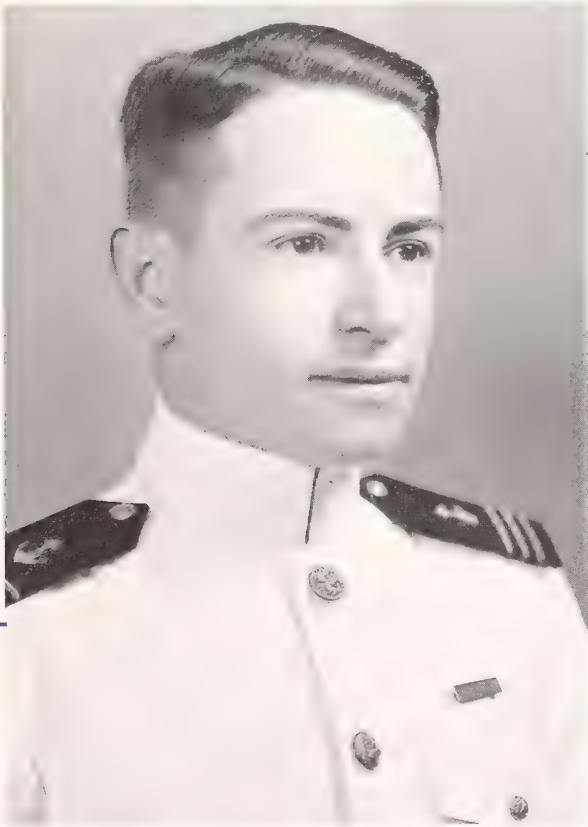


Company Pistol 3, 2,
1; Company Small Bore
3, 2, Expert Pistol,
Star 4, 3, 2; 2 Stripes.

DONALD FURLONG
CRANSTON, RHODE ISLAND

"Don"

FOUR years of sailing on Narragansett Bay gave Don his first taste of the sea and directed his thoughts toward a career in the Navy. Well prepared by two years at Rhode Island State College, upon entering the Academy he soon displayed a boundless capacity for hard work when necessary and good fun when appropriate. His adaptability may be illustrated by the appearance on his full dress blouse of an expert pistol medal, a pair of stars, and two stripes. Although tennis and music occupy much of his time, model railroading is his hobby. He is a confirmed redmike; and that daily letter goes, of all, places, home. Many will vouch for his ready humor, common sense, and dependability, and many regret the separation that graduation will bring.



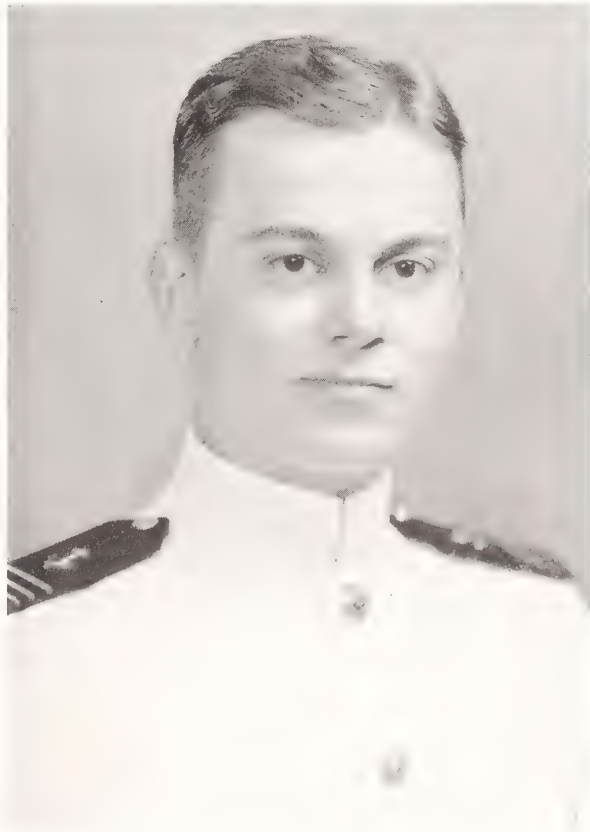
1 Stripe.

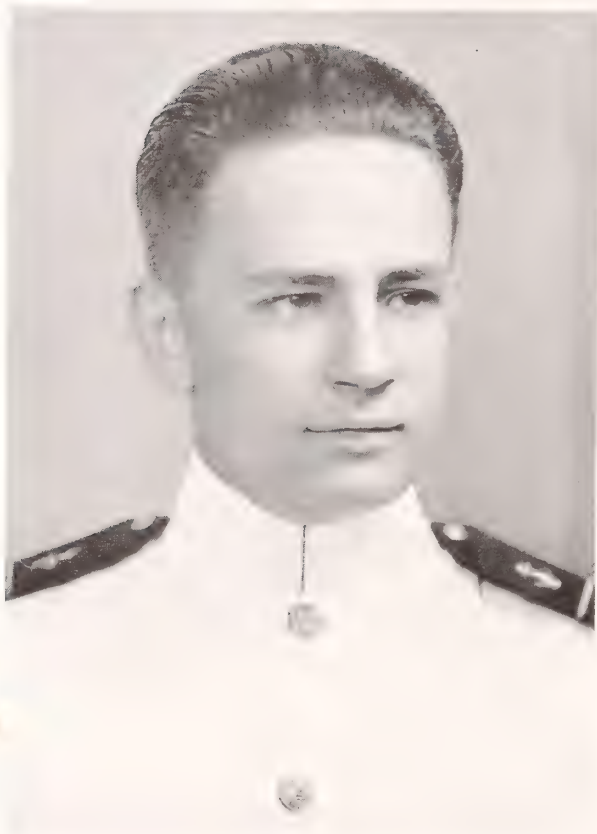
WILLIAM WESLEY BREHM
FREMONT, OHIO

"Bill"

"Bub"

PERHAPS even Bill himself cannot explain why a native son of Ohio left Kenyon College and came in pursuit of a career on the sea, but the lure of adventure, the attraction of the uniform, and the mystery of far places undoubtedly played their part. He has, on the whole, been one of our most conscientious and regulation classmates. Rarely mentioned in the despatches from the Academic Departments, he has managed to cram a goodly amount of social life into a crowded schedule. His weaknesses are airplanes, magazines, and above all, school teachers; that is, one in particular. A good friend, a congenial roommate, and a fine shipmate, his welcome in our class is further assured by a never-failing sense of humor.





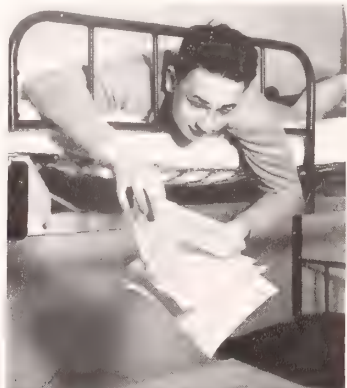
WILLIAM BENTON MARTIN
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

"Trooper"

"Bill"

WILLIAM BENTON MARTIN, better known as "Trooper," goes forth to the Fleet. An independent spirit, an uncanny ability to give good advice, and a lover of good fun—fostered by a year at Bucknell—are his outstanding traits. A devotee of tea dances at Carvel Hall B. F. (before the fire) and a familiar figure at receptions, Bill's collection of locker door facsimiles rapidly assumed gigantic proportions. But after the second class destroyer cruise the locker door was bare, and the second period of his life may aptly be termed "After Newport." Other notable characteristics about Bill are his genius for organization, his money-making ideas, his lack of stripe consciousness, and his penchant for turning in early. May every success pursue this genial comradely fellow in the years to come.

Battalion Soccer 1,
Company Rifle 3, 2, 1;
Radio Club 2; Log 3,
2, 1; 1 Stripe.



JAMES JASPER LeCLARE
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

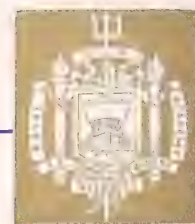
"Jojo"

"Frenchy"

"Chocolate"

FROM the shores of Lake Ontario to the banks of the River Severn came Jim LeClare, varsity bridge player of the University of Rochester. Two years of college also helped a little along the path of Academy academics . . . Authority is plentiful for his good nature, easy-going pleasantness, and remarkable facility for getting the news just a little late. Even if he did sing in the shower and use the typewriter after turning-in time, no better roommate could be desired. His willingness to help and his agreeable nature are singularly dependable. The path of his existence was smooth until 2/c summer, when engine trouble developed—not a big locomotive, just a small yard engine. Jim likes the Navy, and it will like him.

Football 4, 3, 1; Soccer 3, 2, 1; Baseball Manager 4, 3; Juice Gang 4, 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.





Glee Club 4, 3, 2;
Musical Club 4, 3,
Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Hop
Committee 2, 1; Ring
Dance Committee; Boat
Club 4, 3, 2; Star 4,
3, 2; Snipes.



JOHN NORTON RENFRO
CLEVELAND, OHIO

"J. P. Jr." "Jasper" "Snorty"

ALMOST any afternoon one can find Johnnie with three of his bridge fiend cronies, hiding behind a fan of little pasteboards, engrossed in a fast game. Although a member of the Hop Committee, he is not a hop addict; however he does attend the majority of them. He likes to drag, but again, would rather play bridge. He quite successfully conceals behind a flippant exterior a love for good music and good literature. He never seems to study, usually getting down his book a few minutes before formation. Nevertheless, when the day of reckoning rolls around, he manages to be among the ranks of those who wear a star on their collars. Each Sunday finds "J. P." in the front pew of the chapel choir loft, singing hymns in his sweet tenor voice.



150 lb. Crew 4, Bat-
talion Crew 3, 2, 1;
Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
1 Snipe.

ROBERT EDWARD LAWRENCE
LAKEWOOD, OHIO

"Bob" "Larry" "Brother"

THE Academy is a fine place, BUT—the fourth deck is too high up; classes are too long and often; and hops, leaves, and liberties are too short and far between. Bob turns up every year with a different diversion and a new drag. The list of drags exceeds the scope of this text (the curly brown hair and crooked smile account for it . . .). Among his other pastimes may be mentioned sailing, bowling, golf, tennis, and eating. A good mind and common sense give him a good grasp of academic theories, but he sports no stars because "Aw, I busted on the last prob." Occasional bickerings as to the relative merits of Cleveland's suburbs, and Bob's generosity, cooperation, and congeniality, have lessened the monotony of regimented life.





HAROLD ARTHUR WELLS
EAST DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

"Bulsh"

"Butch"

"Art"

OVERJOYED when he received his orders to report to the Academy, Butch has "made no bones" about showing his happiness in being here. Numerous hours of extra duty plebe summer convinced him that it is always better to "tread the straight and narrow." He claims to be a misogynist, but those who have dragged friends of his last minute dates, or who have stood his week-end watches, will shout him down. Just to look at him is to recognize the athlete in him, and he devotes most of the year to his first love: wrestling. Although an honor student in high school back in Michigan, he has had his share of trouble with academics, but his determination to succeed has brought him out on top.

Football 4, 3; Wrestling 4, 3, 2, 1; G.P.O.



ROY EUGENE BREEN, JR.
JESUP, GEORGIA

"Gene"

"Black Jack"

FOUR years ago this tall, lanky, lady-killer from Georgia decided to lend his talents to Uncle Sam. So Gene landed in Bancroft Hall, and the situation was soon well in hand, even though he was not a Gyrene. Academics have never daunted him, although he hasn't been a star man. He has proved his mettle as a Southern Gentleman who prefers blondes. Noted for his willingness to help others and his good-fellowship, Gene fits in wherever he happens to be, and never fails to help the situation along. His chief hobbies are leave, sports, and drags. When he lacks anything better to do, he takes a fling at touch football, that great old game. His greatest ambition in life is to see his own four stars fluttering from the mast. Just an old seadog, that's Gene.



Water Polo 4, 3; Battalion Basketball 2; Battalion Football 2; Battalion Track 2; Company Baseball 4; Lucky Bag; M.P.O.





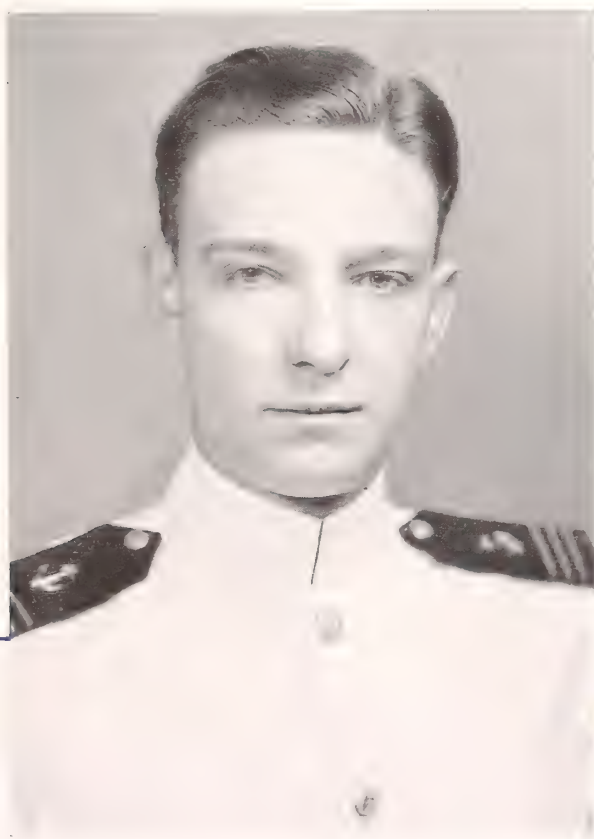
M.P.O.

ALBERT GALLATIN NEAL
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

"Al"

"Neal"

AL is a product of two classes, and he has won many friends in both. These friends know him for his easy-going disposition, for very few have ever heard that laugh silenced by things that would cause others to gripe, and his hearty guffaw has amused many a movie audience. Ordinarily, however, Al is a quiet fellow, and in his more peaceful moments he likes to dream about a round-the-world cruise in a small boat or a cabin in the mountains. He is partial to the boat, because a cabin in the mountains doesn't make a very seaworthy craft. But dreaming doesn't occupy too much of his time for when he gets enthusiastic about something, he goes after it hammer and tongs.



M.P.O.

ORVILLE OWEN LIEBSCHNER
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO

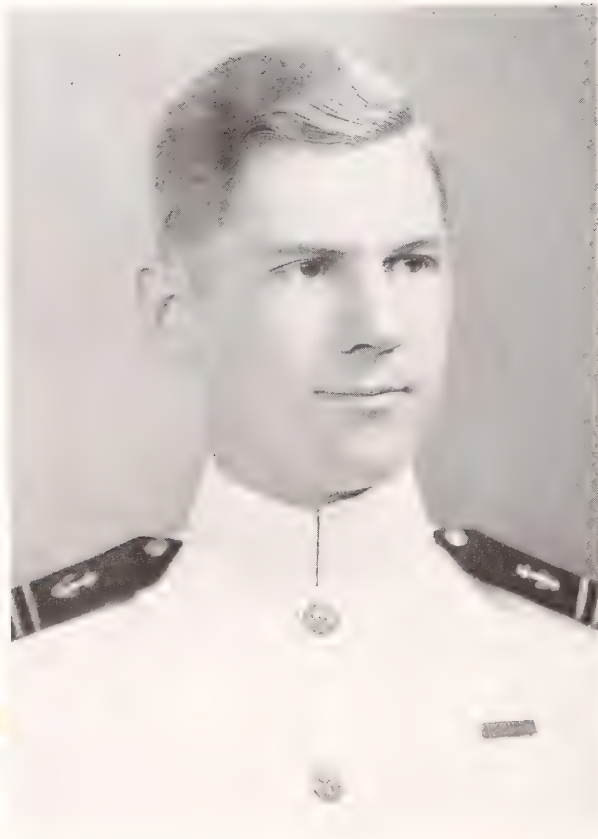
"Ollie"

"O. O."

"Lieb"

AFTER two years of schooling among the rebels at Oak Ridge, Ollie again forsook the Ceramic Center of the World for a different calling. Being used to a uniform, he was not flustered by the camera snapping tourists and goggle-eyed femmes. Ollie is still a redmike. Not being inclined towards athletics, long afternoons find him a good bridge partner or a dangerous opponent at cribbage. He is very loyal to that Pottery Center of his nativity, from which he so proudly hails, so much so that he threatens to have the East Liverpool Review sent to the library. Ollie's quiet manner and slow smile, easy disposition, and willingness to lend a pack of skags make him well liked and, in all, a swell fellow.





HARRY DANIEL HELFRICH, JR.
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

"Hellfire"

HARRY'S picture is deceiving. It implies that he is quiet and amenable to reason, but such is far from the truth, for Harry brought with him from Hagerstown an indomitable will. He absolutely refuses to be stepped on, and while refusing, makes full use of the mental ability which brought him stars. Passing beyond the mental stage, we find also that he has been an outstanding member of the golf team for three years. In winter when golf is temporarily laid by the board, amateur photography and radio serve to provide outlets for his active mind. He is most likeable, takes all matters with a keen sense of humor, and is full of fun. These characteristics indicate for him a highly successful naval career.

*Golf 3, 2, 1, G.N.F.
Radio Club 4, 3; Rifle
Team 4; Expert Rifle;
Star 4, 3, 2; 1 Stripe.*



KARL FREDERICK BORDER
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

"Roughsketch"

"Maximus"

A YEAR on a dude ranch started Roughsketch singing "The Strawberry Roan" to himself and whistling "Red River Valley," off key, to the world at large. A year of pre-law at University of Washington fostered his unbeatable, if illogical, argumentative power. Three years in China provided him a wealth of plebe baiting questions such as the exact population of Tsing-tao. And these four years at the Academy have made him a past master in the ways of the female. With this indoctrination, Karl points toward success in the Service; success well aided by a sense of humor, an ability to make and keep friends, and the determination that has served so well against those two crowning obstacles, Mechanical Drawing and Nav. P-Works.



*Boxing 4, 3; Soccer 4;
Wrestling 1; Boat
Club 4, 3, 2, 1; 2
Stripes.*





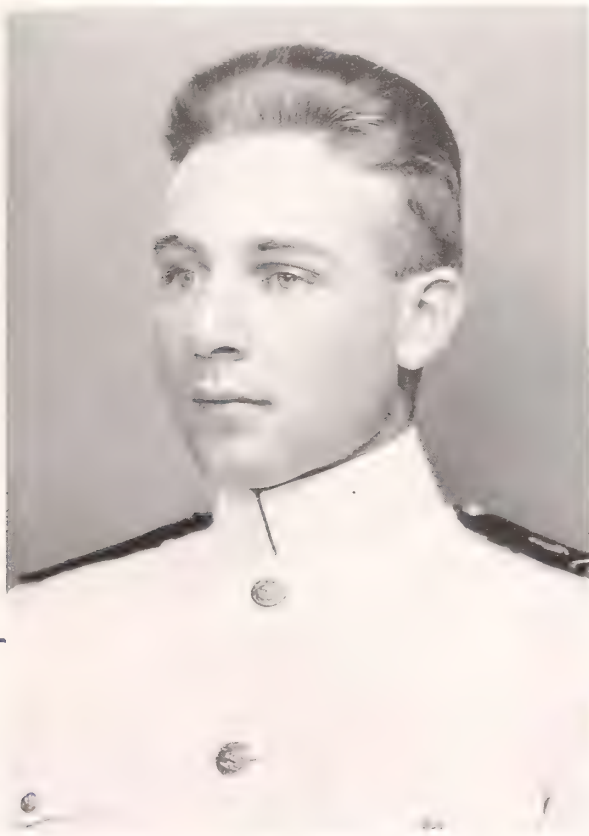
Track 4; Swimming 4;
Crest 3, 2, 1, C.P.O.

FREDERIC VIEWEG, JR.
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

"Fish"

"Freddy"

FISH came east from California and found the climate so enjoyable that he sent for his parents. Now over on the Eastern Shore he is known as the Champion Quaker's Neck Necker. Only his sense of humor, which is a constant delight in the mess hall, keeps him from being kidded about his resemblance to Cyrano. On Saturdays when not dragging a certain fair haired miss, he may be found sitting in one of the local cafes where his ideas on horses, women, and the Old West have become the *piece de resistance* of more than one conversation. On week days he may be found on the Severn cuddling an oar for the honor of the Navy and the glory of the Fourth Battalion.



M.P.O.

LINCOLN MARCY
SHREWSBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

"Link"

THE Navy found that although they had recruited a Yank, in Link they had acquired a welcome addition. Life with Lincoln is not without its elements of suspense—his collection of femmes keeping him in hot water most of the time—each mail brings one fresh tactical problem. He makes the ideal roommate, sewing on buttons and the like. And cook? Wow! Despite his New England culture, he has sometimes had fights with the Dago department, but his determination has always surmounted these and other obstacles. He swears he wants to go into the Supply Corps and punch a cash register but we all wish him the happiest of voyages in the fulfillment of his real ambition, which is to command the "Flareback" before he reaches forty.





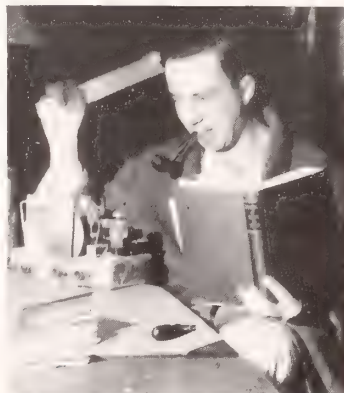
EDWIN GILBERT REED, JR.
MALONE, NEW YORK

"Ed"

"E. G."

ED has been a hard, diligent, and faithful worker, and despite his constant fear of bilging, he has never come close to the danger line. The Nav. Department has been his greatest jinx, but when the chips were down Ed came sailing through with colors flying. He throws the javelin a little, plays Batt football in the fall, sails a lot and reads history at every opportunity. His only regret in coming to the Naval Academy was in leaving his skis and skates behind, and he still likes to tell stories of the frozen North. Ed's great love for his pipes is exceeded only by his love for that pretty little brunette from Washington. How many hours before Connie will be here, Ed?

Battalion Football 3,
2; 1 P.O.



IRVING DOREMUS DEWEY
TAKOMA PARK, MARYLAND

"Irv"

"Admiral"

SOME fellows spend all their study hours writing letters, and still get along. Admiral is one of those lucky specimens. He writes more letters per night than all the rest of the company. He drags quite often, but never lets it get him down. Although he owns a banjo, he never has played it within throwing range of his room. He was enrolled for a year at Syracuse University, and is still vigorous in its defense during football season bull sessions. Admiral is one of the quietest fellows in the Academy, and he makes a good roommate—but he has one great fault, that of saying "fruit" after a tough Nav P-Work. Who knows? Perhaps there will be another Dewey to fly an Admiral's flag.

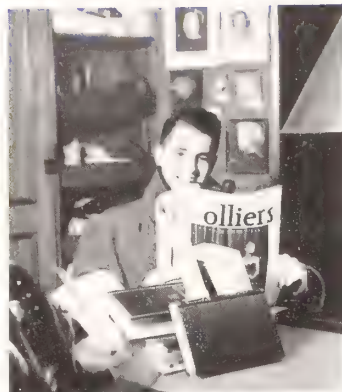


Mandolin Club 4, 3,
2, Director 1; Mus-
ical Club Show 2, 1;
M.P.O.





Soccer 4; Tennis 4, 2, 1; T39T; Gym 4, 3; G39T; Wrestling 3, 2, 1; W39T; Log 4, 3; Press Gang 3, 2; Treasurer Quarterdeck Society 1; Inter-Battalion Debating Champions 2; Christmas Card Committee 2, 1; 3 Stripes.

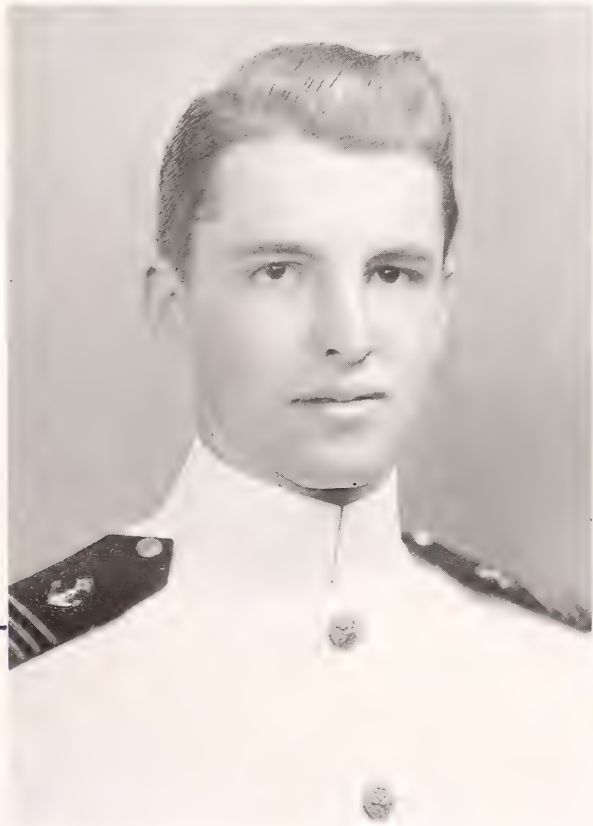


THOMAS COMINS HART
SHARON, CONNECTICUT

"Tommy"

"Strut"

TOMMY was here at the Academy before most of us were, when his father was the Superintendent. Possibly for some reason connected with this, he received a good deal of attention from upper classmen his Plebe year. But he survived, with no evidence of the "heart bowed down." He has kept himself busy with many small conspiracies, usually directed toward his unsuspecting roommate, a synthetic winter tan, and an infernal eye-exerciser. Betimes, when the spirit moves him, he wanders over to the gym for some gymnastics, or perhaps for a light attack of the gentle art of wrestling. In moments of affability—on the part of the listener—he renders vocal refrains, usually having a slight resemblance to some Yale chant.



Soccer 4, 3, 2, 1; V. Track 4, 1; Battalion Track 3, 2; Battalion Basketball 2; Company Representative 3, 2, 1; Lucky Bag, 2 Stripes.

SELWYN HARRISON GRAHAM, JR.
BURLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Selly"

"Ted"

IF you are looking for a man for the situation—whether it be dragging your sister or calming you down when the system has you, if you search for sincerity or deviltry, if you place friendship above the more tangible rewards of life—then Selly is highly recommended. If you need a pair of socks when your feet are bare, if conversation means more to you than study, then Selly's your man. And if you want to get the suits every single week, if you like to watch someone else shave until formation, if you insist on reporting at reveille every day of the year while your roommate slumbers on, and if you enjoy seeing your girl wolfed while you watch, well, you can have him.





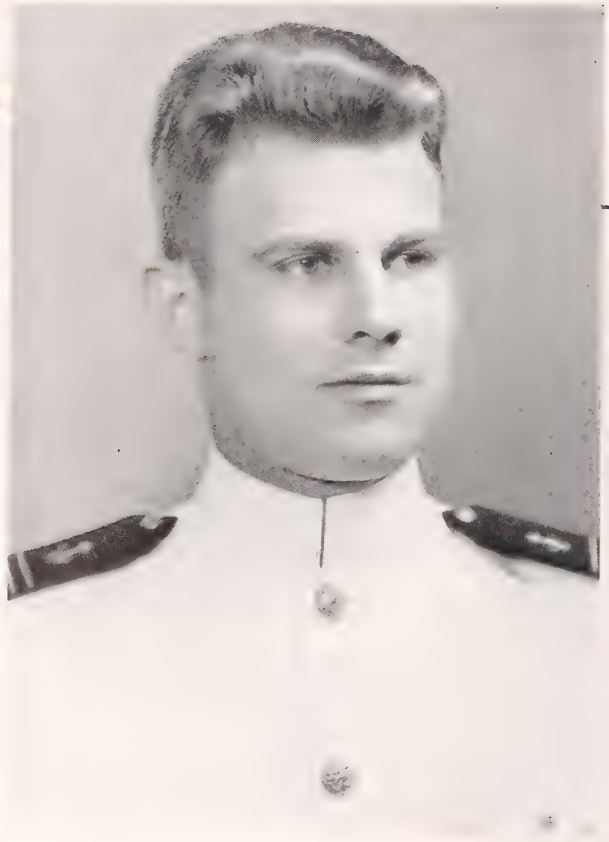
WILLIAM SHEPPARD O'KELLY
BUTTE, MONTANA

"Bill"

"Tugboat"

FROM skimming softly over an azure Montana lake in his outboard speedster, Bill decided to follow the sea. To prepare for this profession he sadly stowed away his boots and ten-gallon hat and enrolled in Uncle Sam's Nautical School. Needless to say, Cowboy has inherited many of the fine traits of old Erin, among which is a love of blarney. Fortunately, his blarney is restrained and, like T. N. T., needs a booster. So, whether his working-mate desires a long, heated bull session or absolute quiet, Bill fills the bill. In the winter he plays basketball on the messhall roof; in the better weather, for the Cowboy must be in the open, the ketch "Turtle" has replaced the buzzing outboard—a change well taken.

Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1;
Ketch Captain 1, Ua-
marie Crew 2, 1; 1
Stripe.



PAUL THEODORE KREZ
AT LARGE

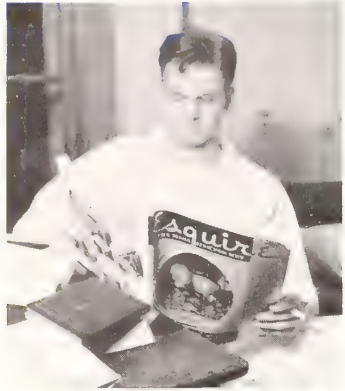
"Moose"

THE "Moose" is the latest edition of a long line of Service men. While watching the gulls soar gracefully over the blue Caribbean, he resolved that some day the Navy wings would adorn his manly chest. However, by reason of X-O-C-T-E-L-F-A-N-T, it appears that the nearest approach to this ambition will be when he dons waterwings for his morning bath. Afternoons find him in the gym climbing the rope, or engaging in a bit of wrestling. In the evenings after chow he can usually be counted on for fish stories hatched up on Wisconsin lakes, or heated discussions on anything from the relative merits of dragging blind to the high tariff on peanuts in Arabia. He usually stags the hops so he can get to bed earlier.



Boat Club 4, 3, 2;
Radio Club 4, 3, Lan-
guage Club 1; 1 P.O.





Baseball 4; Radio Club 1; Lucky Bag; M.P.O.

JOHN SHEPPARD FANTONE
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

"Jack"

WAVY hair, a slow cheery smile, instinctive Southern courtesy—that's Jack. His home being Norfolk, there is little need to point out what advantages this offers when a cruise pauses at Hampton Roads. There is something peculiarly fortunate about these Southerners—women are unusually susceptible to that lazy, careless drawl. Jack is one of those lucky persons who never find it necessary to exert themselves to stand comfortably in the upper third of the class. Interested in foreign languages, he excels in French. Despite the attractiveness of Southern beauties, Jack professes a preference for Northern girls—says they have more vitality. Naval aviation has beckoned to this lad since the time of his first boyhood wanderings in the vicinity of Langley Field and the N. O. B.



Company Rifle Team
1, 3, 2; Star 1, 3, 2,
3 Stripes

HUGH DEVOE CLARK
LAKEWOOD, NEW YORK

"Mud"

"MONSIEUR, décrivez la disposition des forces dans la bataille de Coronel." That might be a rather disconcerting question for some, but, having practised for some time with the first Dago section, Hugh plunges unemotionally into his discourse. That section is not the only first section to which he belongs, as the stars on his collar would seem to prove. He got those twinklers by hard work; having acquired in Lakewood, New York the typical (?) Northern dislike for idleness. He carries his doctrine of work even to the extent of regular workouts in the gym and on the terrace, to keep himself in good condition. And that is not too easy to do, as anyone on the Radiator Squad will tell you.





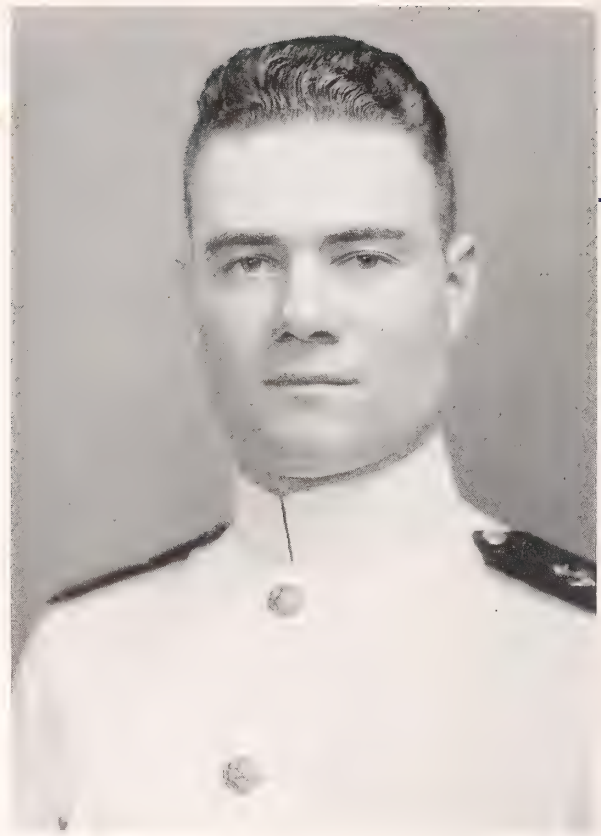
GUSTAV ADOLF WOLF
BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

"Popeye"

"Gus"

GUS had cruised into many ports during his previous sea life, but Crabtown was at least destined to supply his love life. From his first liberty July fourth, plebe summer, until graduation he missed only one afternoon of freedom. He was on watch—or was it visitors, "Popeye?" Plebe steam took some of the wind out of his sails, but his unconquerable spirit plus abundant energy brought him through. His aggressiveness leads him to the wrestling loft where he is known as "Grappling Gus." He is absolutely inflexible in matters of principle and wonderfully supple in analyzing a situation to suit "Popeye." In fact, his analytical mind has adopted the motto, "Keep your eye on the ball and your finger on your number," which will no doubt lead him forward.

Wrestling 4, 3; 2, 1;
Stamp Club 2, 1; 1
Stripe.



JAMES MONROE HINGSON
OXFORD, ALABAMA

"Hing"

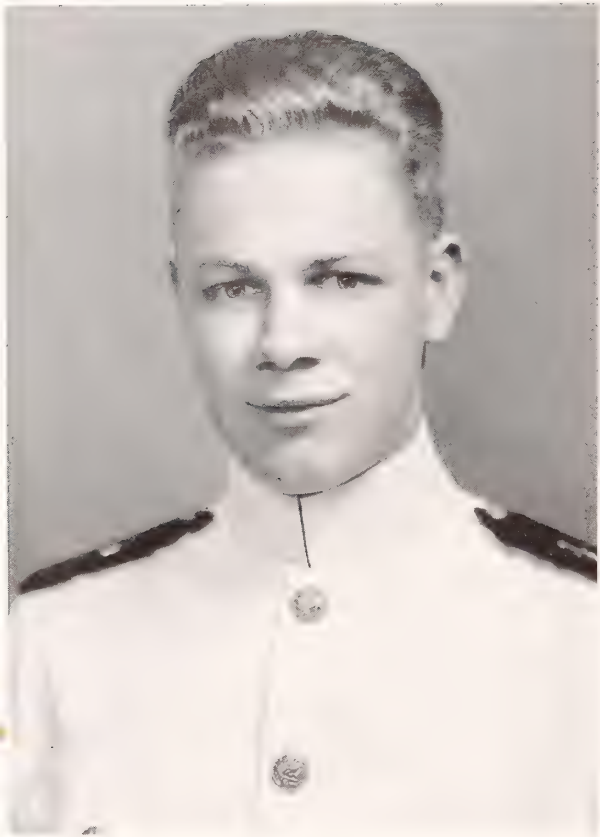
"Jim"

A GENTLEMAN from the Deep South, that's Hing. Lacking the big seegar in his mouth, perhaps, but the rest of him is there. Hing's Southern accent is quite the thing with the ladies, but the Dago Department doesn't seem to approve. However, why worry about that? You study all during Academic Year to learn to speak French well enough to order chocolate ice cream, and then get laid up with laryngitis just before the trip to Paris. If necessary, Jim can drop his Southern slowness, as his last-minute dashes from basketball practice to the shower and then formation have frequently proved. But who knows? At such times almost anyone would exhibit surprising dash and verve. Hing is the kindest of persons, particularly to dumb animals like Midshipmen.



Football 4; Battalion
Football 2, 1; Basket-
ball Manager 4, 3, 2;
Movie Gang 4, 3, 2;
Reception Committee 4,
3; Quarterdeck Society
1; Company Represent-
ative 2, 1; Lucky Bag;
2 Stripes.



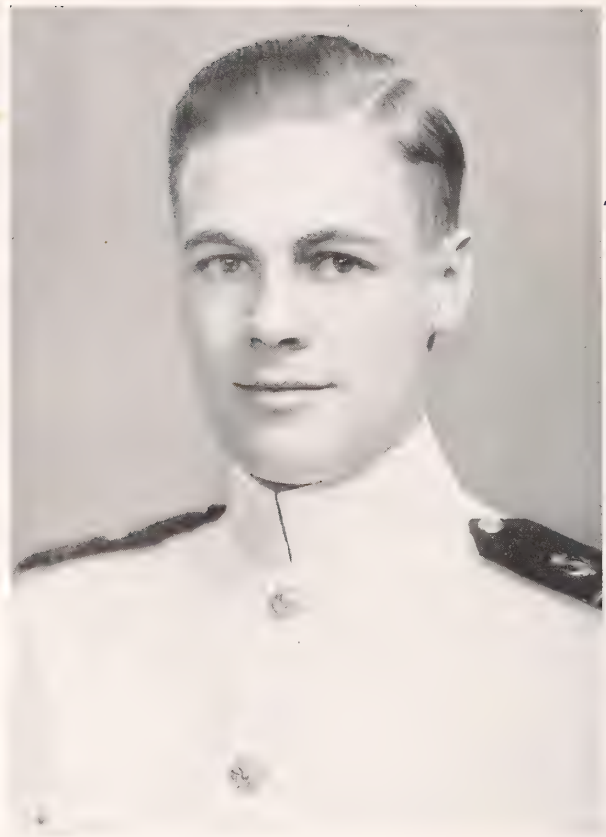


RALPH STUART THOMPSON
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

"Tommy"

OF course we had never seen Tommy before he blew in from New England to join the Navy, but it wasn't long before he became "one of us," and 1343 soon became bull session headquarters. Plebe year while we were busy dodging upperclassmen, Tommy was busy writing wicked lines to a bevy of beautiful femmes. He settled down Youngster year, and since then it's been nothing but daily special delivery air mail letters to his "Sunny." Not a star man, not wooden, Tommy has stood well in his class in spite of a few close calls now and then. Always ready to lend a hand (or a cigarette), always cheerful, and never licked, Tommy is sure to make his "N" in life.

Battalion Football 4, 3; Company Rifle Team 2; 1 P.O.



ROBERT COLE LAYCOCK
KITTERY, MAINE

"Lake"

"Bob"

"Stephen"

THE call of the deep was irresistible to Bob; he used the ocean for a back yard. Since arriving, he has managed to enjoy his years at the Academy, mixing work with play—and such play. Although his control of the helm is steady, his control of the feminine situation is steadier. The Ring Dance climaxed three variety-crammed delightful years; Plebe year learning names of operas, Youngster year eating under the table, and Second class year living in the hospital. A bad wrist blanked out hopes of making first class cruise. His favorite sport is track; favorite hobby, answering letters; favorite girl, Eleanor; favorite subject—the System. A good sport at all times, Bob's presence is always welcomed. Fleet or no Fleet, good luck to you, Bob.



Football 4; Battalion Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Log Staff 4, 3, 2; Musical Club Show 4, 3; Movie Gang 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 3, 2; Company Rifle Team 3; 1 P.O.





Boat Club 3, 1; M.P.O.

JOHN CHAPMAN JOLLY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Hap"

ALTHOUGH from the Quaker State, with his curly hair, over a slightly worried brow (courtesy of the Academic Department), and disarming yet mischievous smile, he has little of the appearance of a Quaker, and is always ready for fun. An ability to talk and write both convincingly and entertainingly makes bull sessions with him very interesting. His amusing dissertations have brought welcome relief from the mental strain of many an exam week. Although he professes to be a redmike, he had quite a gallery on his locker door Plebe year. And although always seeming a little bewildered at the complex wizardry of the Post Office Department and at the results of addition and subtraction, he nevertheless comes through in the pinches.



Battalion Wrestling 2,
1; Boat Club 3; Radio
Club 1; M.P.O.

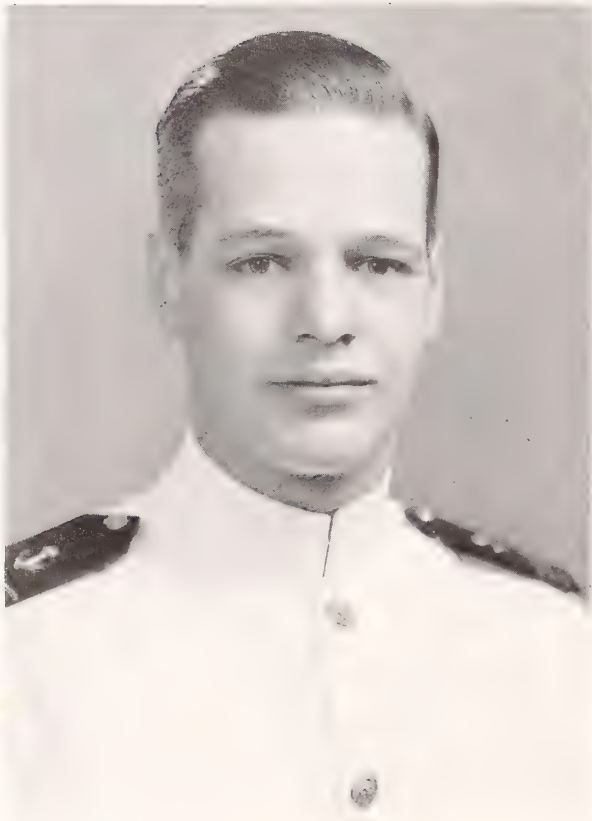
PHILIP BOSCHÉ BROWN
DILLON, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Phil"

"Jake"

UP from the Chloe-land of the Carolinas came this genial son of the South. Blessed with that very necessary quality—of confidence, he has waded through, when many another would have been ready to admit defeat. Never on too-friendly terms with the Language Department, he nevertheless managed to represent his ship at a foreign reception. Although a natural charm coupled with an easy grace and sparkling brown eyes, cause him more than his share of contacts with the fairer sex, he still claims to be a redmike. Life around him has never been devoid of excitement, due to his trace of pyromania and very definite symptoms of absentmindedness, continually present. Always ready with help, either material or moral, he will be just as fine a shipmate as he has always been a roommate.





GEORGE CHAMBERLAIN DUNCAN
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

"Duke"

"Dunc"

"COLD forty!" "I'll never be a wrestler!" "Gotta skag?" "Request for 'Moonglow'!" "Just you wait till we're out on the West Coast!" are a few of Dunc's familiar expressions. Being around "Wee Geordie," one of Tacoma's favorite sons, is a perpetual *joie de vivre*. That's why he counts so many friends in this vale of grey. Classes—sheer fruit!—they're just so much marked time between week-ends for our Scottish laddie. You'll find him on a canoe trip, listening to opera, on a blind drag, spending Christmas in New York, singing in the shower, reading voraciously, trying to grow a beard, wrestling, or pulling an oar, defending either side of any question, or "banging ears," but you'll never find him worrying. Happy landings, Dunc!

Soccer 4; 150 lb. Crew 4; Wrestling 3, 2, 1; Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Glee Club 3, 2, 1, Director 1; Musical Club Show 3, 2, 1; Masqueraders 2, 1; Trident 3, 2; Boat Club 3; Reception Committee 3, 2, 1; Company Rifle Team 3, 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



EDMONDS DAVID
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

"Duke"

HAIL the Duke!—A true gentleman and a real pal! The ambition to be a Navy flier brought him to the Academy, but his air-mindedness has not kept him from having his feet quite firmly on the ground. He has the right disposition for aviation; he is good-natured, not easily excited, and thoroughly likeable. His diffident expression and shy smile indicate that he is bashful, but the signs are wrong. The Duke is at heart a ladies' man, and seldom misses a hop. He has had several skirmishes with academics, but has cleverly out-maneuvered the enemy to emerge from battle victorious, although with a few prematurely grey hairs. He has a fondness for taps, and a dislike for reveille; he never wakes up until after breakfast.



Soccer 4; Football 4;
Radio Club 4; Small
Bore 4; 1 P.O.





Water Polo 4; Battalion Water Polo 3; Battalion Swimming 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Radio Club 1; Company Small Bore; 2 Stripes.

ALEXANDER SCAMMEL WADSWORTH, III

AT LARGE

"Sandy"

COMING from a line of Navy people gives a fellow a reputation to uphold, and never let it be said that Sandy didn't do his part to uphold the good name. His diversified knowledge has stood him in good stead many a time, and plebes and classmates often find him helpful in their perplexity. Second class September leave left Sandy with a dazed look on his face; from that time on the redmikes had lost a charter member. The social whirl, dragging, and Sunday afternoon ketch trips quite took him out of the classification. A combination of knowledge, thoroughness and a likeable personality will get you far in the Navy, Sandy, so we all join in wishing you a long, successfully pleasant voyage.



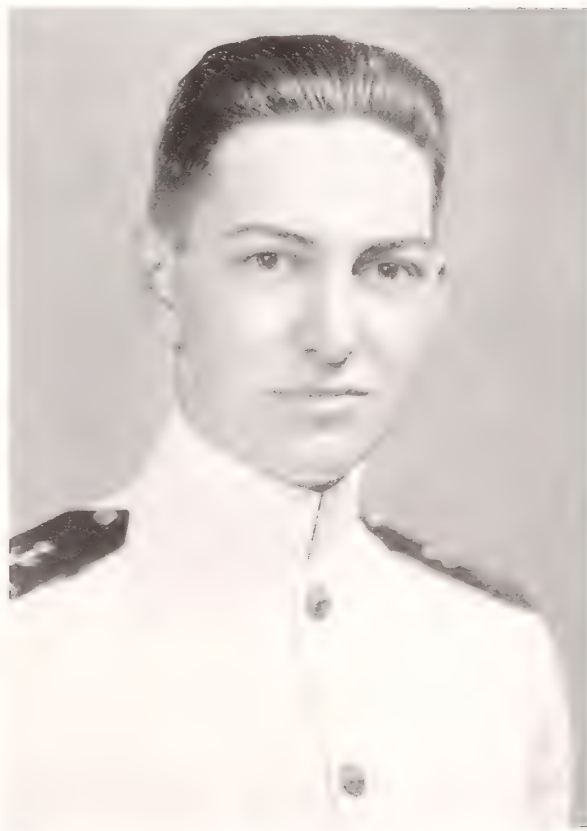
Gen. 4, Battalion Football 3, Battalion Crew 3, 2, 1, Monte Carlo, M.P.O.

EUGENE FREDERICK HAYWARD

MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS

"Gene"

CAREFREE and happy-go-lucky—that's Gene all over. In spite of occasional tight squeezes with the various Departments during the past four years, his cheerful disposition and ready smile have never left him and his sense of humor has proved an invaluable aid in carrying on through many a dismal winter month. Bridge, golf, and rowing take up much of Gene's spare time; but he also manages to find time to drag occasionally just to keep his hand in. His passion for sending away for things stocks the room with everything from literature on Alaska to a shorthand course. Gene's ability to accommodate himself to changing conditions insure his success wherever he goes and whatever he does.





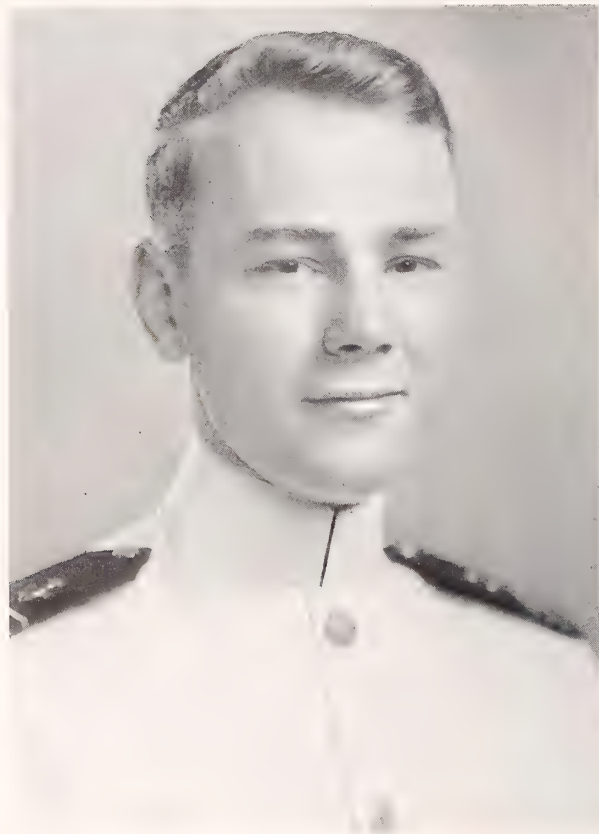
FRANCIS MARTIN WELCH
BREWSTER, NEW YORK

"Slip"

"Frank"

FRANK first became famous for his "Fight! Fight! for Brewster." Then second class summer he was among those hardy gentlemen who so proudly wore the brass wings of the Junior Birdmen of America. Neither redmike nor snake, Slip takes girls, like academics, as they come. In the spring, he makes it tough sledding for the attack men on the varsity lacrosse field, the rest of the year he can always be interested in a fast game of basketball on the terrace or a foraging party at the "Greasy Spoon." Slip is a friend of everyone and is always ready to pass out the skags. His good natured and considerate ways have made him the best roommate a fellow could have.

Lacrosse 4, 3, 2, 1;
Battalion Basketball 4,
3, 2, 1; Reception Com-
mittee 3, 2, 1; 1 P.O.



CHARLES DeWITT McCALL
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

"Mac"

"Chuck"

SECURE? Any time. Radio or sleep compose his indoor avocations. Don't let this be too misleading as he can still hold his own in athletics. Mac reads magazines to keep away academic worries, being gifted with sufficient *savoir faire* to maintain this indifference to things academic, even after spending a fourth of second class year in the hospital. Cruises he takes in stride with decks, in port continually cleared for action. He entered with a ready smile on his face and a cheerful view of life. That will be our impression as he leaves to join the Fleet to be welcomed as a Junior officer. There will he prove his ability, and be a credit to his native state of New York.

Water Polo Manager
4; Battalion Water
Polo 3; Battalion La-
crosse 3, 2, 1; Battal-
ion Football 2, 1; 1
P.O.





Golf Team 3, 2, 1, Com-
pany Rifle Team 2; 2
Stripes.

EDWARD MICKA
BILLINGS, MONTANA

"Eddie" "Mike" "Oscar"

"JUST watch it"—he warns; but the women only have eyes for fascinating Eddie. Yet the admiration of the fair sex has never gone to his head; he has always retained his desire to some day be jailed by the fair daughter of the home State Warden. Montana was the state and life for Eddie, and there has been a struggle between the great green wastes and the boundless blue waters. Always a fine athlete, Eddie has not often shown his versatility because of academic necessities. As a golfer he holds the course record. One of the boys, Eddie will most often be found with a group of good friends. Skilled hands and great determination have carried him far and will carry him further.



Football 4, 3, Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, Com-
pany Cross Country 1;
Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1,
1 Stripes.

FRANK HARTFORD KOLB, JR.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Harty" "Elmer" "Oswald"

"NOW I'm not one for the brag, but let's not study today—let's just talk, huh?" The usual day's start, however, means little, for Harty never once lets up in that determination and perseverance to win—in spite of all the snares and pitfalls set by the Academic Department. Whether it be in academics or in play—that will to win manifests itself in his every undertaking. His ready cheerful smile and helpful attitude have won him many true friends. Although his time for the fair sex is rather limited, when he does "splurge" the drags never forget! Considerate, helpful, honorable, he will find no difficulty in obtaining success. Sincerest best wishes to you, chum, from the entire gang of your well-wishers.





ONOFRIO FREDERICK SALVIA
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

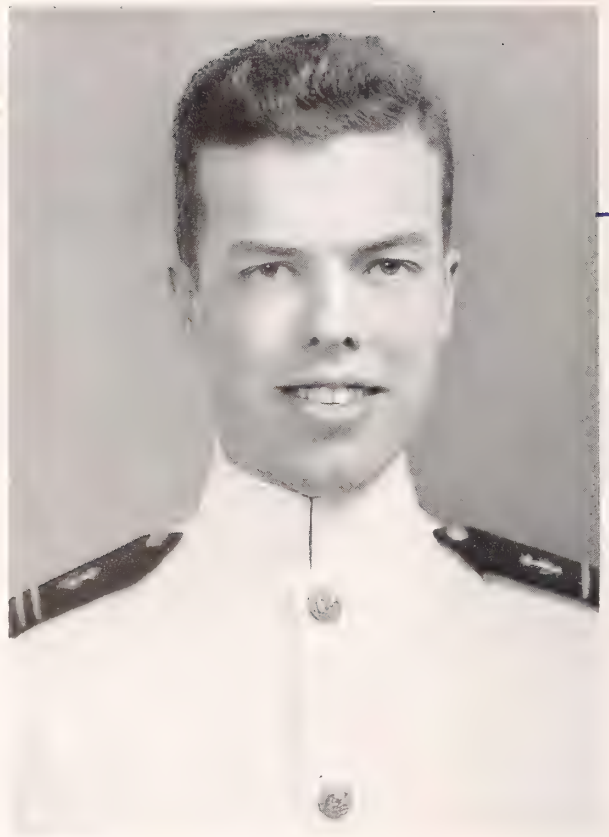
"Fred"

"Sal"

"Onnie"

HAILING from New York City, Sal found it difficult to accustom himself to the charm and simplicity of Naval Academy life; but now, they say, he likes it better than the big city. A linguist of no mean ability and a careful and concise student, Fred manages to stand in the upper quarter of his class without wearing out the pages of his books. Fred has been a baseball fan ever since he was large enough to shag a pebble at a cop, and now that he himself is wearing a uniform, he finds it more profitable to go out for baseball. No doubt his early training was good, for he is on our own sandlot outfit, though the latter is more generally known as the varsity.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1;
Language Club, Radio
Club; 2 Stripes.



DeWITT McDOUGAL PATTERSON
SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE

"Pat"

"Tiger"

THE boys all call him "Tiger," but who has ever seen a tiger that wears a perpetual smile? Pat is the original version of the walking and talking encyclopedia. There isn't a question—academics not included—that Pat cannot answer on the spur of the moment; he has been a blessing to the plebes for four years. A charter member of the renowned Radiator Club, Pat goes in for the less strenuous form of exercise. He just loves to dance, and has done his share at our shindigs. Conscientious and not a five-percenter, he will make an ideal shipmate.



"E" Great Guns; Ra-
dio Club 1; Language
Club 2, 1; 2 Stripes.



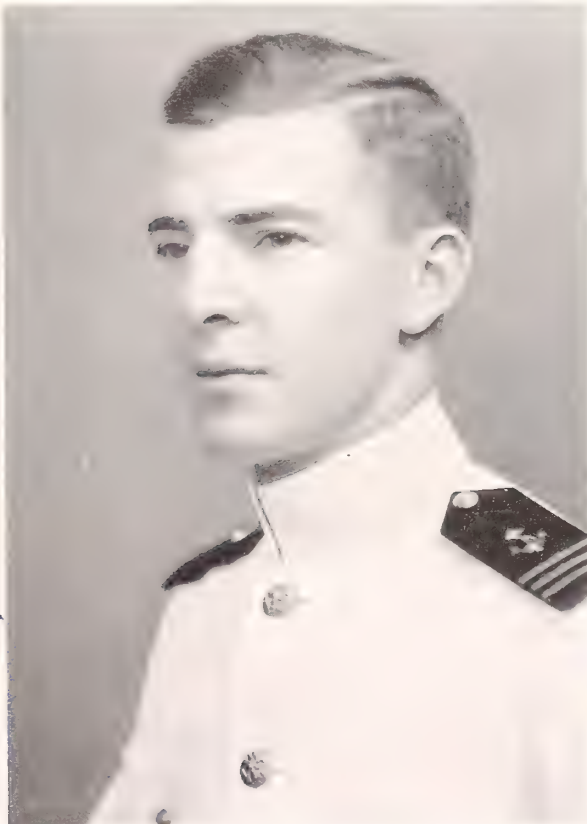


Track 3, 2, 1, N*
 Football 3; Battalion
 Football 2, 1; 3 Stripes.

RICHARD BARR NEAL
 LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE

"Dick"

DICK spent his first years in Tennessee. In high school he led his class in athletics, as well as in academics. On entering the Academy, he continued in the same versatile manner. Academics, athletics, activities, and amusements all have been taken without undue commotion. A bad knee and a broken collarbone were all that kept Dick from winning a varsity letter in football. As a Youngster, he beat Army's captain in the broad jump and helped win the Army track meet. Although many of his classmates classify him as a genuine redmike, they do so without sufficient reason. He is just a one-girl man—one at a time. Dick's calm, cool attitude, his energy, and his conscientiousness are his greatest assets.



P.O.

KARNIG MOOSHIAN
 BRADFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Moosh"

"Moose"

THE only warship Moose had ever been aboard before he joined us was a leaky rowboat, but he set right out to become an Admiral. Plebe summer found him up in the 0400's awakened by the unaccustomed putt-putt of the oyster fleet. Youngster Cruise meant a series of midwatches and tinges of mal-de-mer for our hero from Haverhill. There soon followed a struggle with the Bull Department that ended in defeat—almost. Second Class summer would not have been quite the same without the toasted cheese sandwiches concocted in 1256. His hearty laugh wins him a place in our hearts, and although he does not make friends easily, his friendships are permanent; he can't help making life another big success. Good luck, "K."





WARREN LEWIS HUNT
VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

"Frankie"

ALTHOUGH he has left California behind, Frankie has never fully emerged from the dense fog which usually hovers over that state. Since "coming east," however, he has lost all tendencies to just take things easy. He is one of those rare people who like to get things done today and forget that there is a tomorrow. If there is anything musical or dramatic going on you may be sure that he is in the line-up. Surely you can't forget Hilda in the "Whistling in the Dark" or those piano numbers in the orchestra recital. Since the June Ball plebe year Frankie has never missed a hop, never being bricked more than once by the same girl. Academics are among his minor worries; eye charts being the nightmares of his existence.

Choir 4, 3, 2, 1; Orchestra 4, 3, 2, Director 1; Musical Clubs 4, 3, 2, 1; Masqueraders 3, 2, Director 1; Log 2; 1 P.O.



PARTEE WILSON CROUCH, JR.
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

"P. W."

"P-Work"

HE is a gentleman from Virginia, by birth and by God, and when he gets warmed up on the height of "them thar mountings," then watch out! He is a genius at surmounting obstacles and getting out of difficulties without substituting others in their places. His extra-curricular activities are somewhat varied, when existent, and he has a pronounced affinity for observing "sleepy hour." His major complaint is that "the Lord done made the nights too short." He likes most of his work, but he just doesn't agree with the Prof in Dago. He appreciates the better things, and would like more time to enjoy them. He has a very handy knack of fixing things, and, what is more, they usually work. He has remained true to the O. A. O., and that means plenty.



Log Staff 4, 3, 2; Boat Club; 1 P.O.





150 lb. Crew 4; Battalion Crew 2; Water Carnival 3; G.P.O.

FRANK CHASE PERRY
CAMDEN, MAINE

"Fred"

"Franco"

FRANK came down to the Academy from the frozen North, where men and women drink their water straight. Perhaps it is just as well that he came to a warmer climate, though, for there is not any excess meat on his lanky frame to keep him warm in the snow-covered hills. The icy tundra is not the proper environment for snakes, so Frank doesn't do much dragging. Although he is not a muscle-bound athlete (he claims that it takes brains and not brawn, unless one is going to be a wrestler) he engages in many sports, tennis in particular, in our few brief spells of good weather. However, not even Maryland's frequent damp, dull days can succeed in lowering Frank's good spirits.



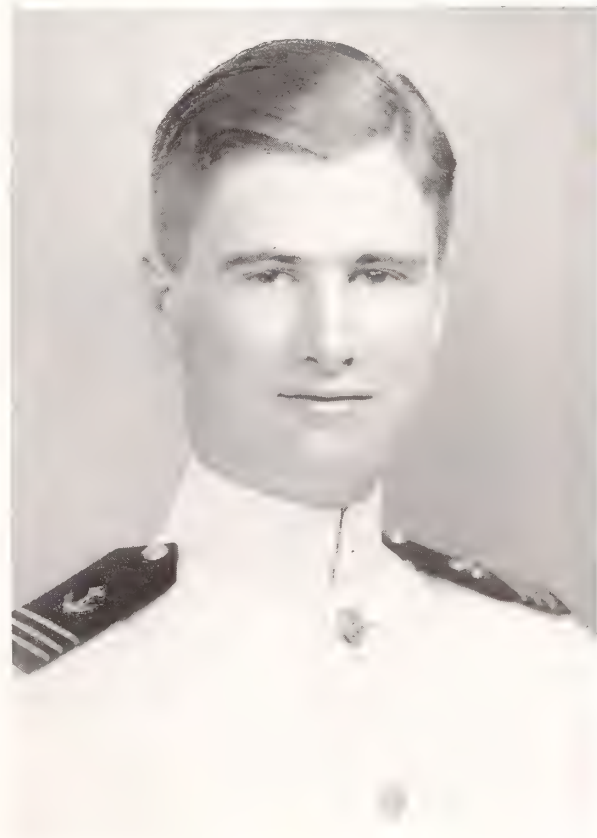
Star 1 M.P.O.

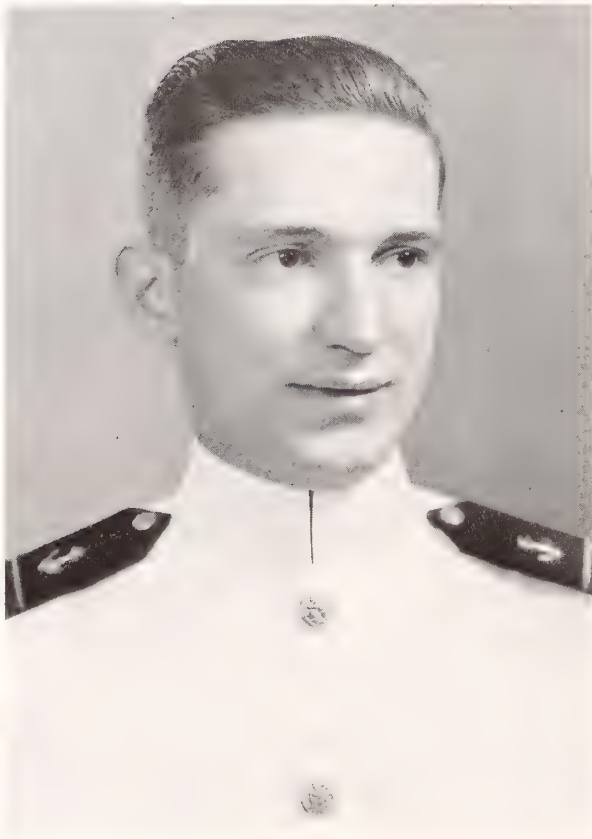
WILLIAM FREDERICK HARRIS
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

"Bill"

"Happy"

BILL, being more accustomed to tropical climes, was at first dismayed by Maryland's chilly nights, but soon he became so hardened that he even put the more northern men to shame with his contempt for the erratic weather of Annapolis. Many would like to discover, for frequent application, the secret of his resistance to cold. His ability to deliver long and complicated disquisitions in Dago has often filled several of the less adept of the first section with a sort of incredulous awe. Ask him sometime to tell you—in French—the story of the Kentucky Colonel. He prefers not to specialize in any one sport, but bangs away enthusiastically in many of them. Tennis in warm weather and handball in the winter months occupy most of his afternoons.





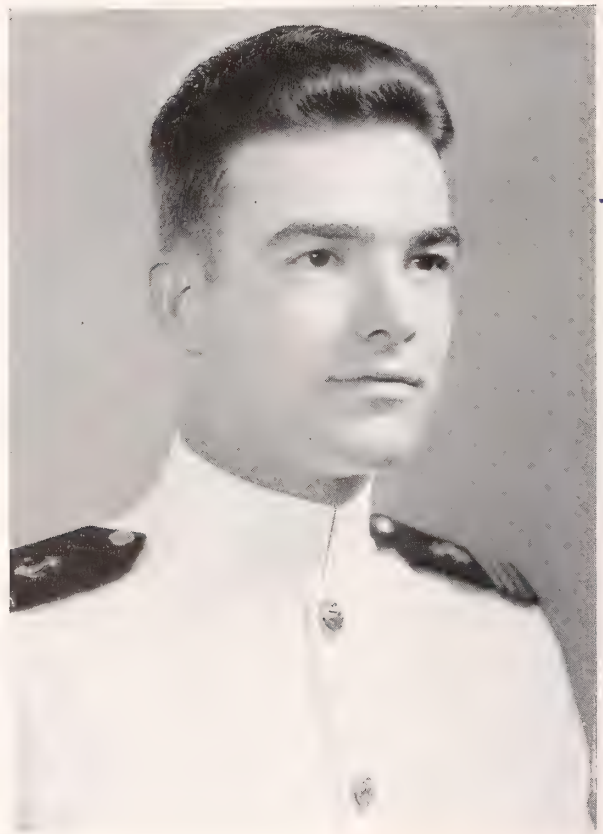
WILLARD HAROLD LONG
KINGSTON, PENNSYLVANIA

"Shorty"

"Huey"

HIGH school and a year of leisure developed in this long, lanky miner an interest in our institution nextdoor to Crabtown. Hence, with little trouble, Bill soon found himself a bewildered Plebe operating under forced draft of a tremendous appetite. Rapidly learning all the ropes except those in Seamanship, he was more amused than harassed by the upper crust. In preparation for Youngster cruise, Huey discovered his sea legs during subchaser drill, and as a result the cruise—despite an extra dose of engineering—became a pleasure. Frequent Washington excursions during the course of country club summer failed to alter his redmike attitude. However, with a bit of gold at his shoulder, he is quite likely to be forced to see the light.

M.P.O.



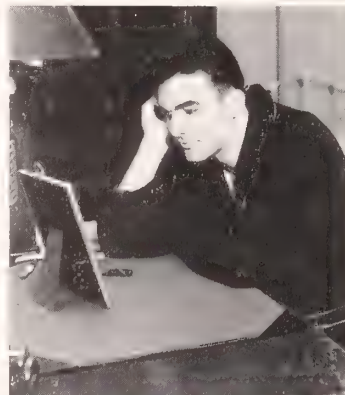
EDMOND ALEXANDER HOGGARD
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

"Wofford"

"Ted"

"OH, isn't he grand?" is the cry that goes up from every group of femmes as Ted swings by. And their smiles are never fruitless. An inspection of his locker door shows that he goes in for quality and variety. Hailing from the "Deep South, suh," he naturally prefers the Southern Belles. Easy-going, friendly, and generous, Ted is always welcome in any group. Academics haven't been any too easy for him, but he has breathed fairly easy ever since passing Second Class Ordnance. He is not a world-beater in athletics, but a friendly game of touch football or terrace basketball always finds him interested. Smile when things go wrong, joke at your little troubles, enjoy life always—there you have Ted's formula for happiness.

i P.O.





Battalion Soccer 3, 2,
1; Gym Manager 4, 3,
2; N.A. 10 4, 3, 2;
Musical Club Show
4, 3, 2; 1 Stripe.

ALBERT HALE ODELL
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

"Pete"

PETE came to us with a Boston accent and a love of ships derived from two years on the Massachusetts Nautical Schoolship "Nantucket." An inveterate Hellcat and a perennial snake, Pete has one of the most extensive acquaintances among both the Regiment and the fairer sex of Crabtown and neighboring villages. He has rarely been known to drag the same girl twice, and still more rarely to miss a hop. His trombone technique is unique, to say the least, but has kept him in the NA-Ten for four years. Numerous rest-cures in the hospital threatened his first two years, but Pete never spent much time boning. He has dabbled in various athletics, but those long legs just refuse to be moved around fast enough. Pete: "Say, did you catch Tommy Dorsey last night?"



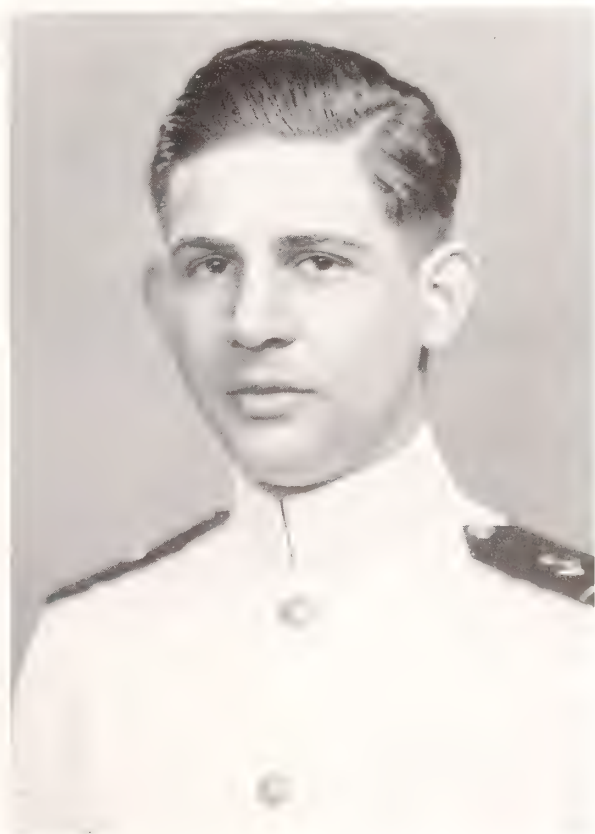
Water Polo 4, Radio
Club 4, 3, Orchestra
4, 3, 2, 1, Musical
Clubs 4, 3, 2, 1; 1
P.O.

CHESTER HUBERT FINKELSTEIN
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

"Fink"

"Casper"

WHETHER it was the brass buttons, the glamour, or the education, the Luggage Shop lost a good salesman when Fink went Navy. A deep plunge into studying every October soon wears off in favor of bull sessions or writing letters. He makes life miserable with that licorice stick, but the orchestra seems to appreciate him. Never starrng, but that's just pure laziness. He has a strong dislike for the lords of M.E., since Youngster Christmas. He is seldom seen at hops, unless SHE is in town. He's a marvel at defending the wrong end of an argument. The class suicide squad Plebe Year pointed the way to his high ranking position on the Radiator Club. If there's an easier way to do a thing, Fink will find it.





DENIS EDWARD O'NEIL, JR.
LONGMEADOW, MASSACHUSETTS

"Danny"

"Den"

IRISH clean through from the crown of that shock of jet black hair to the soles of those sturdy New England feet is Denis. He possesses a keen sense of humor, an inherent generosity, and an ability to put his whole heart into whatever he is doing. Tennis, football, and battalion basketball (anything but swimming!) all come in for their share of his attention, but baseball is Dan's first love. He knows the game, it's history and players as do few and has, himself, a mighty far-throwing left wing. The plebes soon learned that the answer to practically any of his questions was "Springfield, Massachusetts." We'll wager that someday Springfield will be as proud of this native son as we have been to know him.

Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1,
1 P.O.



WILLIAM DUVAL ADAMS, 3rd
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

"Bill"

"Willy"

BILL was almost three months late in arriving here from the hills of Virginia, but he has made up for the lost time since getting here. Undaunted by the long transmission interval, he soon proved that academics were merely a supplementary course. But if there's a prob you don't savvy, ask Willie. Disdainful of the slipstick, he works all but the third place in his head. Although refraining from high pressure varsity sports, Bill always finds time for Batt basketball and baseball, if he isn't sailing a starboard around the bay. And now and then he breaks down and invites up a flower of the South to brighten a weekend. Happy, even-tempered, irresponsible, Bill has a multitude of friends in the Regiment.



M.P.O.



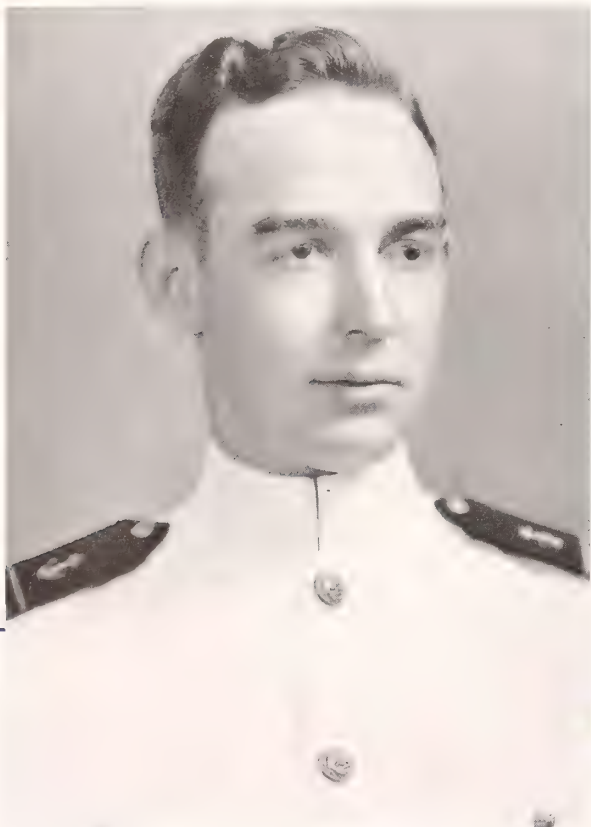


Football Manager 4;
1 Stripe.

CLAY HAYS RANEY
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

"Clay-Ray"

FROM swimming in the Mississippi to crossing the Atlantic in one of Uncle Sam's grey warriors; from throwing erasers in a one-room Arkansas schoolhouse to braving the impenetrable chalk-dust of an Academy section room; this has been the story of this aspirant to the Navy Blue. He has proved himself adept aboard ship on the cruises and has shown his ability to better a 2.5 in the classroom. Besides acquiring routine knowledge with facility, Clay has proved his worth in conquering the hearts of numerous forties. His flair for exercise and iron will take him to the gym where he successfully keeps his trim figure. Clay has been a fine roommate and will continue to be an invaluable friend.



Musical Club Show 4,
Boat Club, Trident So-
ciety; 1 P.O.

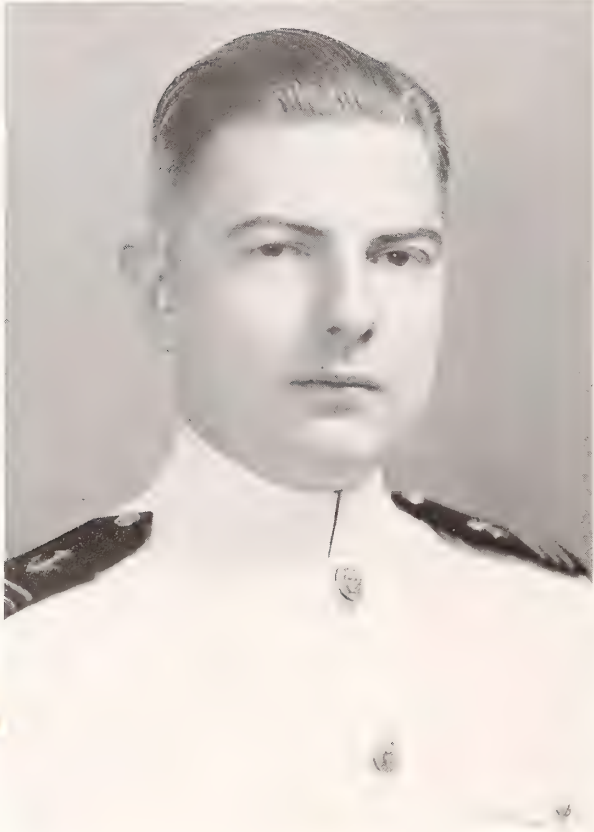
WILLIAM FRANKLIN GOODRUM
WOODBURY, NEW JERSEY

"Goody"

"Bill"

A STRONG determination, natural ability, and the fear of death at the hands of New Jersey mosquitoes brought Bill to the Naval Academy via the Naval Reserve and two years in prep school. In a few weeks he was the friend of everyone by virtue of his good natured, easy-going manner—not to mention the frequent boxes of chow. As for the fairer sex—his winning smile has caused the heart of many a femme to skip a beat. Not a savoir, but he has little difficulty in defeating the academic departments as well as the sliding charts in sick bay. In his leisure hours we find him sketching cartoons for the Log or writing letters. Good luck, Bill, and may our paths soon cross again.





ERNEST LOUIS SCHWAB, JR.
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

"Erny"

"Schwabbo"

AFTER four years, Erny admits only one deficiency of the great City of New York—that it possesses no Navy. Thus Schwabbo's nautical aspirations drew him from the metropolis to the shores of the Severn. A mild savoir, his equilibrium has never been excessively disturbed by the departments; so he has had time and inclination for varied diversions within and beyond these walls. Though more notorious than famous for his articles, his efforts on the *Log* have been highly creditable. Believing in variety, he has made no permanent entangling alliances with the ladies—although the sweet young things usually go for his sleek dark brown hair, suave New Yorker's air, and smooth line. He has one grave fault—his addiction to puns.

Fencing 4, 3, 2, 1;
Log 4, 3, 2; Associate
Editor 1; Choir 4, 3,
2, 1; Glee Club 2, 1;
Star 4; 2 Stripes.



WILLIAM FREDERICK HOGABOOM
VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

"Bill"

"Hogy"

AT THE day of the final reckoning, even if Bill is found to lack any virtues or to possess any vices, his accounts will assuredly be kept high on the credit side of the ledger through his super-abundance of that godly virtue, patience. Hoagy, the patient soul personified, endures anything, and perseveres uncomplainingly at any task until it is completed. He claims Vicksburg—he doesn't pronounce it that way—as his home range. If anyone is in doubt as to the site of that fair city, ask any Youngster to draw you a picture of its location. He is addicted to flannel trousers, and goes out for the gym team so he can wear them with impunity.



Gym Team 4, Manager 3, GNT; Christmas Card Committee; C.P.O.





Soccer 4, 3, 2; Crew Manager 4, 3, 2; "E" Great Guns, Ring Committee, Chairman; Pep Committee 2; Stunt Committee 1; Reception Committee; Log Staff; Star 4; 3 Stripes.



FRANCIS BROOKS WEILER
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Boo-Boo"

"Fran"

"Politician"

SEVERAL score miles north of our quaint Annapolis lies the gay, wealthy, and well-bred metropolis of Philadelphia. With the Quaker City as a background, and the addition of a brilliant personality, Boo-Boo soon made for himself a host of friends at the Academy. A well-groomed appearance, and the ability to say the right thing at the right time have been the envy and despair of us all. Hailing from a soccer-famous family, he did not take long to prove his mettle with the Plebe squad. In his academic and social pursuits, he has been a shining example of the Teddy Roosevelt "Work hard—play hard" maxim. The result has been that Boo-Boo soon attained the elusive titles of "smoothie" and "savoir."



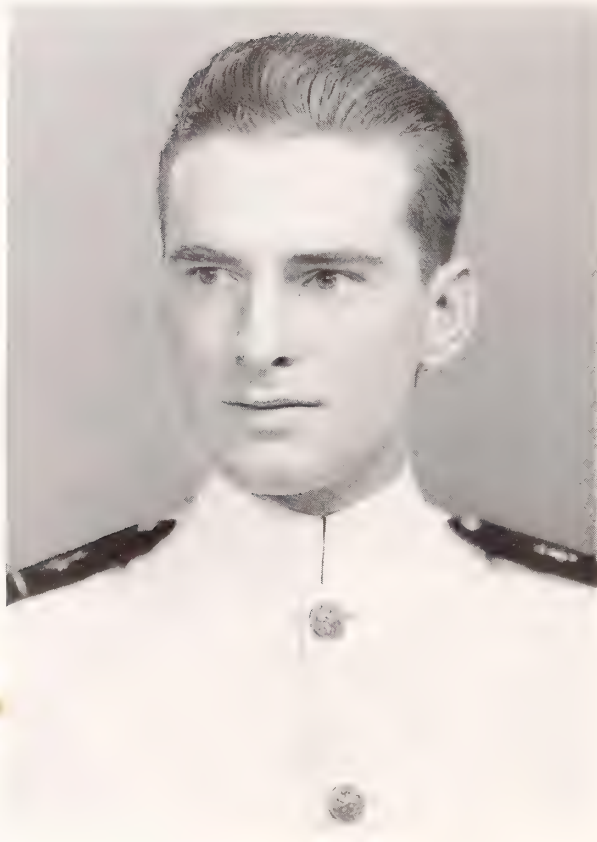
Crew 4, 3; Football 4, 3; Log, Reception Committee; 1 Stripe.

ROMAN VICTOR MROZINSKI
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

"Rosy"

NOT A one-activity man, Rosy is as familiar a figure in a shell gliding along the river as are his articles on a wide variety of subjects in the Log. In the matter of academics, Rosy has had his share of being a savoir in some things, never letting the departments come close to worrying him in any way. Frequent after-taps and Sunday-morning bull sessions have brought out a remarkable knowledge of history and current affairs, as well as some healthy ideas on how to rearrange a few things here and there in the world to make its progress smoother. He is cultured, conscientious, and clean-cut, with no little talent for putting thoughts into words; and his character is as fine as his personality is pleasing.





THOMAS DANIEL KEEGAN
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

"Tim"

"Tom"

NOBODY has ever asked Tommy where he came from; they always know. But outside of a general indifference to clamor plus an inherited fear of the cold night air, his New York days have been a definite help. At first a redmike, he broke the ice during Youngster year; and by the time '39 had rolled around, two letters a day was only par. His two weaknesses, the never-failing lure of a blind drag—which he never turns down—and a strange attraction for "robbers' row." Academically, Tommy has stayed in front—he'll tell you it's due to his good old Irish luck—but having seen him hit the books from 1930 to 2200 each night, we know it's a lot more than that.

Baseball 4, 3, 2; Water Polo 4; "E" Great Guns; 2 Stripes.



DONALD CLAYTON DEANE
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

"Don"

"Diz"

CALIFORNIA has sent us brawny athletes before, but Don repudiates this reputation of his home state by being of the literary- and musical-minded type. Academics have come none too easily; he never did fathom Dago; but a habit of strumming his ukelele or tuning in on Benny Goodman drives all worries from his mind. A perennial snake, Don has known every girl in town for years back. Athletics haven't been entirely disregarded in his curriculum, since many afternoons saw him in the gym practising what he learned on the plebe gym team. Redlands will welcome back their native son, and this lad will make that town his base of operations for further investigations of feminine pulchritude on the West Coast. An exodus of Navy Juniors to that section is expected after June Week '39.



Track Assistant Manager 4, 3; Drum and Bugle Corps 4, 3; Mandolin Club 2, 1; 1 Stripe.





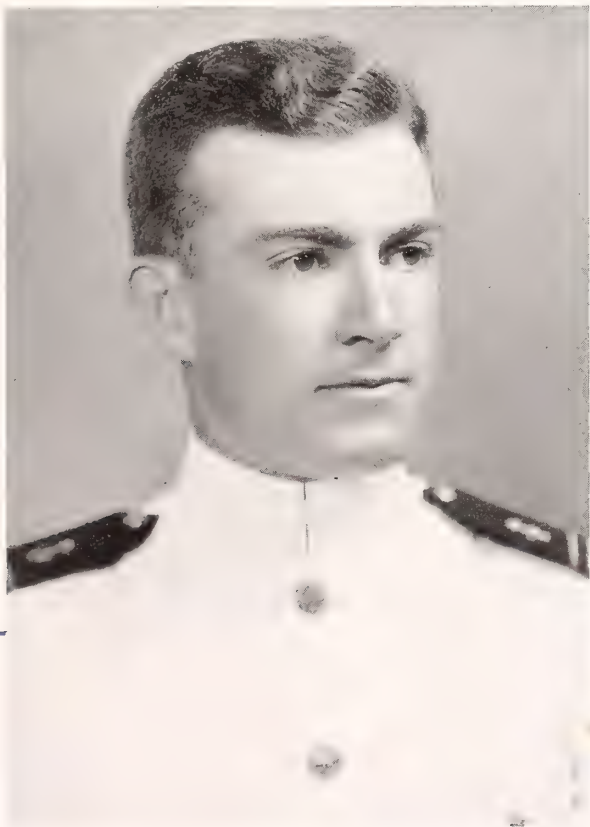
150 lb. Crew 4;
Basketball 3, 2. Ten-
niss 3, 2, 1; Battalion
Football 4, 2, 1; 1
Stripe.

WILLIAM HARRIS WILLIAMS
WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

"Jamboree"

"Willie"

FOUR years of tight caps have at last produced one man willing to joke about losing his aloft rigging over the side. He stomps to swing songs, and talks of fishing on the Pamlico. We will leave such superficial matters, however, and try to picture the deeper side of Willie—his character. It is often true that a staunch and generous character clothes itself with a mild sort of gruffness. It is true of Willie, and so it is not hard to understand this boy from the South. Moreover, it is a pleasure to imagine him many years hence with bent-stemmed pipe, a warm fireplace, and the enviable reputation of being a fine old officer whose disposition is gruff but whose men smoke pipes like his own.



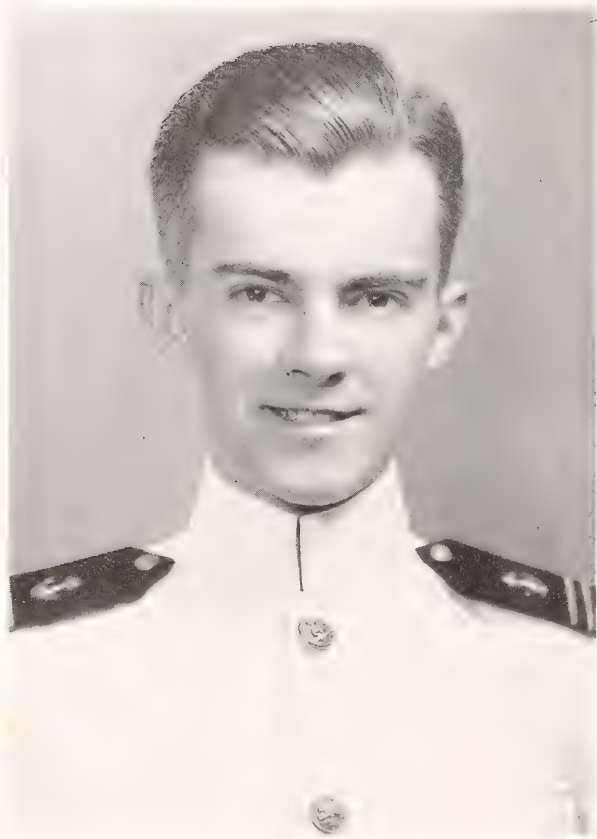
Football 4, 3, 2, 1,
N.A.; Wrestling 4;
Track 4, 3, 2, 1; Hop
Committee, Ring Dance
Committee; Chairman
Farewell Ball; 2
Stripes.



JOHN GROVER BEARD, JR.
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

"Wacky"

"HARK the sound of Tar Heel voices." With that tune ringing in his ear, Jack left his beloved red hills. He came prepared morning, noon and after taps to argue in his own convincing way on any subject under the sun. Equally ready is he to fill the air with pipe dreams—South America, paper mills, books—which some day may burst into reality. Wacky's inconsistency amazes us. He's up, he's down. Life is an enigma, it's cherry pie. He's in love with twins, he's out again. In the end, we don't know whether to be afoot or horseback, but after "the shouting and the tumult dies" Jack manages to scramble out of his scrapes. Wherever you are, get rough, chum, and put that block on 'em plenty hard.

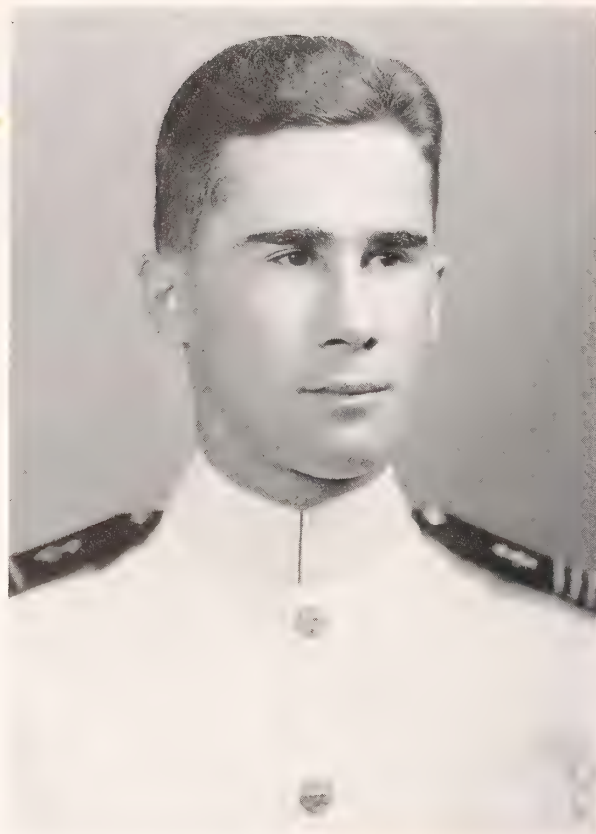


HAROLD WEBSTER GEHMAN
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

"Hal"

HAL—one of the famous "Pennsylvania Volunteers," which caused him so much grief Plebe year—came to Uncle Sam's Naval School via Randles' Prep School. Being regulation, he has never ceased to become annoyed at radio playing during study hour. But he overcomes his annoyances with his never-failing good humor, and he's still peppy. However, his pep waned a bit when he struck Ordnance. Ordnance, though, doesn't take up all of our hereo's time. He still has time "not to fall in love." But since one Christmas Leave when he came back with his head in the clouds, we think this statement is not entirely correct. Slowly but surely, Hal's winning, and soon Uncle Sam will be handing him the ole sheep-skin.

Boxing Manager 4, 3, 2; Radio Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Boat Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Lucky Bag; Language Club 1; C.P.O.



CARL JAY BALLINGER, JR.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

"Bally"

CARL, though from Hawaii, considers himself a native Californian, for it was from there that he entered the Naval Academy to try his hand at the old Navy game. From the first day of his life as a Midshipman, he has had the situation well in hand. Although a hard-plugging student, he finds time to spare in the pursuit of his favorite hobbies—dragging and athletics. In the field of sports he has been primarily interested in boxing and wrestling. But take a tip and don't ask him about the beautiful pair of black eyes he managed to get in England on Youngster cruise. Possessing a good sense of humor and understanding, he will be a good shipmate.



Expert Rifle and Pistol; Company Representative 3; G.P.O.



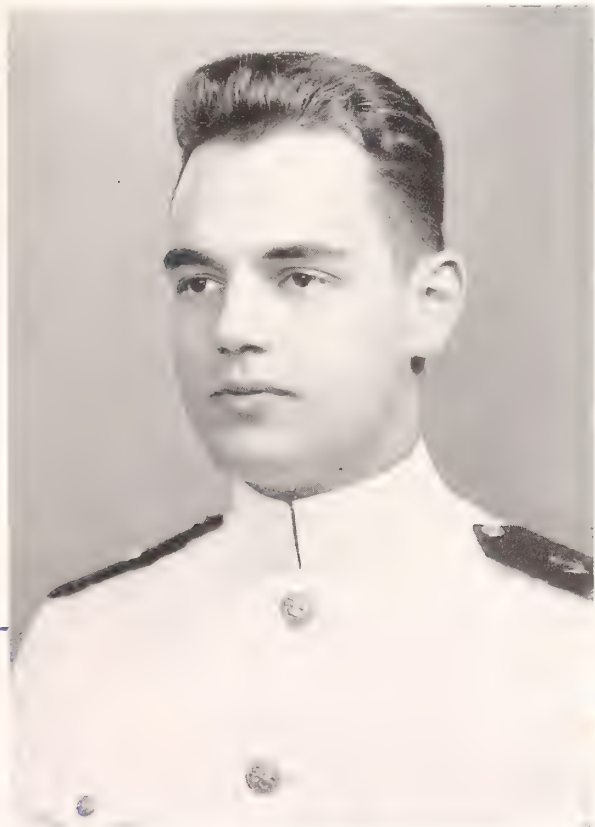


Football! 4, 3, 2, Crew
4, 3, 2, 1; 1 Stripe.

JACOB JAY VANDERGRIFT, JR.
GLOUCESTER, VIRGINIA

"Jake"

"WE'RE in for a hard winter!" quoth Jake four years ago. He wuz right! He's always right! An old salt from Gloucester bank schooners, Jake has clung valiantly to his inborn seaworthiness despite all the Nav and Seamo departments could possibly do to cross his T. B-squad football squashed his nose and crew appendixed him, but he'll always look like an athlete! A one gal (one at a time) man, the boy is potential strong arm. He's at all the hops, knows the words to all the songs, and the D. O. never discovered his gadget for controlling post-taps radio hours from under the covers! A hail fellow, well met: off now to fight the Fleet (and the system).



Soccer 4, 3, 2; Track
4, Class, Crest Com-
mittee, Art Editor,
Reef Points; Log Staff
4, 3, 2, 1; Make-up
Group 3, 2, 1; Art
Club, 1 Stripe.

EDWARD ROWELL HOLT, JR.
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

"Skillet"

THROUGH the bustle of his four years at the Naval Academy, Skillet has shown effort and energy of which he should be proud. He is easy-going, but not lazy, and when there is reason for hurry, Skillet can show speed that is surprising. He thinks nothing of being in the shower at formation time, for dressing in two minutes is easy for him—he can do it without losing one bit of his Southern dignity. All of us have seen Skillet's art work—many of us have had him draw personal illustrations that only his sense of something could comprehend. Skillet combines an energetic, jovial personality with a great sense of humor in such a way that making friends is the inevitable result.



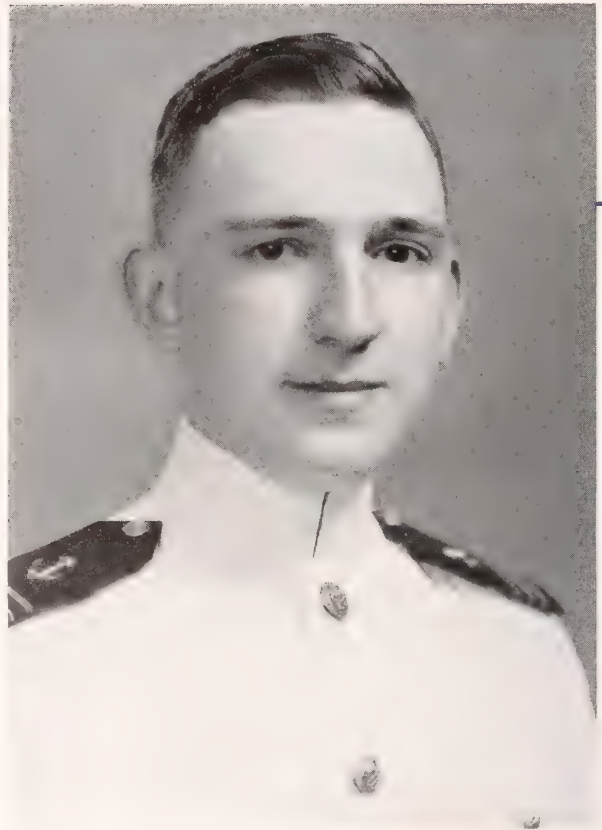


JOHN VERNON WILSON
SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA

"J. V."

IT WAS purely a matter of chance that J. V. came to the Academy—he took an exam just to pass the time one day, and the result was that '39 acquired a potential star man and all-around good fellow. He climaxed a brilliant career on the weak squad by becoming a gym manager, and has been at the job ever since. On some nights he may be found exercising his vocal cords with the Glee Club, and quite as often, he may be found explaining some intricate problem to a classmate. Always glad to be of help or to talk about anything or everything, he easily finds friends everywhere, and he has our every wish for success in the future.

Gym Manager 4, 3, 2, 1, N; Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Log 1; Star 4, 3, 2; Battalion C.P.O.



HARRY AUGUSTUS SEYMOUR
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

"Beetle"

HARRY arrived late plebe summer but it didn't take him long to learn the ropes and to be accepted in the Class of '39. Lucky the fellow who lives with or next to Harry, for he can always be counted on to lend a helping hand when there is need of it. He has a large variety of interests ranging all the way from model-making to bridge and he is especially interested in radio and photography. His cheery call of "H'ya, sport!" and his ready wit make him well liked by everyone. Harry's generosity is well known, and his room is a frequent port of call for those who want to borrow skags, bum chow, or just pass the time of day.



Radio Club 4, 1; M.P.O.



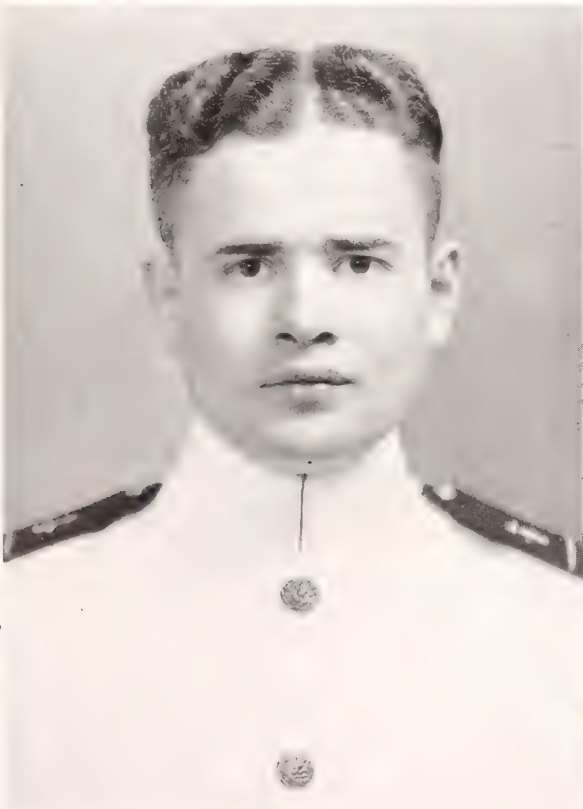


Resigned.

LOUIS OCCHETTI, JR.
IRON MOUNTAIN, MICHIGAN

"Lou"

"CHEERFUL little Italian" (and he does love spaghetti) —he will be pleasantly remembered to all of us. His go at the Navy only diversified a little more the existing versatility of his family—one brother a lawyer, and the youngest quite a popular amateur boxer. Louis boxes some too, and wrestles as well. His friends at the Academy have never been confined to his own class. An alert sense of humor is attested by the incident of his springing a pair of binoculars on the eye examining board over at the hospital. Characterized by many likes and few dislikes, we've found him a real pal. Even his guitar music was always welcome. And industrious? He wrote and passed two re-exams last June Week to keep his ring.

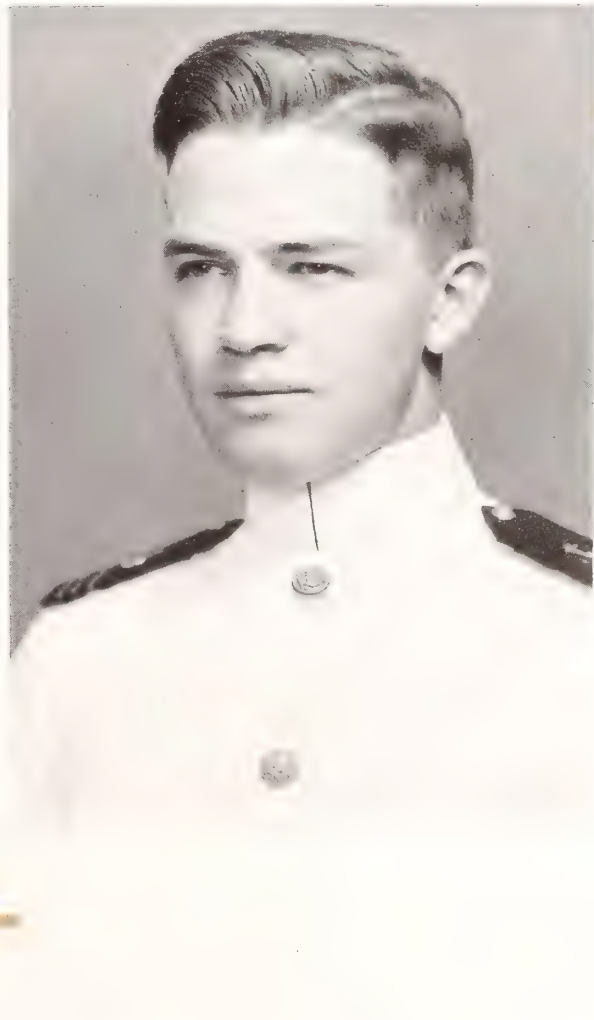


*Crew 4, 3; Battalion
Crew 2, 1; Lucky Bag
& P.O.*

TOM JAMES GARY
GREENWOOD, MISSISSIPPI

"Tom"

BIG TOM is a congenial planter from the good old Delta, but he was bunking at the University of Colorado when he decided a hammock might be good for an extra-special snooze. He is so Southern that one immediately expects to see a drooping mustache and a van Dyke, plus a mint-topped julep, appear, even up here in Yankee-land. He is given to hasty decisions, but before he can enunciate them in his slow drawl, he has had ample time to consider them carefully and to change his words. The name Big Tom is no misnomer, for he is in the first squad of the first platoon. He explains his size by saying he was meant to be twins.



The Lost Battalion

1936

ROY G. ANDERSON
JOSEPH L. ARBANAS
EDGAR M. ASBURY
CHARLES W. ATKINSON
MILTON L. AVERY
JOHN L. BISHOP
JOHN F. BLANDY
DANIEL O. BLEVINS, JR.
JOHN L. BRANDIS
VERNON P. BRETT
LOUIS E. BURKE, JR.
COLIN W. CAMPBELL
DENTON O. CHANDLER
ROBERT B. CHILDERS
DAVID F. CLAYTON
ROBERT M. CONDIT
EMORY A. CONNELL
BEN H. DARBY, JR.
CARLTON L. DAVIES
GEORGE Q. DAVIS
JOHN S. DELAHAY
PAUL F. DEMPSEY
JOHN M. DOTTEN
DOLIVE DURANT, JR.
HAYNE ELLIS, JR.
WILLIAM I. EVANS, JR.
RALPH E. FAGAN
JAMES W. FANKHANEL
SAMUEL D. FOSTER, JR.
DEANE M. FREEMAN, JR.
EDWARD N. FROBASE
ROBERT L. FUNK
VIRGIL H. GENTRY
JOHN C. GLASGOW

JOE M. GOLD, JR.
WILLIAM F. GREENE
JOSEPH C. GUERRA, JR.
LEANDER G. HADDOCK, JR.
DAVID W. HEDRICK
HERBERT R. HFIN, JR.
GEORGE L. HELMETAG
GEORGE D. HEMENWAY
RICHIE N. HENDERSON
RICHARD C. HORNER, JR.
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ALVA F. NETHKEN
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FRANK N. PATTERSON, JR.
THOMAS R. PERRY, JR.
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MARLY L. SNOWBERG
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KERMIT M. TRIM
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JOSEPH A. WALLACE, 3rd
WALTER N. WALLACE
GEORGE R. WATKINS
PHILIP V. H. WEEMS, JR.
FRANK N. WELLS, JR.
TOM H. WELLS
GORDON H. WEST
ULMONT I. WHITEHEAD, JR.
DONALD E. WILSON

1937

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FRANK ADAIR
ROBERT D. ANGSTADT
GUY BALDWIN, JR.
JOHN D. BAUR
WILLIAM H. BECK, JR.
BACHMAN G. BEDICHEK
CLAUDE J. BEDORE
FRANK A. BLACKWOOD
WILLIAM R. BLOMKER
DAVID L. BOBROFF
PAUL L. BORDEN, JR.
CLYDE R. BRAUN
DAVID T. BREAUULT
FRANCIS G. BRENNAN
WILLIAM S. BROOKS
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JOHN P. CAMPBELL
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EDWARD M. CASTLE
EVAN D. CHALLIS
HARRY W. CLARK, JR.
THOMAS CLARK, JR.
HENRY E. COLEMAN
CHRISTIAN H. COCHRAN
GEORGE E. CONROY
ALFRED D. COX, JR.
JOHN T. CRUMMEY, JR.
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JAY P. DAYTON
JAMES L. DEAN
MAYETTE E. DENSON, JR.
ROBERT P. DEUPREE
EDWARD B. DONAHUE

JAMES A. DONOHUE, JR.
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GEORGE G. EDWARDS
JAMES G. EGAN
JAMES S. FARRIOR
WILLIAM B. FULLER
PAUL GANO
JOHN K. GERRISH
DANIEL T. GHENT, JR.
WILLIAM M. GOODWIN, JR.
WILLIAM J. GREGG
WILLIAM GUICE, JR.
JAMES W. HAIRSTON
GEORGE M. HAWES
GEORGE W. HERRING
JOHN B. HICKERT
ROBERT E. HUDDLESTON
JETER A. ISELY

The Lost Battalion

1937—Continued

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JOSEPH A. JOHNSTON
JACK E. KAUFFMAN
STERLING E. KNUTSON
PETER G. KOTSOGEAN
JOHN W. LONGDALE
JACK P. LEE
RICHARD L. LONG
WALTER L. LONGNECKER
HAROLD G. LORTSCHER
WALTER L. LUKE
ANDREW I. LYMAN
STEPHEN H. MacGREGOR, JR.
PAUL H. MAURER
RICHARD H. McELLIGOTT
JOHN M. McENNERNEY
FARRELL B. McFARLAND
BAXTER F. McLENDON
EDWIN L. McMILLAN
VICTOR H. MILLER
EARL C. MOORE
FRANK MOORE, JR.
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ALBERT SIDNEY MORTON
RICHARD I. MOSS
FRANCIS J. MYERS, JR.
HAYDEN W. NEWBOLD, JR.
HARMON F. NEWELL, JR.

GORDON K. NICODEMUS, JR.
GEORGE L. NORRIS
ROBERTSON R. PALMER
BASIL J. PARKER
GEORGE W. PEDERSON
CARLETON M. PEEPLES
LOUIS A. PERRAS, JR.
WALTER H. PIERCE
RAYMOND S. PENZA
JOSHUA D. PERKINS, JR.
FRANK D. PILATT, JR.
CHARLES N. PROCTER, JR.
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ALVA E. REXFORD
CLIFTON D. RICHARDS
JAMES H. RIGHTER, JR.
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HARVARD K. ROBINSON
EARL H. ROVICK
HERBERT W. SADLER, JR.
GRAYL B. SARTOR
JOSEPH S. SKOCZYLAS
JOHN C. SCHUTT
WALTER J. SCOTT, JR.
ROBERT N. SEITZ
BENJAMIN H. SEXAUER
DONALD W. SHOEMAKER
JAMES J. SKILES

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ROBERT B. STARK
GERHARDT E. STEINKE
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JAKE STONG
LOUIS O. STORM
CHARLES S. STRICKLER
WARREN P. STRONG, JR.
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OTTO R. WARNER, JR.
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JOHN K. WATSON
GEORGE H. WELLES
ALONZO H. WELLMAN, JR.
JOHN J. WEST, JR.
HARRY E. WHITE
STEPHEN N. WHITE
GENE B. WILLIAMS
JESSE D. WORLEY
GARRETT B. WOOLEY

1938

CHARLES A. BLAKELY, JR.
ROBERT A. BOGARDUS
JOHN H. BOWELL
RICHARD E. BROWN
WILLIAM T. CHRISTOPHER
ADELBERT G. CLARK, JR.
ANTHONY E. CORYN
JOHN M. DULING
FRANK R. EDRINGTON
THOMAS F. FAIR, JR.
ARTHUR FRANKS, JR.
FRANK L. FULLER
LESTER E. GEER
PAUL H. GEER

CHARLES B. GRAY
HAROLD D. HANSEN
RUFUS W. HARRELL
WARREN JOHN HOLMES
HARRY J. HOLT
MAX E. KERNS
JOSEPH R. McGONIGLE
JO ZACH MILLER, IV
EDWARD W. MOLES
JOHN M. MOORE, JR.
JOHN PAUL MURPHY
LOUIS OCHETTI, JR.
EDWARD M. O'HERRON, JR.
SHELBY R. POWER, JR.

SAMUEL J. REID
JUDSON C. RHODE
MALCOLM B. ROYALTY
EDWARD H. SCHOCK
GILBERT R. SHACKLETTE
ROYAL G. SHOAF, JR.
HENRY E. SINGLETON
BERNARD W. STEINKULLER
HOWARD A. I. SUGG
JOHN T. SULLIVAN
CHARLES B. SWAYNE
THOMAS H. TAYLOR
JOSEPH R. TENANTY
CECIL L. WEBBER

1939

BILLY R. BRYANT
DANIEL M. CHILD

CHARLES W. KAYSING
EUGENE T. KIRK

MICHAEL A. PERNA
CHESTER M. PERRY



A. S. GOODFELLOW
President



H. L. VAUGHAN
Vice-President



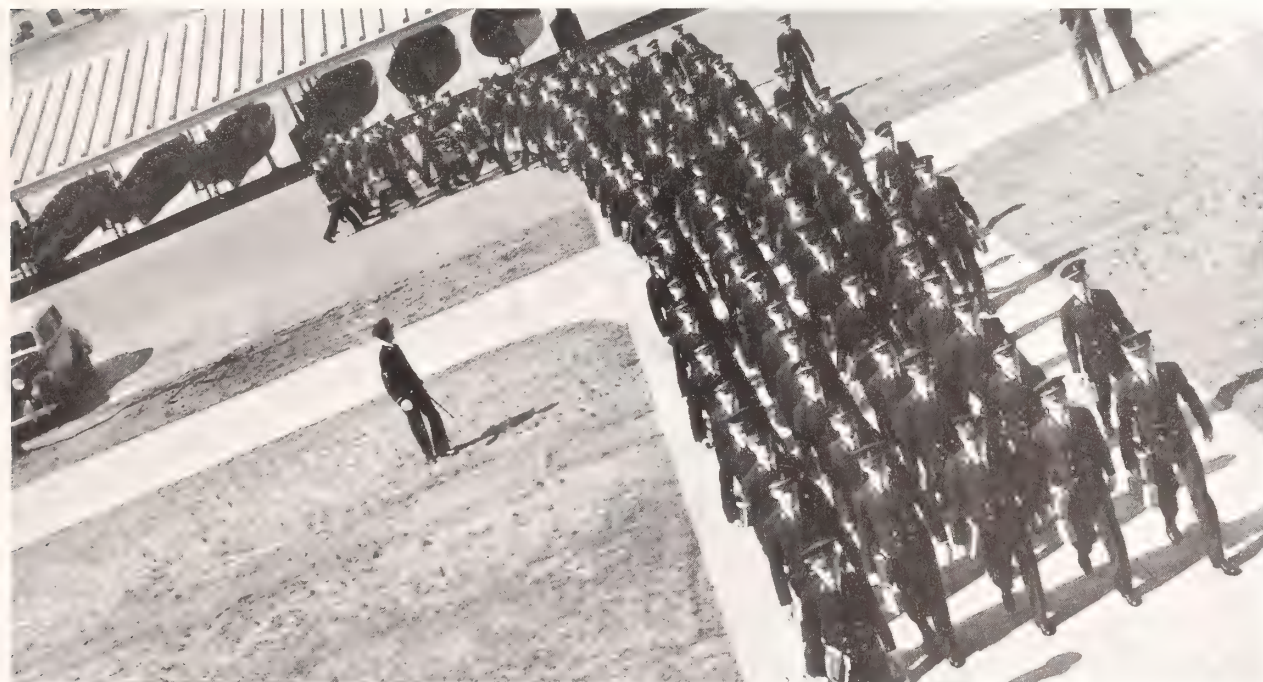
R. R. WOODING
Secretary-Treasurer

THREE years ago we came, seven hundred and thirty-six of us, from every point of the compass, to learn the laws of the Navy. Now, with three years of strenuous training to our credit, we are ready to "Take over" the regimental helm, and to bid the class of Thirty-Nine a "Bon Voyage" and a "Well Done." Looking backward, we see ourselves as raw recruits once more, bewildered by the sudden transition, living our Plebe Summer too breathless to analyze our mingled feelings. With the advent of that first, long academic year many of us found the blend of a rigorous routine and exacting studies too heavy a burden, and so departed, but not without the blessing of those left behind to carry on. We remember that first pleasant Fall, the great victory over our Service rivals, its consequent effect on our status as Plebes, until, with heads and spirits high, we enjoyed to the full our first Chris Leave. Some found it hard to return, and the unbroken succession of classes, drills, and more classes, harder still, but as all things must, the year drew to a close and we stood by to take our first cruise in tow. Life on the briny deep added a new swing to our gait, another hitch in our belt, and a new outlook on Navy life. We found foreign ports interesting interludes, with always an eye on the homeland which, somehow, held a more subtle and lasting charm. We sight the Chapel Dome, acquire a list to port beneath the weight of a well-earned one-diag, and go off to find there are some things that will never change in the old podunk. Youngster year introduced us to our first professional subject; with many

more to follow. Somehow, we were not bowed beneath the awful responsibility of our new rating, and the months slipped by until at last we reached the half-way mark, confronted with pleasant prospect of a summer in the Yard. Some were disappointed to find that the entire disciplinary system did not fall apart, but admitted privately that they would not exchange the experiences of that summer for anything. Having duly indoctrinated the new Plebes, received a taste of naval flying, completed the noisy and stringent rifle range course, and prepped for various studies of the coming year, we set forth to see if the old home town still remembered its favorite son. We came back as staid and settled second classmen, glad of those two stripes, and ready for our first real taste of nautical skullwork. Nav, Ordnance, Thermo, Juice, and Seamanship sufficed to convince us that the Academic departments had only been toying with us heretofore, but we began to realize the importance of retaining a bit of this learning beyond exam week. Shall we ever forget those rules of the road? June Week sent a good class out into the Fleet, to leave us with our cherished ring, an officer-like cruise impending, the last big leave immediately following, then a try at this business of running a Regiment.



"Eternal vigilance is the price of good navigation"





First
Company



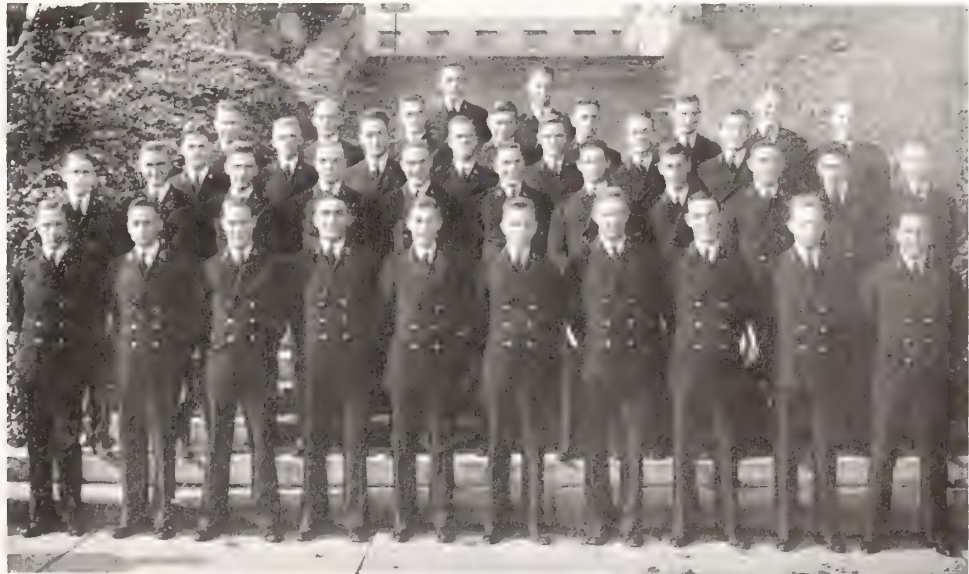
Second
Company



Third
Company



Fourth
Company



Fifth
Company



Sixth
Company

1940



Seventh
Company



Eighth
Company



Ninth
Company



Tenth
Company



Eleventh
Company



Twelfth
Company



FIRST BATTALION

“R H. I. P.,” spoken with a smile instead of a sigh, is what we, the Class of '41, have to look forward to. Smiling because we have second class summer in the immediate future, followed by two upper class years; also, because the fleet is a year closer. The days of math, dago, forty minutes liberty, dining out slips, and under class subordination are fading, and the future has a distinctly more rosy glow. Quite possibly what we see ahead is only a mirage, but from where we stand it looks mighty good.

We started what is laughingly known as “those four fruit years” under the tutelage of '39. They introduced us to the intricacies as well as the hard rock facts of military discipline, rates, customs and traditions, and academy life in general. From acting as consulting engineers on the monstrous undertaking of stenciling gear in those first three



P. H. BACKUS
President



J. A. CURRAN
Vice President

hectic days to teaching us the finer points of the model plebe's repertoire in Smoke Park, they kept an ever present, governing hand on our transition from civilians to midshipmen.

Our elementary Academy education was so well conducted that it was a comparatively easy task to get squared away on our first academic year. That Plebe September passed all too quickly and one bright morning before we knew it we were all in Blue Service (and how long it took us to get in it!) and marching up to be presented to the Regiment. We were almost lost in the whirlwind of events but somehow we kept our heads above water and got down to work. Plebe year had begun in earnest. It carried its own pitfalls—the exams—but it had its high spots too, such as the first Army game, first leave, hundredth night, spring "rains at midnight," and May Day morning.

SECOND BATTALION



But Plebe year soon faded from our thoughts when June Week and the cruise rolled around. We steamed down the bay and then east towards Paris and London. Again '39 was right there—as shipmates. But Plebe Summer was long past and '39 and '41 were more like brother classes now. Both had their jobs to do and each cooperated with the other in getting them done. It was a happy cruise, with everyone pulling his own weight and plenty of good times in port to go around.

The man who said “youngster Sep leave is tops” gave forth a masterpiece of understatement. Foreign ports were interesting, and fun, but they couldn't compare with home, the O. A. O., the old hang-outs, or whatever the individual members of '41 returned to. But, whether happily or reluctantly, we did get back to the Academy—by Executive order—for the start of Youngster Year. All hands were walking around the halls with a port list and that one diag—



R. J. PIERCE
Secretary-Treasurer

THIRD BATTALION





FOURTH BATTALION



Navy's greatest promotion—was a treasured possession. With somebody to look after and feel responsible for—'42—the Academy looked bright. Front rank at last (for most of us) with no more "counting out" to worry about—Sunday afternoon liberty—skinny trees that had the class roster aboard—Regimental hops and dragging in earnest—Slipstick Willie's lectures—our own return of White Cap Covers—finally Bury Math—the year was going by like a dream. Soon the new word was floating around Bancroft; "those ratey youngsters are at it again, we'll have to call a meeting."

All in all, youngster year has been great right from the first hop, but it won't hurt our feelings any to throw away our calc and mechanic books and submit to being second classmen. In so doing we lose '39, and we hate to see them go. But then, in another two years, we'll be shipmates with them again.



FIRST BATTALION

IN A short year, the men of Forty-Two have been welded into the Class of Forty-Two. Only last summer we entered the Naval Academy, coming in twos and threes from every part of the country, but already the memories of those crowded first few days are fading and merging into one another. Always a few will remain, though—the oath, the first whites, the first time we said “Sir,” our first impressions of the mess hall. Then we were green, now we know the ropes. Then we were untried and unsure of our abilities, now we are veterans of a year. Now we are a class—Forty-Two!

The consensus of opinion throughout the past year was that '42 was getting away with it and that plebe year was fruit. This opinion has prevailed during other plebe years and is evidently an approved opinion for all upper classes. But never before this year has there been any true evidence





that the class in question did get away with it. This year is fated to go down in history as the original fruit year for plebes; there is proof, real, tangible evidence, the mess hall was crowded and things could not operate as they used to.

Forty-Two doesn't deny that its plebe year was fruit nor that it got away with it; never having had a plebe year before it cannot make a comparison. But if the year was fruit, it was successful from any viewpoint; and even if we did get away with it, we will always feel that we did nearly everything that our predecessors did.

A glow, satisfaction and pride steal into our thoughts as we review our experiences and escapades. Somehow they are more vivid and glamorous in retrospect than they were when they occurred, and the things that we remember and cherish are not the ones that seemed important then. During the summer we sailed, and shot, and paraded, and all

SECOND BATTALION



of that seemed important; it took all of our time and was our existence. But now the things that we remember are some little incidents that happened in Smoke Park, and, of course, that history-making informal hop given the fourth class in September. Everybody said we didn't rate it, but we flashed out in those white works and neckerchiefs—only now do we realize how we really did rate.

When academic year began, our every thought was of academics; whenever the fourth classmen congregated, a discussion of subjects and professors ensued. But now the impressive aspects of plebe year are not of such temporal things as math and skinny, but of the grand extra-curricular activities. Remember the football trips to Baltimore and the snow at Philadelphia? Then there was that three-act play of Christmas leave (anticipation, experience, and re-



THIRD BATTALION





FOURTH BATTALION



cuperation), the boxing meets, the Masqueraders, the Navy Relief Shows, and June Week.

Every class looks back over its plebe year just as we do, and each class generally remembers the same experiences as the outstanding ones. But because they happened to us, they are memorable and real, and we like to feel that because we experienced them, they possess a certain uniqueness in our case. In any event we will always cherish them.

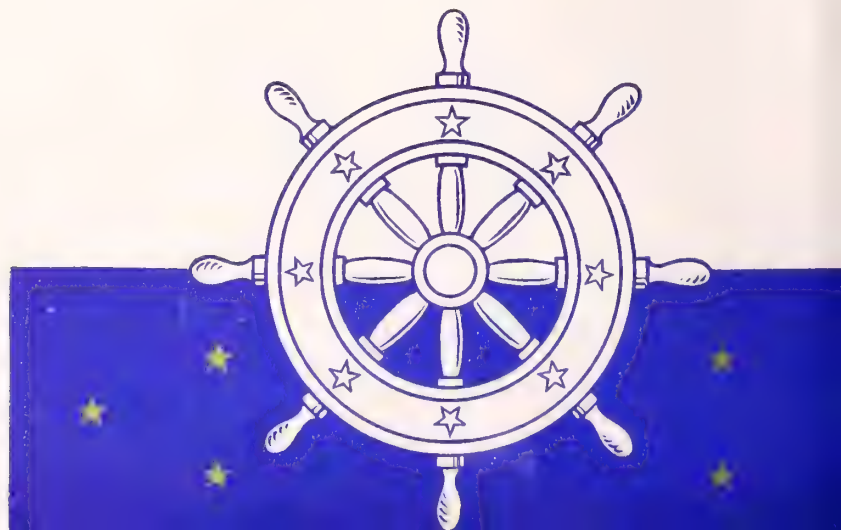
Soon we will be rushing Herndon Monument-ward—full dress jackets inside-out—cares forgotten. Soon we'll be headed out to sea on our first cruise and our recollections of Plebe year will become treasured memories, and though we admit now we got away with it, in three years we'll be denying it. But all that lies in the distant future and all our hopes and plans are based on the day when '39 drops the sack and the word is: "'Tain't No More Plebes!"





O U R S T O R Y

THOSE FOUR SHORT YEARS LEADING TO THE GOLDEN DAY OF GRADUATION HAVE BEEN COLORFUL AND VARIED. THE WORRIES OF ACADEMICS, SWEAT IN THE JUNE SUN, QUIET NIGHTS IN LOCAL BAYS AND FOREIGN PORTS, LIBERTIES, LEAVES, AND LOVES—ALL ARE WORTHY OF RECORD. OUR HISTORY IS HERE PRESERVED THAT THOSE BEYOND THESE WALLS MAY KNOW OUR LIFE AND THAT YEARS MAY NOT DIM OUR MEMORIES.







“I Remember Distinctly The



THE Commander sank back heavily in his soft chair. With pardonable fatherly pride, he smiled at the lad before him. He took the letter that the boy proffered and read aloud

“Report for Physical Examination U. S. Naval Academy 9 July, 1962

With a happy laugh he rose and put his arms around his son’s shoulders. “Good boy! I didn’t have to read the letter, I could see it in your eyes.”

“You know, Laddie, it has been twenty-seven years since the same thing happened to me but it seems like only yesterday”

They sat down together by the fireplace

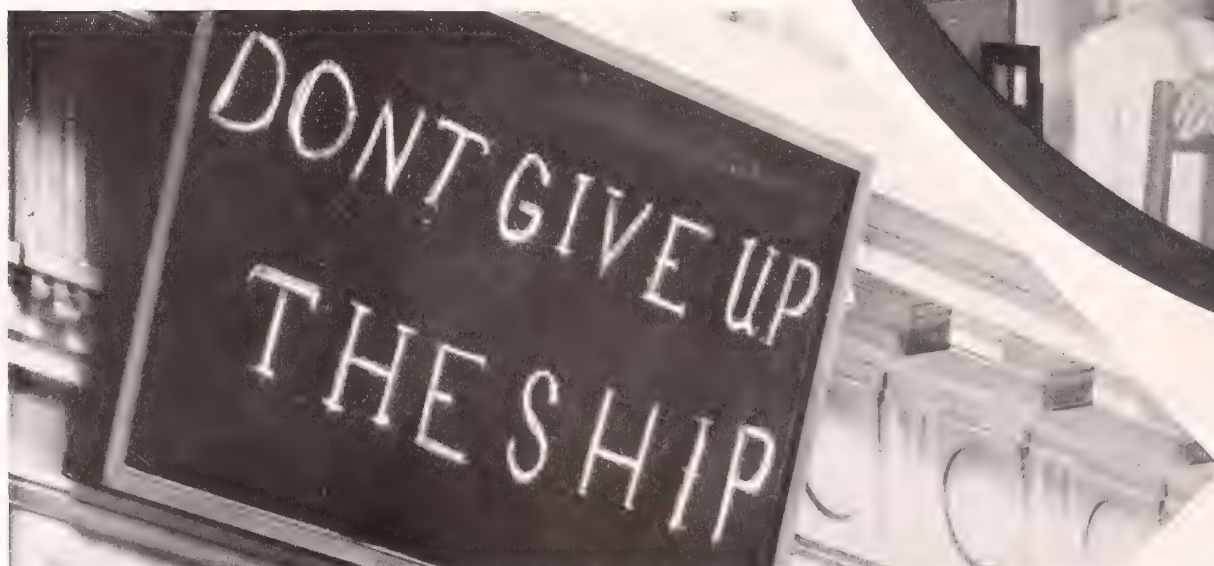
“Only yesterday”, mused the Commander

Day That I Entered



. . . Just a kid . . . with a lot of other kids . . . scared as jaybirds . . . reporting for our physical examinations to enter Annapolis. Each prod and thump was a terror 'less it should reveal some flaw. After endless suspense there came the great realization that I had passed.

In a short while we were herded down to the store to draw uniforms and gear. Up we struggled to our rooms . . . loaded down to the breaking point, but hiding our grunts so that the Second Classmen would not think that we could not pull our own weight in the boat. Then I lost my shock of hair at the Barber shop. At last came the big moment when I was sworn into the Service. I can never forget my thrill when I took the oath of Midshipman before that unfailing inspiration the flag of Perry.



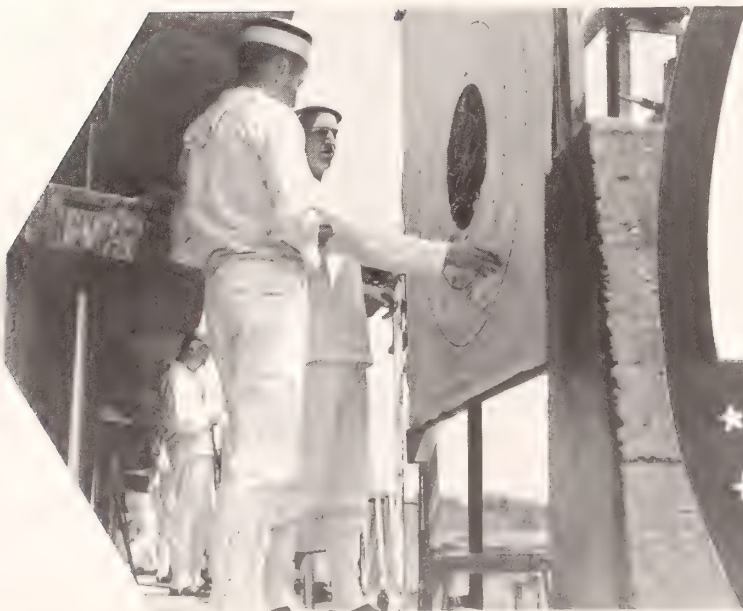


"The next three days were pretty busy, I can tell you. We did not have to go to any drills and spent all our time in our rooms stenciling our names on our clothes . . . and trying to put all that stuff in one little locker . . . with everything in space that had been designed for it. What a task! Everything looked too gigantic to be true. When I went down to the Mess Hall, my eyes were like tea-cups. After the first three days I went over and began to learn to do infantry maneuvers on the cement diagrams. Finally, when I—a lad from Kansas who had never seen anything but a squirrel gun—had become fairly proficient, I was sent to the company to drill with my classmates who had been 'in' a while longer than I had.



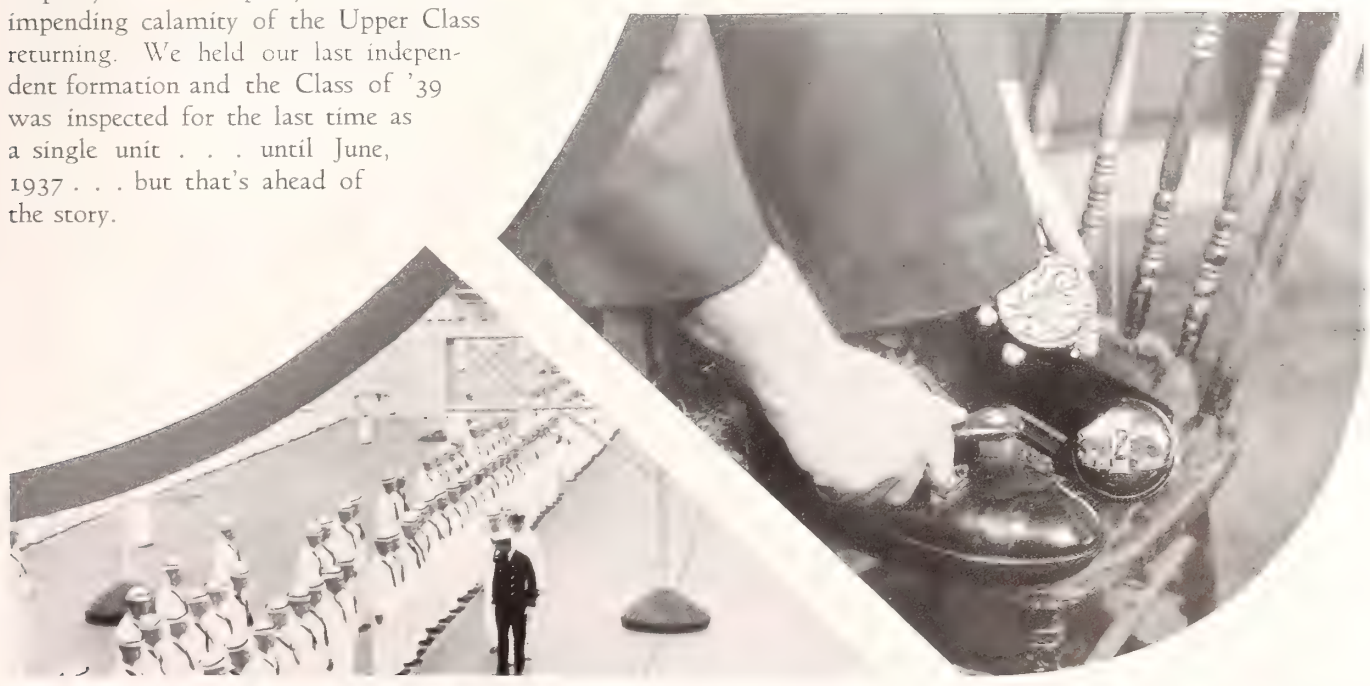


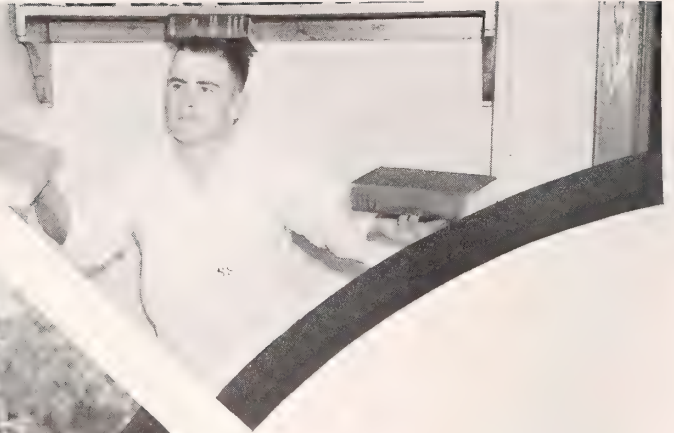
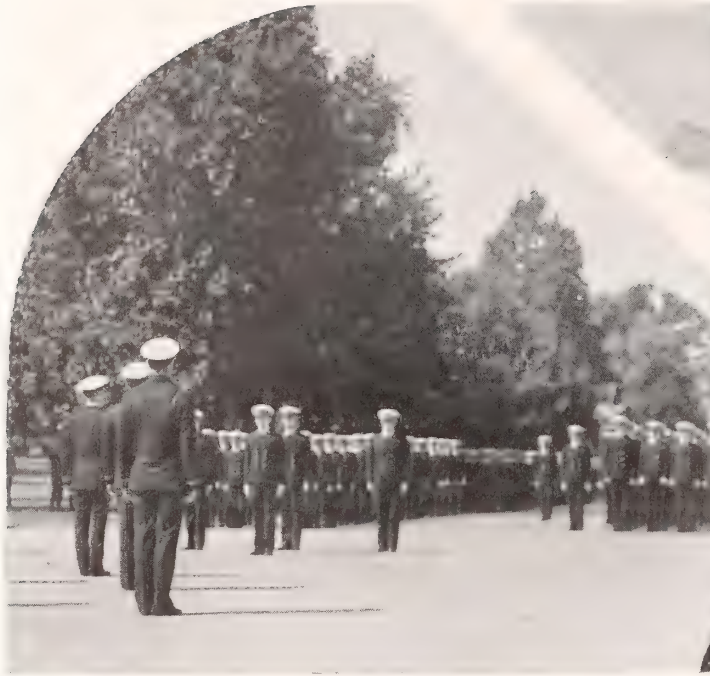
"The next day I furthered my acquaintance with *Miss Springfield*—who came to be my very close companion for the next four years. At the rifle range we learned the intricacies of the young lady . . . and found out that "120 or better" was not the push over that we thought. Then, with the memory of many a wild west show still in mind, I threw up that old Colt and let 'em go. Imagine my chagrin when there were no hits! There I learned a good thing, kid—if you do not know much about a thing and have the opportunity to learn, forget all about what you thought that you did know . . . and learn it the right way from the ground up . . .





"Plebe Summer went fast after the hardships became routine. Before we knew it the Upper Classmen were returning from their cruise . . . my first sight of a battleship. Then we got our first blue uniform and began to look something like I had imagined a Midshipman did look. We began to encounter the 'tech subjects' during September while the Upper Classmen were on leave. This month was a speedy one . . . speedy because of the impending calamity of the Upper Class returning. We held our last independent formation and the Class of '39 was inspected for the last time as a single unit . . . until June, 1937 . . . but that's ahead of the story.





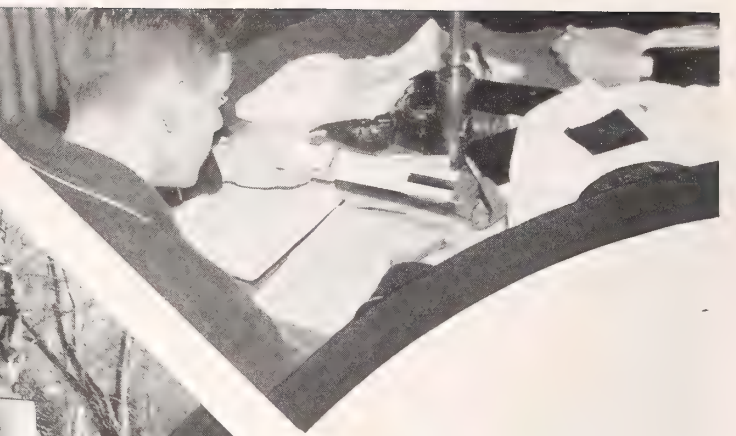
"The day that the Upper Class returned we were presented to the Regiment at formation. We marched down the line and joined our own company . . . and, Son, you will never be more scared in your Naval career! The terror of that first meal with the Old Guard! The Plebe is the second lowest in the strata of animal society. You will get a workout—unless things have changed . . . which I seriously expect, because the Navy is going to H . . . but we shall see. Take it with your chin up . . . but do not lead with it. Remember that there is never anything personal in their discipline.



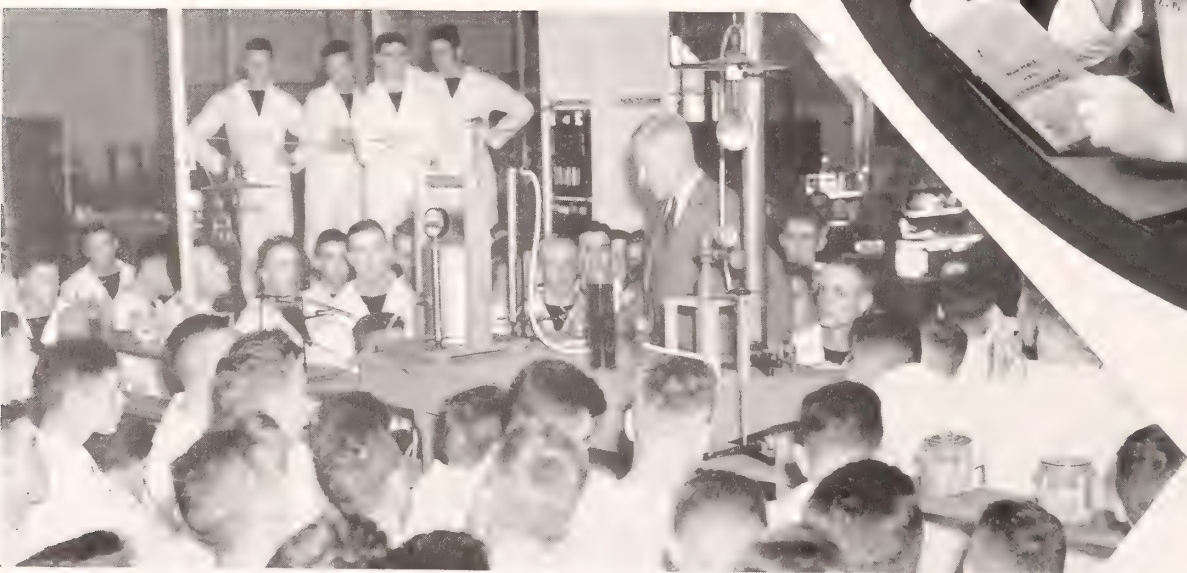
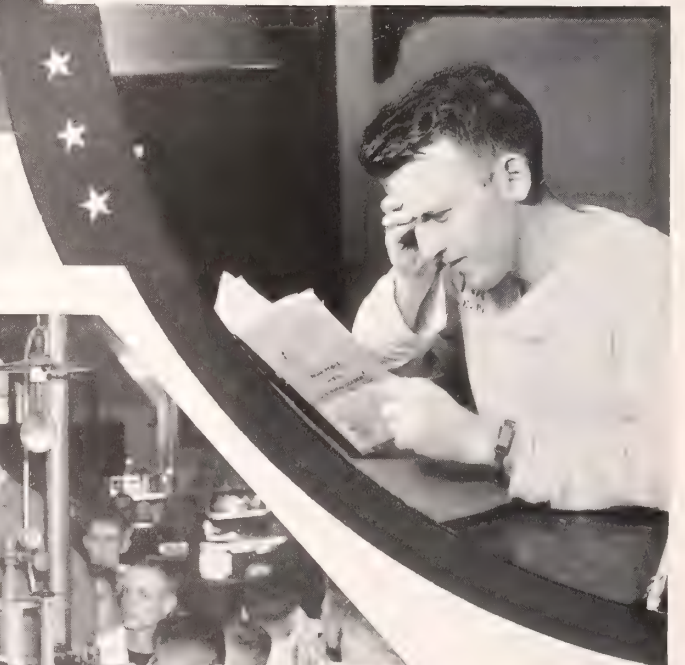


"About a week later trouble came 'not single file, but in Battalions' . . . and I was put on the report for dirty gloves. This was a shameful experience to me. I felt that I had betrayed a real trust. It is a shame that we can not go on feeling that way about it. But in the next couple of days, I was down again . . . this for improper performance of duty. I didn't like the sound of that report so I buckled down to keep off the 'pap.' Discipline is a necessity, Son, more so in the Navy than anywhere else. Extra duty is not hard . . . not unduly so . . . but it is bad habit to get into. Keep away from it."





“Work like the very Devil, Son, . . . at least 'til you have caught on to the new methods. Many's the man that has wakened too late to remedy the situation . . . many very smart men. Speed is the big issue. You will not have time in later Naval life to sit around and think out your problem at leisure. However, don't neglect your physical self. Work out in the Gym. Dissatisfaction is bred by sitting around in your room. The year will be hard . . . but there is Christmas Leave to look forward to and then, after the cold, cold Dark Ages, Spring will come with all its joys. Let it bring with it the joy of one diagonal stripe.”





“There is no more beautiful place in the World than Annapolis in the Spring. You will feel a new strength in your step. Your Seamanship and Gym drills will be joys . . . and you pay attention to them! That is where you will learn the practical application of the things that can not be gotten from books. Sailing, pulling, flags, signals . . . learn them then and save yourself embarrassment later on! I can never forget the fun of my first June Week. What a country club the Academy is then . . . but you have worked for it . . . and you are no longer a Plebe. You are then a Youngster—almost ready to call for ‘gangway’ . . .”

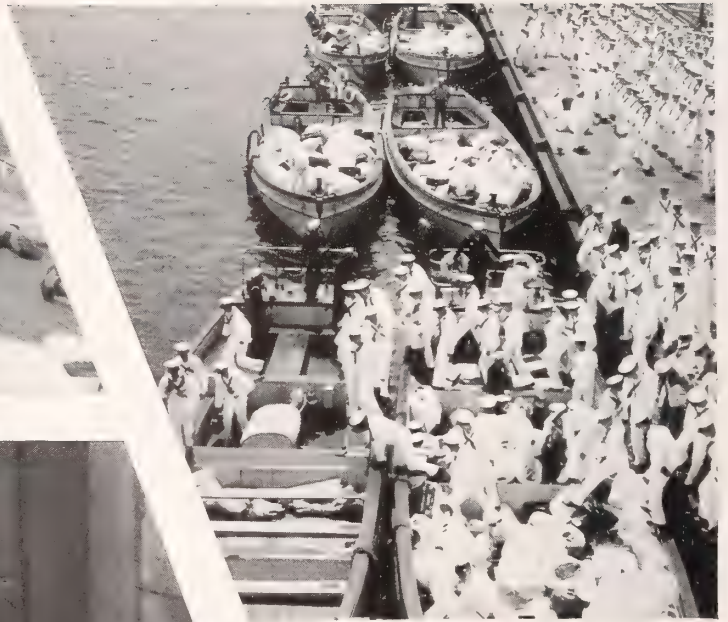
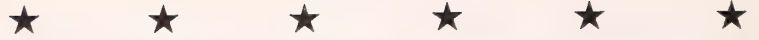
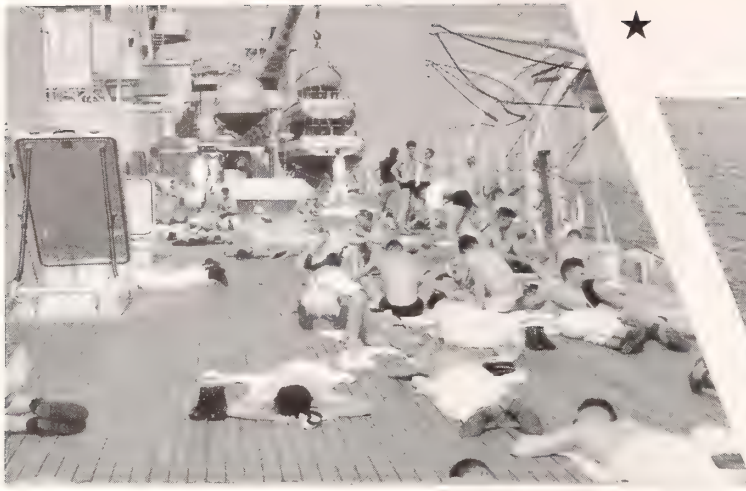




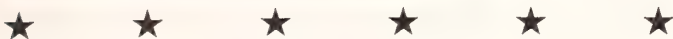
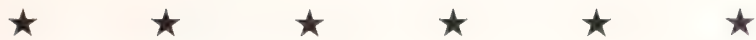
"I Recall The Elation That



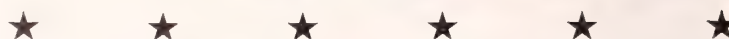
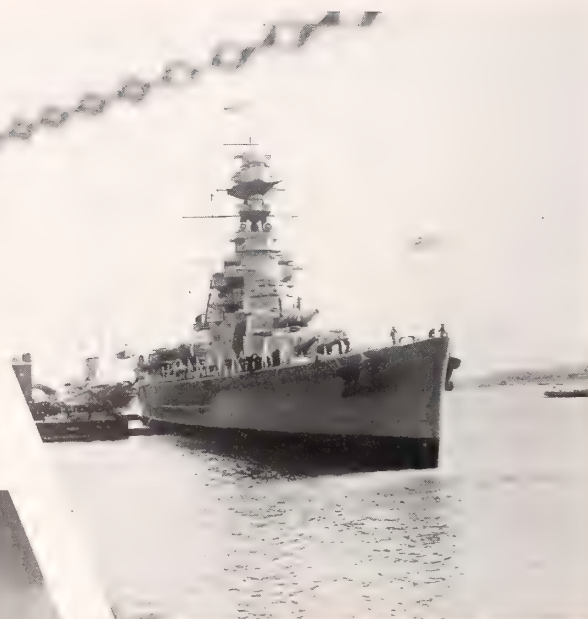
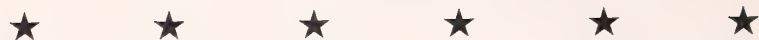
Youngster Year Brought



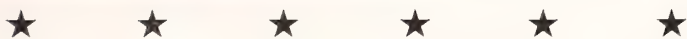
“IT was hard to get used to the unaccustomed privileges that we had gained. Such pre-entry commonplaces as walking down any ladder that you wanted, using the forbidden lane . . . ‘Youngster Cut-off’ . . . , and walking rather consciously down the side of the hall. Then we were off to sea . . . another high light in anybody’s catalogue of memories. ‘Youngsters, form a line’ . . . Maybe I didn’t hear that occasionally. All was the kingdom of confusion . . . and then, there was the eternal locker problem. Get used to not having much space in the Navy, Sonny, there is not much room to spread out.”



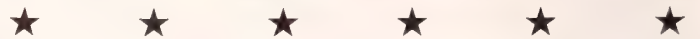
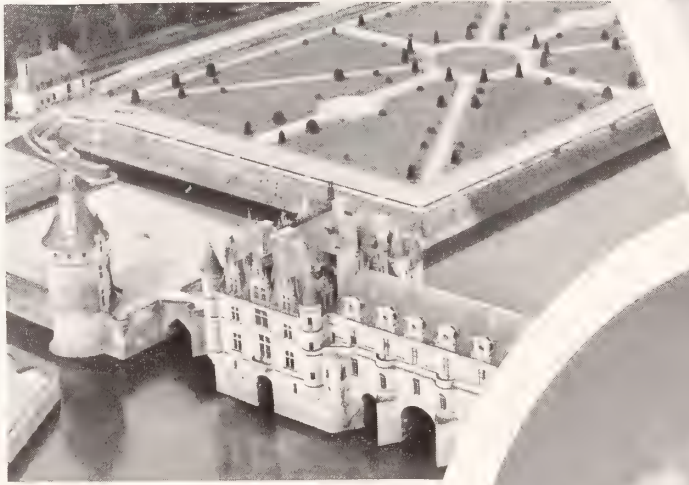
“WHEN you wake up on deck your first night out and see the friendly capes of Virginia falling away from you . . . you will experience something heretofore not in your repertoire. The life on the ship will be tough . . . and good for you. Four hour watches in the middle of the night, struggling for ‘Seven Lashes,’ and polishing bright work will make you sleepy and tired . . . but it will build you for a career that expects the quality of endurance. Remember, the state rooms will come later . . . you’ve got to prove that you can live in the casemates and like it first. Work when you are aboard and play while you’re ashore.”



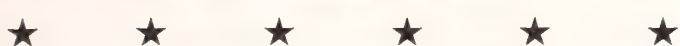
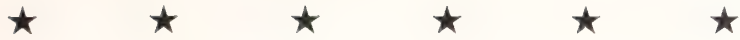
“I CAN never forget the beauty of the English Countryside, nor the glory of that indomitable little island when it appeared on the horizon. Portsmouth . . . with its quaintness and its kindness. Your blood will tingle when you first hear that National Salute . . . The clearness of the English bugle and the preciseness of their manoeuver. My eyes were like saucers in London—my memory fairly bursting with memorable sights. Some of us were lucky enough to see the Trooping of the Colors on the Birthday of King Edward VIII . . . a sight that is proclaimed the greatest military pomp of all possible sights.”



"I THINK that the most profound misunderstanding I had before I went to sea concerned the stability of a Battleship. Son, they can roll . . . and don't think they can't. Some of us were very sick . . . some of us were lucky. The spray over the fo'c'stle made 'Skipper's Inspection' a 'wet' party sometimes. But, as I say, the cares of the voyage are dissipated by the joys of port . . . and Goteborg is the port of ports. Watch your heart, Sonny, because there are the most beautiful girls in the world. The Swedes are fine, honest people . . . and great friends of America . . . there is no better place away from home to spend the Fourth of July, and that is where we spent it."



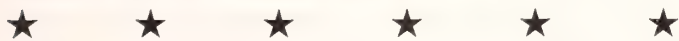
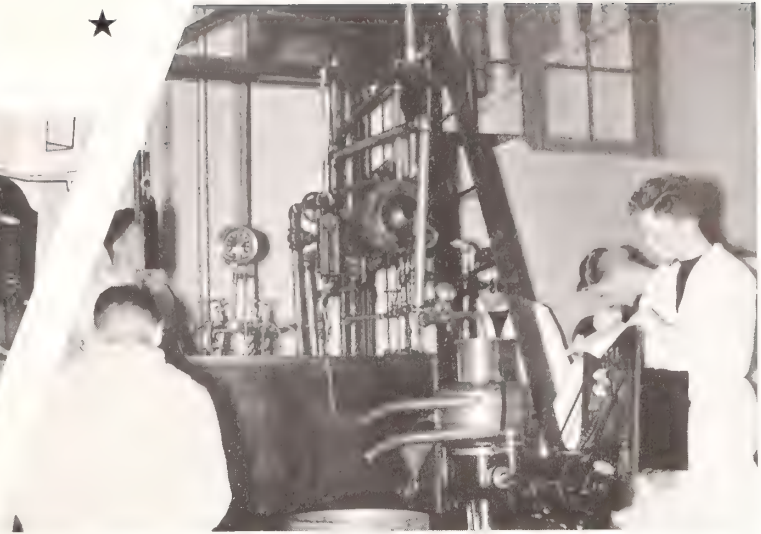
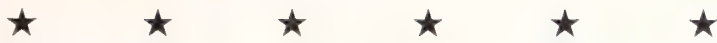
“SOON we turned South and left the land of the Midnight Sun with tears on both sides. Down we sailed through the Channel into the Bay of Biscay where we met the nastiest seas that I had yet seen. The deck remained awash with green water. We proceeded to Cherbourg on schedule—the squalidness of which was offset by the friendliness of the French. Nevertheless Paris was a relief . . . for nowhere is there a cleaner and more beautiful city. Such a good time did we have there, that even the news of the Oklahoma’s call to Spain could not dampen us . . . perhaps because we did not fully realize the significance of a modest beginning to a long and horrible war.”



“WE sailed for Spain . . . crowded beyond any measure of comfort as the OAKLEY had sent her Midshipmen to the ARKY and the WYO. When we reached bloody Spain to join the OKLAHOMA, my heart fairly cried for that beautiful country . . . its hills and shore as pretty as any picture. Bilbao had not yet been bombed, but the battle lines were not far away . . . and this comely city stood as though condemned. In a day or so we sailed due West in the ARKY and the WYO . . . Homeward Bound. The range clock began indicating ‘days until—.’ We loaded for Battle Practice . . . the culmination of all our training—our first time ‘under fire’.”



“NEW YORK CITY absorbed us in its usual Gargantuan fashion and we all had a fling at American night life. I believe, however, that most of us had a better time in Norfolk where hospitality has always been the keynote in welcoming the Midshipmen. Back to Annapolis and then we were on our way ashore to begin a leave that was all too short. After thirty days we were back at the Academy toeing the line. It was hard to shake away the joys of being at home for the first time in a year and a quarter . . . and get back to work, but finally we were steady in the old routine of studies and drills.”



“YOUNGSTER YEAR seemed to me the hardest year of all as far as the studies were concerned. At least we lost more of our classmates that year than any other. The Dark Ages after Christmas took on a new significance. Quite a few of us got only five days for Christmas because our work wasn't up to par. Don't let it happen to you! The Winter dragged itself out until the laws of Nature demanded that Spring be permitted to come. With it came hope and renewed joy. Exams were taken in stride . . . Math was buried . . . and then June Week with Youngster Hop and its attendant pleasures. . . When you tack 2/c after your name, you'll be a happy boy.”



"Becoming A Second Classman"

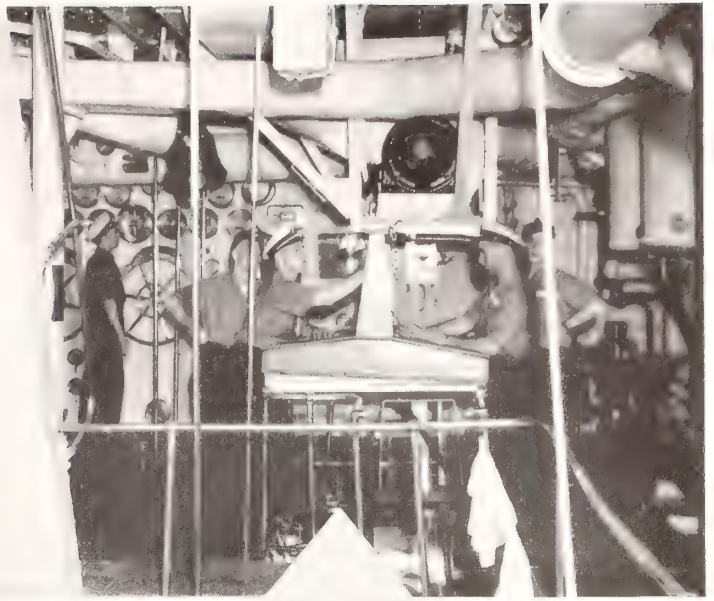
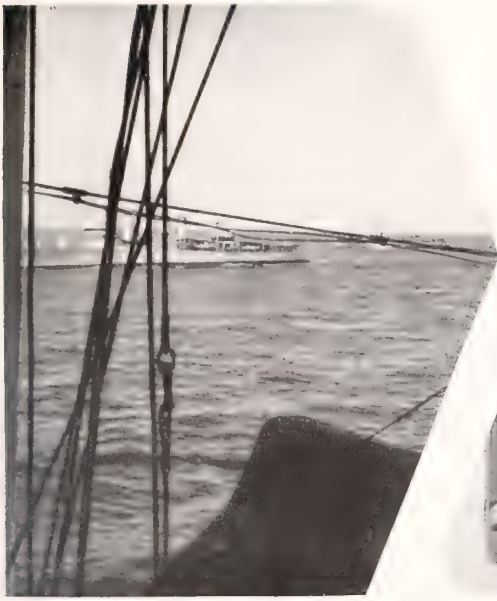


Was A Decided Pleasure



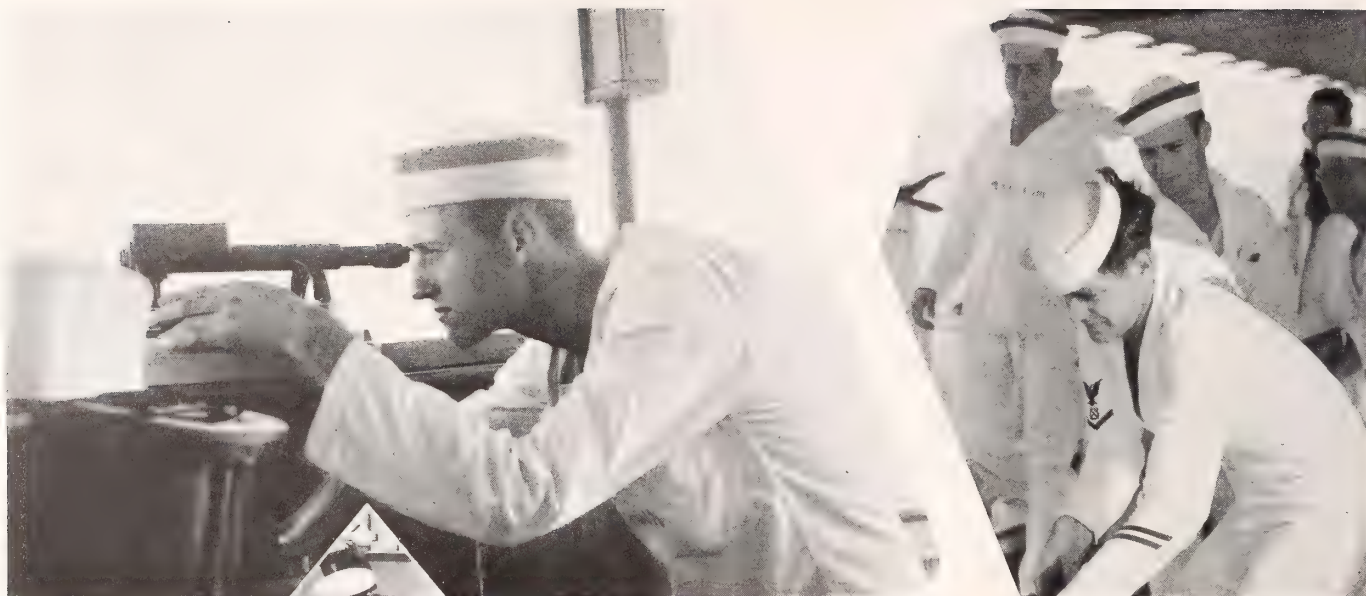
"IT was kind of hard to get used to being Senior Class Present, but it was a grand feeling. We began to be treated as Officers . . . and responsibility—long withheld—was greatly treasured. The destroyers were kingly . . . but roly. My first Officer of the Deck watch was a memorable one, and these watches never did become commonplace because there was too much to be learned. One night there were only three of the thirty-one of us that were able to make the dinner table. When you go to sea in a 'can' you'll know what I mean, son. They are tough and they are rough, but you'll love them like they were your own."





“WE visited Newport and Dahlgren and were permitted to see many advanced and confidential features of gunnery and torpedo science. These were the technical highlights of the cruise, but even more memorable were our experiences aboard ship. We spent many a profitable and many an enjoyable day roaming up and down the coast. Off duty, most of us could be found stretched out on the deck in the sun. On duty, we could be found picking up those numerous details of how to handle yourself and your ship . . . and these, lad, form the invaluable asset of experience.”



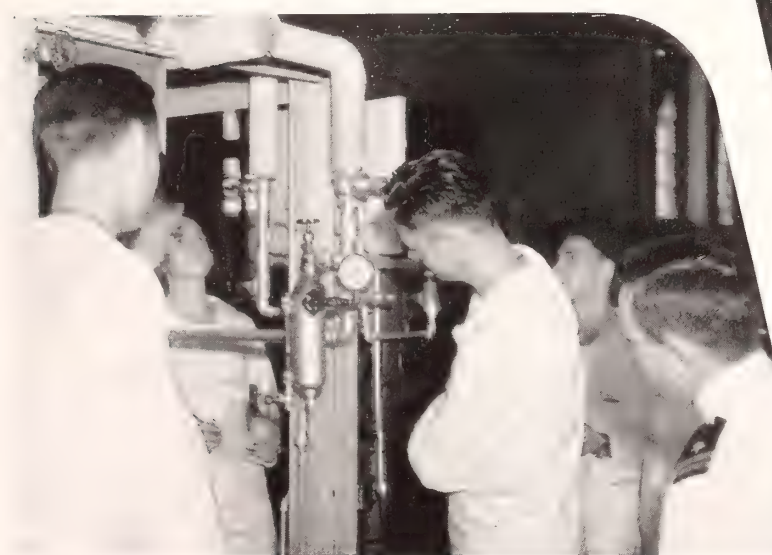


"WE ran into some rough weather on the way back home . . . and crowded in every moment to learn as much about the fine little ships as possible, before—all too soon—we were back in Annapolis. In we rolled and found that during the month the Class of '41 had made its debut. How time was getting by. We came in on a Friday and the Second Group left on Monday. From them we learned that the Academy was a changed place . . . and believe me, it was true. We lived the life of Reilly. Son, you'll never forget some of the times that you spend out in Smoke Park with your comrades."





"SECOND Class Summer was not all play. There were some of the most valuable practical drills that we ever had. Radio practice, metal Lab., Steam in all its difficulty and interest, piloting drills and lessons *et al* kept us busy in the day time, but study hours were usually reserved for the sleep that we did not get on our week-end liberties. I came to know my classmates during this time. We united as we had not been since we first entered the Academy. Class spirit reaches its blossom at this point. Maintain the friendship and respect of your Class, son."





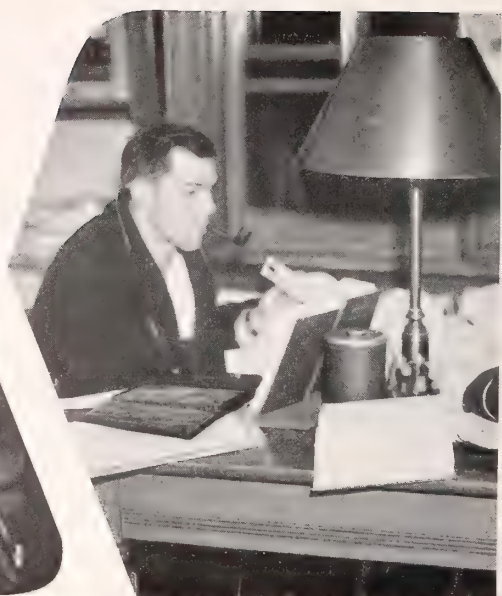
"I HOPE that you don't get the headache that I acquired when I went below in a submarine for the first time. Getting used to their cramped quarters is a knack, but you can not avoid a thrill when you dive for the first time . . . and speaking of diving . . . wait until you get your first plane flight at the controls. I also remember with pleasure my consolation to find out that I was pretty good with the aerial machine guns even if I wasn't any too expert at the pistol and the rifle. It gave a rather masterful feeling to settle down behind that Browning and let her rattle away."





“A GREAT proportion of your Naval career will be inspections. These constant inspections represent the only device for keeping any personnel or material—not in active service—ready for instant duty. Second Class Summer you get a chance at *inspecting* . . . but you also get *inspected*. Saturday formation was always the big inspection. However, Second Class Day we took our girls to formation with us . . . and also to dinner in the Messhall . . . quite a novelty for them and for us. We departed on leave with many pleasant memories of a splendid summer.”





"OF course Second Class Sep Leave was all too short, and it seemed like a day until we were back at work—plunging into the wilderness of Ordnance, Navigation, Steam, Juice, English, Seamanship, and Dago. All this time your practical drills do not let up . . . you have a four year course in practical application and common sense. Don't you forget that, son. It's easy in the rush of hard studies at the Academy to lose sight of your objective in a blind attempt to get ahead in the books. Don't forget what you are being trained for and let it be your star."





"YOUR Second Class Year is a grooming for the job of taking over the Regiment. You will be made coxswains of cutters and given infantry squads. Authority will be placed in you . . . as well as confidence. Be friendly but firm in any measures that you have to take. The usual spring heat will make it all the harder for you to study . . . especially when you think of the coming Ring Dance. But after the final exams were over, and I had the little lady, who in later years was to become your mother, inside the big ring to put my class ring on . . . I think that I was the happiest man alive."

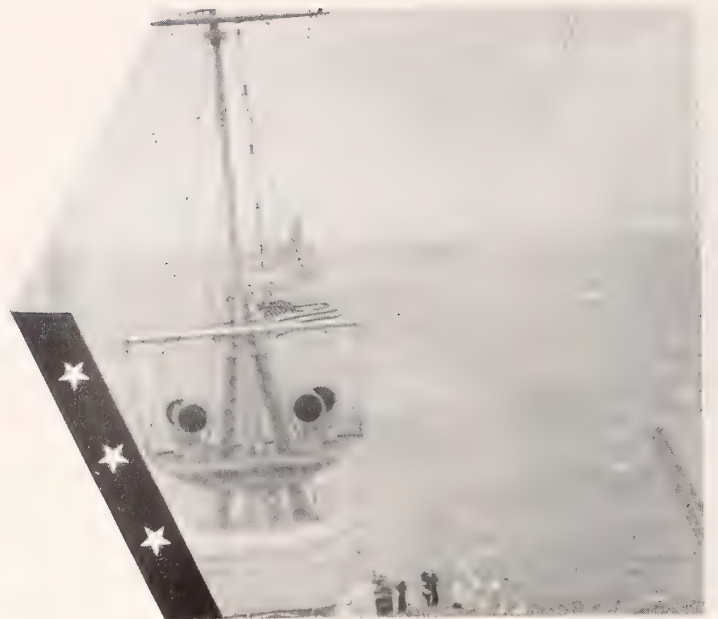




"I Welcomed First Class Year

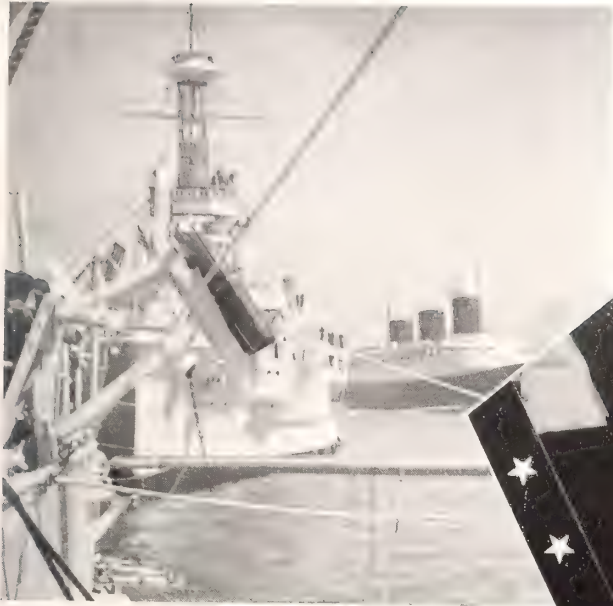


With A Light Heart

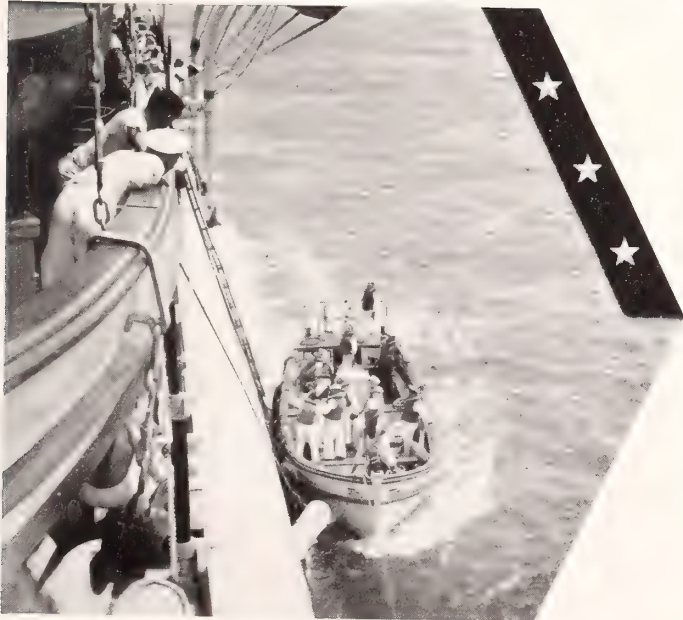


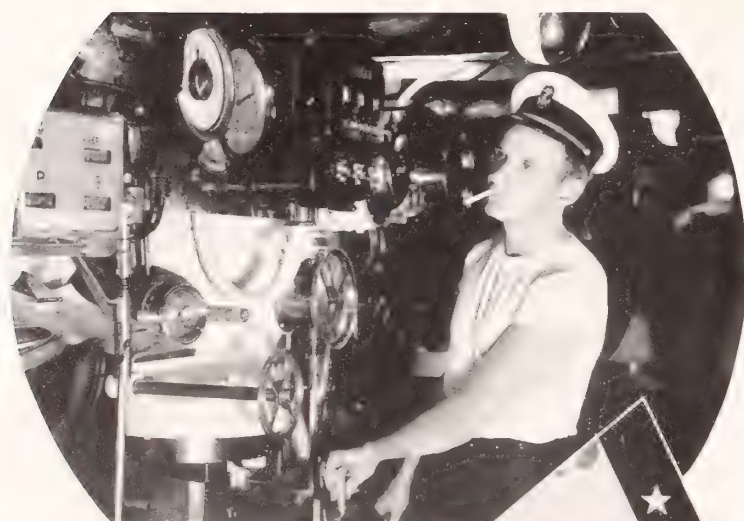
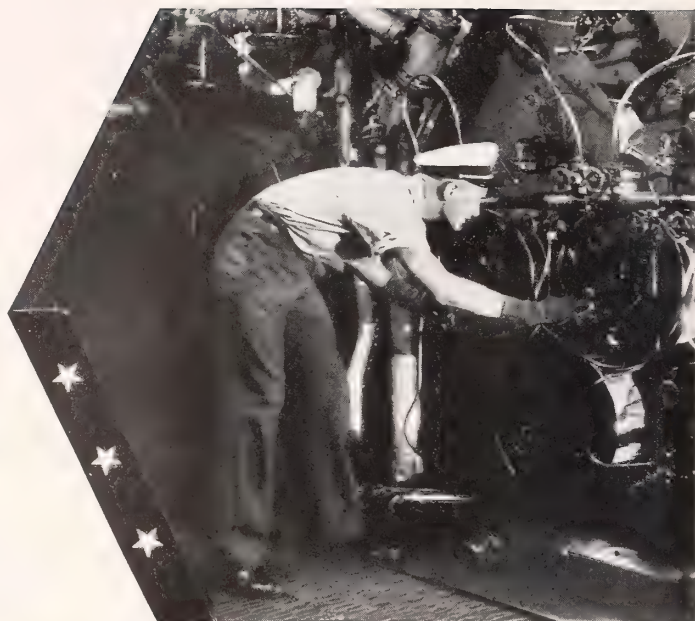
"DOWN to the sea, once again. Not the lowly Youngster now . . . but the exalted first classman. Somehow or other that commission looked very close and dear during this cruise. We were learning the definite things that had to be done by officers. From the time that we said good-bye to good old Virginia 'till we arrived in Le Havre . . . every morning found us up at two getting morning stars . . . every noon found us spotting LAN . . . every evening found us still up at eleven struggling with evening stars. Then there were the mooring boards for a little forenoon diversity . . . and adversity."





"WE found Le Havre to be a welcome contrast to what Cherbourg had been two years previous. What sumptuous meals they did serve at La Grosse Tonne . . . even if it was on Rue d'Galeon. Most of us went on leave to Paris. It is impossible to say enough about Paris, son . . . that city defies description. I fell in love with it all over again. However, we did not go on that cruise for pleasure alone, so in the passing of a week we were back aboard heading for the North Sea. We took advantage of this trip to learn something about the art of handling small boats alongside while underway . . . and there is plenty to learn."





"THERE was nothing cold about the boiler rooms, however . . . and I didn't exactly shiver in the engine room. That climate was a choice one for engineering. We passed right over the site of the Battle of Jutland, where many a brave seaman lies dead, before we arrived at Copenhagen. The city of bicycles and of pretty girls. . . and of the world's best food. The American Minister to Denmark invited us all to a reception held at his beautiful residence . . . and we had a sample of that renowned cuisine. The rest of the time most of us spent riding around the country with the beautiful Danish 'Flikas'."



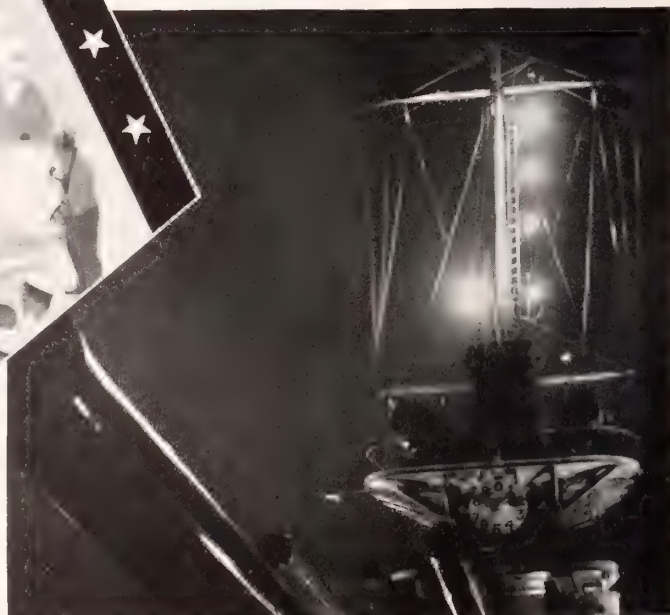


“ON our way back down the Channel we passed several warships of the other nations . . . among them the *Gneisenau* . . . like a phantom from the past of Jutland. Salutes between men-o-war are always impressive, Son. They should be kept so. Once more we passed the Chalk Cliffs . . . and before long were back at the friendly town of Portsmouth . . . and shortly thereafter on our way to ‘dear, damned, distracting London Town.’ Ambassador Kennedy and his family entertained us royally and seeing the grand, old city again was like renewing old acquaintances. The glamour and glory of London never fail to reign supreme.”





“ONCE again . . . homeward bound . . . course 270 degrees true . . . due west to the grandest of all nations. An accident to a propeller of the *New York* slowed our progress home, and it was twenty days before we sighted those wonderful coasts. We held our battle practice on schedule . . . a true representation of persistence under casualty—a bucket-full of which goes into any battle winning formula, laddie. Short Range Battle Practice is no joke. Your very life depends on the other man and yourself keeping your minds on your job. Always treat that powder respectfully . . . very respectfully.”





"WELL, that cruise ended in a storm. We were all transferred to the Texas and Wyoming and proceeded to Annapolis . . . where we disembarked on our last Sep leave. At home I found most of my old school friends looking for jobs . . . and the Navy looked pretty rosy . . . so that eased the pain of returning. Coming back is always hard but after a week you hardly know that you have been on a leave. Studies whip you back into shape, and it was not so bad—especially since it was the home stretch for '39. Then there were the usual Fall football trips and Christmas Leave to break the monotony of the academics and the inflexible schedule."





"OUR first commands were the gallant little sub-chasers. They are a lot of fun but they don't stop very fast as many a dock beam will testify. The fun of handling these somewhat offset the anxious moments at after dinner speaking . . . where 'many a stolid thought, a stammering tongue didst fail.' Variety of activity rather lightened the tribulations of First Class Ac Year, and being in command at Infantry Drills was a bit more fun than just marching. Of course, the studies during this year are the most advanced and you will have to keep alert. At this point . . . with your goal almost in sight . . . it would be disastrous to fail."





"BUT contrary to the opinion that some proffered, I did make the grade, and the final exams found me perspiring but perspicacious. 'NO MORE RIVERS TO CROSS' . . . it was hard to believe. First class dance . . . N-Dance . . . our last June Week . . . and then the crowning moment, GRADUATION! Son, your Grandparents nearly brought down the house when I grabbed that parchment . . . and I guess that I will do the same when you do. It's a long road, and a hard road . . . but a worthy one. Fight the good fight . . . win if you can, but fight fairly; and I'll live to see the day when you fly two stars to the sky. God Bless you, son."



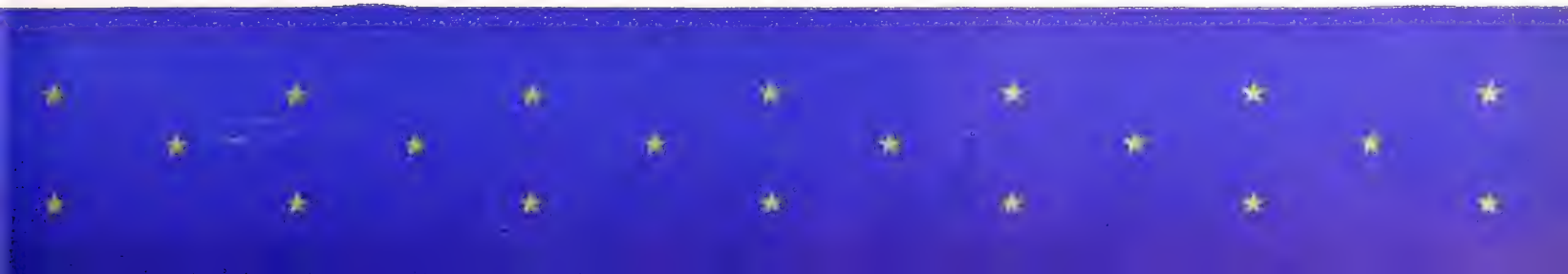




OUR ACTIVITIES

OUR CREATIVE ENDEAVORS HAVE FOUND EXPRESSION IN MANY ACTIVITIES. MUSIC, THEATRICALS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART MAY BE NAMED AS A FEW OF THE MAJOR INTERESTS THAT ROUND OUT A WELL FILLED LIFE. THE EXPERIENCE AND ABILITY ACQUIRED IN THESE MANY ENTERPRISES ARE REQUISITES OF THE "OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN" DEFINED BY JOHN PAUL JONES.









Curtain!

TWENTY-TWO hundred of us to be amused. We find many ways of doing this successfully—other than academics and drags and athletics. 'Tis well known that music hath charms—and the musical organizations charm themselves in practice, and Mahan Hall auditorium audiences in performance, with lovely and extraordinary sounds and songs.

Histrionics, recognizedly a superior mode of expression, allows Masqueraders expression of self, audiences expression of satisfaction, and the work gangs expressions of dismay.

As you and your drag saunter toward Mahan Hall for any show, your attention is caught and held, your admiration evoked by the astonishingly intricate electric sign that lures you on to view the wonders within. And in the show itself, professional work with the spots, house, and stage-lighting, electric sound effects, ringing telephones, doorbells and auto-horns. You can look in any of their four workshops and find most of them not there, but braving the elements on the roof of Mahan Hall, working on a sign. Nobody except Professor Howard really understands the circuit diagrams for their stuff and how they work, and he doesn't know why they work. Their hardest jobs, according to Tommy Thomas, are answering questions as to "why did you . . .?" and in keeping enough java on hand (electric java pot, of course) for all the members. It might be exaggeration to insist that all our Electrical Gang members are geniuses—say a conservative half of them. Call the others wizards.

Working hand-in-glove with the Juice Gang is the Property Gang. "Props" are not the boards that keep the scenery from falling down. Real props are the gadgets and thingamajigs and whatchamacallits that are the reason why we have a Property Gang. Steamboats, hatracks, artificial wild waves, bowler hats, mooseheads and stuffed owls; "Say, you should try to find things like that" says McGillicuddy, the only second classman ever to be manager. We take care of all the details—making beds, putting toothpicks on the deck. We do those things: assemble the properties, take care of them, and return them."

But the lads who manipulate the material—such as actually running in the Ark, or moving the furniture, or setting up the scenery—are the Stage Gang, led by Stage Manager Bob Green and Stage Captain Zguris. If the palace set in the first act becomes a garden in the second act, you know the Stage Gang has been on the job. The even dozen members get little glory for the work they do, but they keep at it because they have given in to the fascination of back-stage life. It isn't difficult to find four new Plebes each year to succumb to this fascination.

The "season" extends from February to May and the Gang helps with all the shows produced by the Regiment and with the Navy Relief Show as well. At a show or rehearsal the Stage Gang java pot is always full and steaming, the bull session going on at terrific pace. What-



It's bound to work; only six-phase juice and Prof Howard to make the connections.

ever spare time turns up is used for carrying on the time-honored (but good-natured) feud with the Juice Gang, expressed in reciprocal borrowing and reciprocal forgetting to return until strongly reminded. That is one way to pass away the tedious hours afforded by being excused from drills.

"The biggest jobs," says Green, "are getting custom-built scenery for our small stage with its sloping ("pitched") floor, and in figuring the fastest possible way for shifting the scenery."

Furniture and scenery arranged, comes next the arrangement of the looks of the cast. It is not beyond even our limited comprehension to see where the lovely paint jobs on their faces originate; and the clothes can be explained, even down to the fancy lace-trimmed undies. It doesn't require superhuman imagina-

Charlie's box—no one has solved its mysteries, but it keeps the captain of the juice gang out of harm's way.

tion to understand how the Make-Up gang manufactures the lovely (though oft somewhat rotund) figures of the chorines. The mystery is how they install the high contralto and soprano voices in the heroines, whom we know (the program proves it beyond denial) to be our extremely masculine and robust football and lacrosse players and infantry leaders with deep purple voices. Bustles, padding in selected anatomical positions, generous use of cosmetics, high heels, and mincing steps may all make our comediennes funny without a word or a move. And it is more usual than unusual for a serious female character to be dignified and truly convincing in his role, due in no small measure to the excellent camouflage by the Make-up Gang. Their noble efforts were not enough to make up McGillicuddy, head of the Property Gang, to look like a moose head, and as a result the Property Gang was called on to furnish the real moose head that called forth so much comment and merriment in "Room Service."

The President of the Masquerades, Ed Foote, says of the Business Gang, "You'd think they never make a cent to hear their remarks when we want to spend a penny." Yet Gerry Norton tells us that they handle over six thousand dollars a year. And they always show more





Switches or spots—if the lights were the show there would never be a bad performance.

income than outgo, depression in the business world notwithstanding. A thousand dollar savings account, a substantial and growing checking account give evidence of the energy and care displayed by the Business Gang. Most of their work comes in distributing seats at the Masqueraders and Musical Clubs' shows—"everybody's your friend when you're giving out tickets, and you can't give all your friends the best seats in the house," says Norton—in writing form letters, and in visiting local advertisers for the thousand dollars worth of ads that pay for the programs that cost half-a-thousand dollars per issue. Other aid in spending comes in contracts for scenery, properties, and costumes, royalties for the play's author and publishers (amounting to around seventy-five dollars per play) and in pay for professional coaches or make-up men sometimes necessary. The most expensive show of the year from the aspect of scenery and properties was "Room Service," which cost about two thousand and drew into the coffers about twenty-two hundred dollars. No fortunes, these amounts, but indicative of effort and acumen.

The only comment that Ed Foote would make when he was first asked about the Masqueraders was the very noncommittal

"Hmmm." A little persuasion and coaxing loosened him into telling that the try-outs for the show began way back during football season, which may be partially why not many varsity football men were in the show. Preliminaries in Luce Hall last a week, then the semi-semi-semi-finals, the semi-semi-finals, and so on follow until the final choosing is made by the trio of the President of the Masqueraders, the director and the coach. From just after the Army game rehearsals take place in the auditorium, Mahan Hall, every afternoon ex-



Odds and ends men, the property gang, who are driven only pleasantly mad.



The stuffed owls are not members of the stage gang, if this grim action fooled you.

for the performances. Day after day there is rehearsal by the members, and patient coaching by Professors Pease and Cook until every last detail is perfect, and the play is ready for the test of public appearance. This year the Masqueraders chose for themselves the relatively difficult task of presenting "Room Service." This play had just finished successful runs on Broadway and as a motion picture, where the finest professional actors had the leading roles, but the performances by the Masqueraders compared favorably with the best of these.

From the moment that the curtain rose, and the house became quiet, to the blackouts, which ended each act, one humorous situation or character succeeded another upon the stage, never permitting the attention of the audience to wander. Briefly, the story related the hilarious trials and tribulations of one Gordon Miller, a dramatic producer, when he was attempting to get a play into production. His adventures



A scene in the rough. "Room Service" before the room materialized.

cept Saturday, including Sunday and Rope Yarn Sunday. Foote also confessed that an extraordinary mistake was made in the compilation of a program for "Room Service." Fine pictures, excellent write-ups of the cast, clever advertisements—but they left out the program of the show. "A simple oversight."

Every year, at the beginning of the second term, each weekday afternoon finds the Masqueraders assembled in Mahan Hall preparing

"Every man a Venus" is the make-up gang's motto, with a proof of this underway.



with the "country boy" playwright, his problem of maintaining and feeding his cast in a hotel where they had been denied credit, and his maneuverings to secure a backer, never for a moment grew dull; and laugh followed laugh throughout the evening. When the final curtain fell the audience was in a very good humor; they had been cleverly amused, and they knew that Gordon's strivings had not been in vain; for the ambition of every character was satisfied at the end.

This year a "well done" should be given to all hands who cooperated to make the performance of "Room Service" the success that it was. The costuming, together with the acting, was



excellent; for Christine Marlow and Hilda, the "feminine" leads drew admiring glances from even the feminine members of the audience. The timing and delivery of the lines was especially effective, and Professor Pease should be particularly congratulated upon his work along this line where perfection is usually obtained only by experience. There were others, too, whose cooperation was just as essential, but whose presence was even less noticeable to the audience. The Juice Gang, for example, did their usual masterful piece of work in decorating the tower of Mahan Hall. The "blowing glass" which they outlined in light was perhaps out of place within the high grey walls, but it was eminently suited for the play

Mahan Hall dons its gayer dress as classes are forgotten and night life gains its sway.



The capitalists and sharks of Bancroft. The business gang checks reports on sales.

whose name it proclaimed. Their stage lighting, too, left little to be desired. The Stage Gang did a very capable job in furnishing Gordon Miller's hotel room. Perhaps the high light of their activity was seen when Binion, the cynical director, staggered on stage carrying a moose head in his arms. He stated that it was the only article he could truly call his own, but, nevertheless, the appearance of this strange article of furniture—if a moosehead may be called furniture—almost brought down the house.

"Room Service," as presented by the Masqueraders, was one of the biggest successes of the entertainment year at the Naval Academy. Its perfection was the result of hours of cooperative labor by members of the Regiment and the Department of English and History assisted by Lieutenant Christie, who represented the Executive Department. Their efforts were rewarded, for they were fully repaid by the pleasure they derived from providing the remainder





The Masquerader's prize members and Mr. Pease, their director, all smiles after a successful day.

of the Regiment with the best entertainment seen around here in years.

But dramatics and work associated with the production of plays are not our only means of amusing ourselves. Between weekends there are (this is not confidential) nights, one after each day. To make the time pass a little more pleasantly and a little more quickly, the Movie Gang shows movies in Recreation Hall regularly on Tuesday nights. Considerable skill is required to keep a sound motion picture projector operating as smoothly as ours seem to go, and the men in the Movie Gang serve an apprenticeship before they are turned loose by themselves on a machine. The Movie Gang was founded in 1935, when the Regiment was presented with a portable movie projector, a year's service for newsreels and comedies, and a Capehart combination radio and phonograph, all for assistance to moving picture producers in filming two pictures. Besides operating these machines the Movie Gang exhibits pictures (both moving and still) made by the members in order to criticize and aid in obtaining better results in photography.

On Wednesday nights a half-hour concert of records of classical music is the regular pro-

gram, with discs of symphonies, operas and various other etudes played for a large and appreciative audience. Also, on Sunday mornings after chapel semi-classical music furnishes a pleasant background for the conversation of first classmen and their guests, and dancing is not permitted then. On Sunday afternoons the air vibrates to a different type of music, when the newest and best old recordings of swing and sweet popular dance music are played for the Sunday afternoon informal, when the NA-10 is absent or taking an intermission. The Movie Gang keeps a heel-and-toe watch whenever the Capehart is playing, to operate the machine, to change the supply of records, and to be certain the machine does not get out of order.

On other nights—Thursday night in particular—the Quarterdeck Society holds forth. Led by Atley Peterson, the Society is “the cultural institution of the Academy” which is devoted to the development of public speaking and the ability to think in terms of public address. Each year the Society sponsors two contests, a public speaking contest and an inter-battalion debating contest. Some seventy-five men enter the public speaking contest and show



Top—A faked sickness frightens the sweetheart, but country boy explains. *Center*—Not ejected from the hotel, but without room service; personal ability comes to the fore. *Bottom*—Just another bill collector speeded on his way.

their ability in the preliminaries in March and April. The winners of the preliminaries win fame and glory, and the best one, a gold watch, at the final contest during June Week. Four types of individual speaking are practiced, including open-forum discussions, extemporaneous speeches, orations, and radio speaking over an actual microphone. The inter-battalion debate contest winner receives possession of a silver cup for a year's time. Nobody is supposed to have permanent possession of it, but somebody (identity not known) acquired the old one, with the result that a new one is now in the hands of the Second Batt for the second time in three years. The members have been working to have intercollegiate debating introduced at the Naval Academy, with apparently fair prospects for success in the future.

A different type of vocal expression is displayed by the choir, an organization which shows perhaps as convincingly as any other at the Academy, the advantages of military disci-

"It's all above board, gentlemen, only an accident"—but it almost ends the boys' chances to make good.





And it takes them all to load it. The Movie Gang goes old-fashioned for a still shot.



Bob Gulick and Iler Fairchild do their bit in loading. Bob is the gang's head.

pline. This seems a logical conclusion after considering that it practices for only a short hour during the week in addition to a throat-warming session preceding the Sunday morning service in Chapel. More astounding still is the fact that the midshipmen soloists are not designated until a few minutes before the congregation arrives. This latter revelation shows the hitherto occult theory of the choir-

master, Professor Crosley, in coincidence with the fundamental theories of the Navy, that all hands must be prepared when duty calls.

The repertory of the choir comprises a wide latitude of composers from Beethoven to De Koven. The selections comprise at least one anthem every other week and a Te Deum for the other weeks. Special services consisting of two or more anthems are given on Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and Palm Sunday. On one occasion in 1939 the choir rendered West Point's sacred "The Corps" in honor of the visiting West Point Chaplain. Every Palm Sunday a special program is given in the afternoon. For the last few years this consisted of

a presentation of Stainer's famous "Crucifixion." This last year, however, Professor Crosley attempted the even more difficult "Seven Last Words of Christ" by DuBois in view of the fact that he thought he had the first choir in ten years that was capable of presenting this selection. This decision was well founded in view of the fine performance given at the annual trip to the Washington Cathedral where two difficult anthems were successfully rendered.

The most commendable aspect of the choir is the spirit within the organization. The midshipmen by enthusiasm and sheer love for



The Quarterdeck Society holds interbattalion debates with various instructors as judges.

singing have joined the choir and their work reflects this enthusiasm.

No less enthusiastic but quite different is the NA-10. When the American public became "swing-minded" the Ten became the object of much adverse criticism. The music suddenly became "too fast to dance to," and where the Ten pointed the way to "swing," the regiment failed to follow. The Ten managed to find an outlet in the series of Sunday afternoon dances in Smoke Hall where those who enjoy dance music in the radical style could be entertained.

More than any other activity, the Ten requires members who are already qualified to fill their positions. Those who play in the Ten have had previous dance band experience and are able to play arrangements that are used by professional "big names." In Ackley and Clements the band has two musicians in whom the regiment can well take pride. Both have contributed much to the band with their writings and inspired improvisations. Moore has provided that steady beat that gave him his



Atley Peterson presides at an open discussion following the debate.

nickname of "Rhythm"; Cease has led the band and played that "ride" tenor sax, too; Tucker on trumpet has led the brass section; Trauger has given his special brand of humor to keep the boys relaxed. Thirteen men were welded into that flexible machinery called a dance band—a band which drew many favorable comments in Le Havre, Copenhagen, and Portsmouth.

The distinct thrill of expression through the medium of music has been the reward of this small group who have devoted many Sunday afternoons, Saturday nights, and days of rehearsal for the Musical Show, so that their

Professor Crosley and the first class choir members turn their backs on the chapel for once.





The Mandolin Club goes classical as I. J. Dewey leads them in the "Bolero."

classmates might be entertained. There has been the enjoyment of working out special arrangements which have been obtained from outside arrangers during the last year. In all its work, "sweet" or "swing," the Ten has held to the opinion that even a sweet tune should be what musicians call "solid."

In addition to a dance band in the Regiment, there is also the organization of the players of

Full round mouths for the recital now; George Duncan brings the Glee Club up to pitch.



Warren Hunt tunes up his collective strings.

stringed "plink" instruments known as the Mandolin Club. Yes, there are a few mandolins in the club. But besides the few mandolins there is an unusual assortment of instruments with which the fellows let loose on the popular music. "It's a great way to have a musical good time," says Bill Ruhe. Accordions, guitars, ukuleles, banjos, violins and even clay pigeons are used by the members of the club. Not too much talent is required, but because all the music is played practically by ear, a good sense of harmony is necessary. That is the one thing that holds the music together and results in some fine interpretations of the pieces they tackle.

It's a jam session every night when the





It's a swing wing all right with Johnnie Cease as the jive-master of the NA-10.

Mandolin Club meets. Off in one corner a quartet works on some close harmony. Another group picks out some nice bass arrangement on the guitars. The accordions work out a tricky arrangement of the melody. The mandolins get that swing into the straight tune. Then they all get together and work up the piece, each group with its own interpretations. Dewey, the leader, smooths the thing out and puts sense and sequence to it, and another good piece is done the justice it deserves.

When the Musical Clubs show comes along the club gets down to some hard work and works up definite arrangements for each piece they play in the show. There is a mixture of classical with jazz numbers to satisfy the taste of all the men in the club. Hawaiian numbers set a show, but no more than a piece like "Dark Eyes." The only difficult part of managing the club is keeping the boys from swinging all their music.

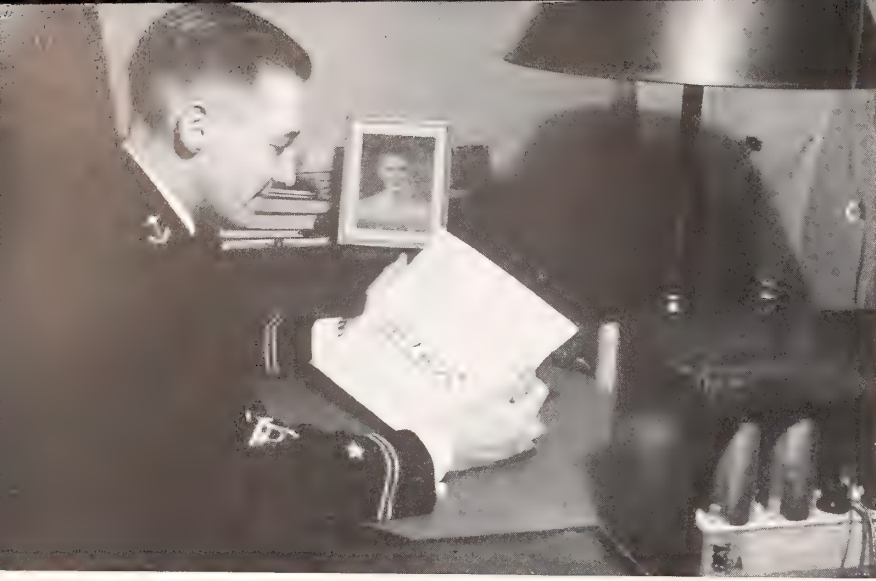
The club acts purely as a musical diversion for those midshipmen who play an instrument but do not have the background of finished ability in reading music. As long as two or more fellows have the desire to get together and make music there will be a good excuse for the Mandolin Club.

These are instrumental music makers. We have vocal music makers, too, in the Glee Club. To those outside the Glee Club, the Christmas

Concert presented by the Orchestra and Glee Club was an agreeable surprise. For overboard went the traditional college song book and music in the modern mood was the order of the day. Of course, to make the performance truly Naval, a few sea chanteys were included, and these were as successful as always. Music in the modern manner included "Night and Day," and "Deep River." The recital was highly successful.



Many such discussions preceded the choice of the "Mikado" as the show to be presented by the Combined Musical Clubs.



Another trick sign to be worked out, and Thomas does a bit of thinking before acting.

ALTHOUGH requiring more rehearsals and closer harmony, the results were well worth the effort. Plans to present the *Mikado* filled the winter schedule, with rehearsals for cast and chorus from Christmas until April. The production of *Pinafore* last year set a precedent hard to equal, but good work by all who were singing to satisfy that yen for a good round of songs produced a *Mikado* that ranks as tops.

After the show which had added the finishing touches to a chorus already capable of performing well in every field of choral music, a discussion was raised concerning recording some Navy songs. So the Glee Club, under the direction of George Duncan and the Naval Academy Band combined to make four sides that will be welcomed in every Navy home as Navy songs that are done in real Navy style.

The orchestra this year as well as in past years has done its best to provide an outlet for musical inhibitions. The primary purpose of the group is to allow the possessors of instruments and ability to keep in touch with music

of the more stable and more permanent variety. Of course, if they have incidentally pleased any listeners, then they have fulfilled a dual purpose.

Their moments with the great have been fleeting and varied. The constant moving from Memorial Hall to the Band Room and thence to Mahan Hall have given many a headache to the members. It is difficult to recapture the same mood in totally different surroundings—which is just as well in the long run—and instruments are heavy. The place to practise was governed solely by the position of an available piano, which was a bit too bulky to transport.

This past year Hunt picked up the torch and lugged it with the usual success. The constant loss and gain of members keeps the director supplied with gray hairs, but Hunt came through with his scalp intact.

The orchestra proper is a most unpredictable organization. Its number runs from twenty to thirty-five depending on the number of stringed instruments, mainly violins, which the director can gather. For some reason wind instruments can always be found to excess, but good material in that field must be sacrificed to keep the swing wing on the same level as the string wing.

To those who have wondered why the orchestra gives but few recitals during the year, the answer is that at least three months are necessary to work up even five concert selections. As ever, the orchestra owes much gratitude to the time and the technical and professional aid of Lieutenant Sima of the Academy Band.

When you take them all together—Glee Club, Orchestra, NA-10, Mandolin Club—

The orchestra's other half. The brass and rhythm hold forth in final practice.



you have the Combined Musical Clubs. Says the director, singer, and number one enthusiast, H. E. "Boake" Carter, "We work." Professor Crosley leads the work-outs, and it's mostly due to his efforts that the show goes on at all. Without him, there'd be no show. The present type show, Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, is essentially an orchestra and Glee Club presentation. The Ten and the Mandolin Club present additional musical attractions.

Try-outs for parts in the Musical Clubs Show begin immediately after Christmas leave. Many try out for a couple of weeks until the cast is selected by the director of the Combined Musical Clubs show and the leader of the Glee Club. "Proficiency wins," says Cartero.

As a result of the overwhelming success of last year's show "Pinafore," the Musical Clubs decided to try something even harder this year. Numerous well-known operettas and light operas were examined and the decision landed on Gilbert and Sullivan's best known work, "The Mikado." Some hesitation was felt in passing the final judgment because the work involved was beyond anything previously attempted. But when it was finally decided upon, all hands entered into the spirit of the undertaking with full vigor.

Under the combined direction of Professor J. W. Crosley, Lieutenant C. G. Christie, Officer Representative, and Midshipman H. E. Carter, the cast and chorus presented the light opera with the accompaniment of the Orchestra, directed by W. L. Hunt, whose unceasing efforts provided the background in the professional manner.

(Top)—Miller warms up to the role of Nanki-Poo, while the rest of the cast relaxes. (Center)—The NA-10 as your drag would see it some Sunday afternoon. (Bottom)—The Mikado seems deaf to entreaties—an undress rehearsal.





The stage seems to fit the Glee Club well as they form for a recital. (Right below) Professor Crosley, director of the show; (left below) H. E. Carter, the midshipman director.



The entire cast turned in a admirable performance. The comedy furnished by George Duncan as Ko-Ko, the unscrupulous Lord High Execu-

tioner; R. G. Mills as the haughty Pooh-Bah, Lord High Every-Thing-Else; and Red Quinn as Katisha, the old and ugly bride-elect of the hero, kept the audience in stitches throughout the performance. J. E. Miller as Nanki-Poo, the disguised son of the Mikado demonstrated his abilities singing, acting, and making love to Jack Reigart, who, as Yum-Yum, a beautiful ward of Ko-Ko, finished four years of excellent musical activity. Yum-Yum with Ko-Ko's other wards, Pitti-Sing, played by G. E. Rice, and Peep-Bo, played by J. H. Clagett, created quite a sensation with their unique interpretations of girlish wiles and flirtations. The high and mighty Mikado, Emperor of Japan, was ably portrayed by C. G. Mendenhall, Jr., while "Hulla" Ballou, as Pish-Tush, represented the sensible portion of the aristocracy.

The Glee Club, led by George Duncan, added much-needed support to the performance by its choral work, in both the girls' and men's choruses. The show could not have been a success without the splendid work of the chorus;

whose performance rivaled that of the sailors in "Pinafore."

Necessary variety was given the production by John Morgan Cease and the



NA-10 and I. D. Dewey and the Mandolin Club, whose additional music demonstrated the scope of midshipman musical talent.

Such a successful performance is only the result of the concentrated labor necessary to learn the music and the lyrics. In preparing the show for presentation, the unceasing efforts of Professor Crosley, and his willingness to spend every afternoon and evening in directing the production must not be overlooked. The "Prof" was there all the time, always ready to play, sing, or do whatever he could to help the show along. He furnished the musical and dramatic knowledge necessary for the proper presentation of such a difficult opera.

A great deal of appreciation must go to the Stage, Juice, Make-up, and Property gangs, all of which added their usual fine work to help make the Musical Clubs Show of 1939 one that will be remembered for many years to come as one of the best ever produced at the Naval Academy.



Copy!

WITH all this entertainment being provided, and with all the traditions of the Navy to keep alive or to be passed along, it is no wonder that the Academy produces and supports four publications, *Reef Points*, *The Log*, *The Trident*, and *The Lucky Bag*. Each has its own special role in Naval Academy life.

Reef Points is the basis of any good Naval career. To the green plebe, it is his bible; to those at home, it is like a book of magic to explain the mysteries of the system. It is a brief and lucid explanation of the mission and organization of the Academy, an introduction to the host of activities provided here, and a summary of naval customs and traditions.

To compile all these facts, and to learn so much about the Naval Academy's activities requires many and willing minds. The field is divided into The Yard, Activities, Athletics, The Navy, and Traditions.

The Yard furnishes a brief and cogent description of the buildings and grounds, together with a great deal of their history. It serves to orient the plebe, or to guide the casual visitor, and to introduce all to the Naval Academy from the sightseeing point of view.

The Activities section is in short what this whole section of *The Lucky Bag* carries out in full detail. It contains a delineation of the work done by each club, the advantage of joining it, and the names of the leaders. Unless you have shared that lost feeling of the first few days of plebe year, you can not appreciate how valuable such potent information is.

There is little difference in character in the presentation of athletics, their extra-curricular benefits being stressed; but the Navy and Traditions are fact-packed sections. The fleet organization, the various insignia, the individual ship characteristics, the analysis of the existing naval situation, and the information on new ships must all be included in interesting and accurate form. The traditions are doubly hard since they must first be uncovered and then traced to their source to determine their worthiness. Since there are so many things along this line that any plebe is expected to know it is natural that this portion of the book is the largest and most thumb worn. Here can be found the answers to most of the questions propounded by the upper class (but not all, or else *Reef Points* would be a one volume course for the Academy). Nor can one forget that all-important slang, the language of midshipmen.

The Class of '42 owes a fine start to the work of editor Pinky Palus, business manager Blake Forrest, associate editor Monty McCormick, and advertising manager Ernie Dunlap. The staff

Reef Points

consisted of Charlie Bounds, Dave Pope, Ralph Benitez, Gordon Gayle, Jack Young, Skillet Holt, J. A. Noble, N. E. Benbow, F. M. Hertel, and S. H. MacGregor.



The Log

Thus does one receive a rudimentary naval education, and the knowledge of the language, but how does one keep up on Academy activities, sports, and humor? The answer is, through *The Log*. Three Fridays out of every month one finds this magazine delivered to the room via the A. M. O. D. (assistant mate of the deck), just in time to kill the ambition of the athlete and to prevent the radiator squadder from grabbing his forty winks.

Probably no other book is the subject of so much complaint, and is yet so avidly inspected. In general the regiment scans everything but the jokes, which are read and exclaimed over as either old, not worth repeating, or "How did that get in there?," a synchronous expression for excellence. There are some, mainly members of the *Log* staff and plebes, who read everything in *The Log*, but in general, features and stories are the meat for the civilians and home-folks, and keep them up on Navy slang and customs. The regular columns, such as "Salty Sam" and "Logarithms" have their following, and appeal to the snakes of the Regiment who can contrive to have their names appear at least once during their sojourn on the Severn by virtue of their social prominence.

But as to the collecting, editing, and publishing of all this material week after week, that is a real story, and involves work which makes the task of editor-in-chief no easy sinecure. The regiment owes Ted Siegmund a vote of thanks for his excellent work this year.

At the beginning of Academic year a meeting is held of all old members and those interested in joining the *Log* staff in order to put out the editor's ideas for gen-



(Top)—"Reef Points" gains a fact. (Bottom)—That satisfied feeling that a hard-worked staff knows when the book is completed.



Money for you and knowledge for me—so hopes the plebe.



The plebe bible goes home to spread the word.

eral improvement and revision, and to give him an indication of what cooperation he can expect. The *Plebe Log*, put out first by custom, gives all the upper class a chance to catch their breaths and compose their wits after September Leave before beginning to write copy. The *Plebe Log* is handled by plebes who were introduced to the *Log* system during second class summer, and who aided in the production of the two or three magazines for that period. After this a schedule is made out by the editor denoting to what each issue is dedicated, and who will be the editor of each issue. This serves as a foundation for the particular work of each week. Let's follow a copy of *The Log* from the idea to your table on Friday afternoon.

About two weeks in advance a conference between the editor-in-chief and issue editor is held to bring out ideas and settle any difficulties which may be anticipated by either man. The features and stories for the issue are to be provided by the issue editor which necessitates his tracking down steady writers or good friends who will write the material on his proposed subjects. The regular columns, sports, and jokes are the head editor's worry. Pictures are a mutual concern, and are scared up as rapidly

The men behind the scenes—the great mass who originate and write *The Log*. Such meetings as this let you know you are one in a crowd.



Sunday night for *The Log*. The ideas are all collected, and a rough layout can be made.

as possible from any source. The Sunday night before the issue comes out is a scene of confusion, copy and furrowed brows. The number of pages is decided on, the rough layout of the book made, the features and stories accounted for, and a survey made to see if the magazine can be filled. This is the period of the greatest strain for the editors as expected copy fails to materialize, pictures are not delivered as hoped, and cartoons and jokes available seem off key. A couple of hours of running around, prodding lazy people into activity, and patient waiting gives the whole a semblance of order. Pictures go to the engravers so plates can be made, and the copy is all typed so as to be easily set up at the printers and the galley proof made.

Here you must not forget the business staff. Each issue requires much advertising, and the





Good readers aren't they? The editorial board admires its work to the exclusion of camera smiles.



Wednesday, roast beef; but for Commander Barringer, officer representative and censor, its mincemeat to be made of the copy.

advertising copy and space allotted to ads must be in evidence Sunday night for layout and sending in. The business manager, J. C. Lawrence this year, holds the monetary reins of the *Log*—he checks the wild schemes of the editor, preaches economy, watches the bank balance, and keeps the book supplied with ads. His is an important post, and it requires able assistants to handle the correspondence and to take care of the copy.

In addition, his department oversees the circulation. The distribution of *Logs* weekly to the Regiment is handled by his circulation manager at the express office. The canvassing of all the midshipmen is done by circulation staff members to round up subscribers for the folks at home, for the O. A. O.'s, and for the congressmen or senators. One is prone to forget the important business side of a magazine simply because of its prosaicness and lack of

diversification, but remember it is the means for producing the book and making its contents available to all.

From Sunday night to Wednesday morning is a rest for all hands. Wednesday morning the galley proof is returned, including the proofs of the pictures for the final layout. One galley is submitted to the officer representative who acts as censor. That afternoon the censored galley is procured, the necessary deletions noted on the final galley, and the whole thing proof read for typographical errors. Meanwhile another galley is cut up, pasted on dummy pages as deemed best following the rough layout, picture proofs filled in, and jokes and small items sprinkled in as necessary to fill all holes. It's a simple thing to say, but stand around some Wednesday afternoon stewing to stretch or shrink a column, and you'll change your mind. Captions for pictures and titles for features and stories including bylines are now added. Both chief and issue editors and departmental editors assist in this final layout, which brings us to the final step. The corrected galley and the pasted



J. C. Lawrence connives as another advertiser finds himself roped into *The Log's* corral.

dummy are sent to the printers for publishing.

On Friday afternoon either the worst fears of the editors are realized, or else the issue is discovered to be a success. Assistants on watch report to the express office, draw the *Logs* for their respective decks and return to distribute them as described. Those for mailing go out



Department editors turn their backs to the camera and their minds to their work. The boys within check the galley-proof.

The make-up ladder must be filled, a square for each page means there must be something done about each yawning cavity.

directly from Baltimore where an accurate mailing list is kept.

It's a hardworking outfit, the *Log* staff, and embraces about one-twentieth of the Regiment, so that plenty of variety results. It's a generally stated and accepted opinion that this year's *Logs* have been a distinct improvement and a real success. That means congratulation to Commander Barringier, the Officer Representative, T. C. Siegmund, Editor-in-Chief, J. C. Lawrence, Business Manager, G. M. K. Baker, Managing Editor, E. L. Schwab, Associate Editor, R. S. Whitman, H. A. Tistadt, M. G. McCormick, R. T. Pratt, H. L. Harty, W. T. Sawyer, C. E. Deterding, J. H. Bowell, J. V. Cameron, C. H. Hall, all department editors, and J. F. Splain, F. B. Clarke, H. E. Benham, V. E. Teig, T. R. Weschler, W. L. Savidge, and W. J. Caspari, the Editorial Board.



has been formed within it known as the Trident Staff.

This Trident Staff is the working outfit who are responsible for the quarterly publication of

Trident

Alike in problems faced and handled, but different in organization and aim is the Trident Society which publishes the *Trident* magazine, as always, and which provides the Christmas Calendar, a branch but recently developed. The Trident Society was originally a literary society founded to encourage the artist in a midshipman with regard to expression in prose or poetry. Of late the society has stood simply as a symbol of the past, and an organization



The cuts of cartoons find their proper resting places as administered by the Cut Exchange. The roller and plate-bed are for running off tests of the plates.



The delivery service that insures Log sales. Once a week the assistants gather their share of copies and deliver one to a man.



The final stage in the chain from rough copy to press to you. *The Log* arriving on Friday keeps many a man out of the gym boning its unorthodox pages.

the magazine, the *Trident*, and who aid in some small way in the selection and distribution of the Christmas calendar. Much credit for the rebuilding of a rather decadent structure is due to those inseparables, John Gore, President of the Society, and Willie Feahr, Editor of the magazine. They worked very, very hard, and their improvements cannot be overestimated.

Since the publishing of a magazine is the same, whether *Log* or *Trident*, the special problems and work of the *Trident* staff only need be discussed. Where the *Log* aims at entertainment and humor, the *Trident* aims at literary achievement and polished effect. It is a midshipman's publication that strives for a fresh point of view, and that is not opposed to serious thought. In general it has many more outside contributors than the *Log*, and has a much more restricted intraregimental field from which to draw. Therefore its production represents a much more thorough search for material, and a more rigid standard of excellence in thought, content, and style.

The *Trident* Society listen to Willie and smile; because he's funny, yes, but mainly because his ideas are good and the year will be a success.

From the business point of view, the *Trident* acts in a more self-sufficient manner. The circulation obtained is entirely solicited both from the midshipmen and from outside sources through the midshipmen. The *Log* has the Regiment as subscribers automatically. It is this fact and the contrast of serious and comic involved in the two publications that gives rise to the keen rivalry between the staffs, and the eternal bickering occasioned by this rivalry. The soliciting of ads and distribution follows the *Log* plan.

The chief point of difference between the *Trident* Society and the *Log* staff lies in the extra duties of the *Trident* Society. For the past three years calendars have been put out each Christmas by the *Trident* Society. The





The members suggest stories for the coming issue.

success of this novel venture is evidenced by the five thousand calendars distributed this year, and the one thousand unfilled orders.

About October the editor and his art assistants and business men receive samples of various coverings and sketches of suggested designs

Here, as always, variety is difficult to find, and ideas are at a premium; but somehow all the sketches are made and approved. This settles the immediate work of the Committee, and the calendar dummy is sent off for production. Just before Christmas the calendars arrive, and are distributed by eager assistants in the all too common Navy line.

Other important members of the Society are: Business Manager, W. M. Ringness; Secretary, J. L. Bishop; Associate Editors, W. F. Goodrum, H. J. Greene; E. M. Glenn, J. A. Noble, J. H. Rockwell, W. L. Shaffer; Art Staff, J. Bartlett, J. F. Steuckert; Advertising, W.



The little Foo-master with the badge of his work behind him. W. J. Fearh, the editor of the *Trident* magazine.

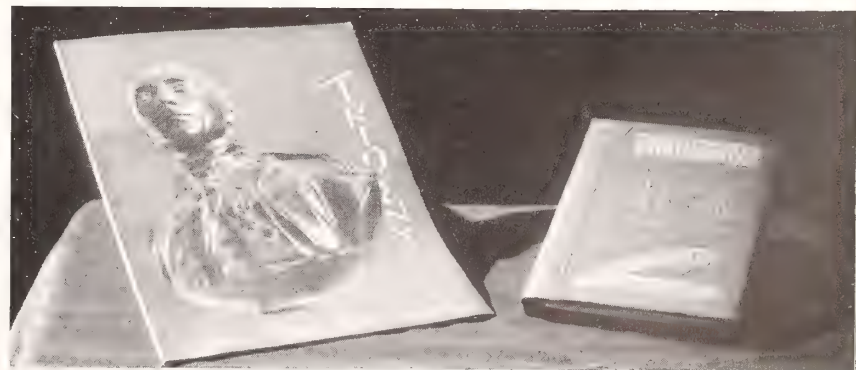
The calendars make good gifts, and are a regulation decoration. They go like wildfire.



A winning combination for earning commendation. The Trident Society's contributions to the year.

for the calendar fronts, the decision having been previously made to put out a book type calendar with note-pad attached. For almost a month nightly conferences, punctuated by necessary work on the magazine, are held to determine the best design and to select the material and company to put out the calendars.

The artists of the Society turn to on suitable cartoons to be presented in outline to enliven the pages and to characterize the dates and seasons.



Boatwright announces "Mine will be different" and the '39 year book starts with a bang. What do you think?

(Top)—Department editors and assistants enjoy their respite and pose with ease. What, no smoking!

(Bottom) — More editors and more assistants, with proof pictures to be inspected.



E. Kuntz, S. Lothrop; Circulation, G. B. Cattermole, J. H. Elsom, R. E. Huddleston, R. F. Barry, J. G. Glaes; Battalion Representatives, R. M. Huizenga, C. M. Cassel, R. K. Gould, D. E. O'Neil, and T. J. Rudden.

The Lucky Bag

The task of organization and presentation has become progressively greater as we move

from book to book. The *Lucky Bag* presents a problem so large and intricate that two years before its publication date work is begun and two months before that date all but the worry is completed. It is a source of continual strain to the editor, of harassing fears to the business manager, and of frequent prods to flagging ambition for the general staff.

The 1939 *Lucky Bag* began to exist Youngster Year. In the beginning, there was Boat, an editor without a staff, and Emil, a business manager without money. Before very long the infant *Bag* had acquired a protector, taskmaster, god-father, and censor all rolled into one in the person of Lieutenant Commander H. S. Nielson, then and since Assistant to the Executive Officer. In his position he was able to look after the interests of the *Bag*, and was in constant touch with all its progress.

Second Class Summer and early fall of Second Class year passed with Korb and Boatwright interviewing engravers and printers, listening to schemes and talking over plans for the book. Gradually as the ball started rolling a staff grew. First there was Bud Gore—an assistant editor that was always willing and able to give his best. Then there was J. C. Lawrence, and with him Blacky Weinel, advertising managers. And, too, Pete Shumway, our official no man. As conference followed conference ideas began coming and the book assumed shape. With "Ours is going to be different" as a slogan, the staff got biographies written and saw to the taking of formals and informals.

Here began the dirty work. Doc Norton and his assistants, Doc Peterson, Bill Turnbaugh, Cy Sugg, and later Johnny Renfro, bore the brunt of the attack—begging late-doers to get in copy and whipping the biogs into shape. By this time all the formals were taken and Ed Olcott and his photography staff had started on the informals.

Sailing was smooth until the first snag. With 98 per cent of the class photographed in whites, the white service uniform was changed. Result: the Class of '39 was entirely rephotographed. The speed and efficiency with which this was done is a tribute to the work of Ebbie Bell, Charlie Bounds, Clark Moore, and Jack Fantone.

By the end of second class year the organiza-



The photographic staff in their fourth deck office. Guess who took their picture?

tion of the staff was practically complete. Tommy Weschler had charge of the Activities, Jack Munson took the sports, and Russ Duncan took the Administration section. First Class Cruise saw a relaxing and an easing off by all except the hard-working photography staff, Reggy Ockley, Willie Huffman, Lou Roddis, and Tommy Rudden.

But when first class year came around again the time had come for work. Fall evenings saw Bud Gore and Chick Adelman poring over pictures, typing copy, marking selected pictures, arguing, and cussing out the photography staff. Fall saw Munson laying out sports—Munson with all his pictures and his daring layouts—Munson and his right-hand man Tommy Bennett farming out sports copy and correlating the whole into a Sports section.

Winter came and plate proofs began trickling in from Chicago. Weschler and Maxie Price got hot on Activities copy, Duncan and Gore finished their stuff. Winter nights saw Chilton feverishly typing Weschler's copy, and the furrows multiplying on Boatwright's brow.



How an ad is prepared: it takes a layout, a suitable picture, and a group discussion of what to say.

The business staff and Korb, their chief,—"Over the top" of that advertising thermometer is their aim.





The circulation men check accounts—looking pleased over rapid sales. They must have that certain touch.

Bit by bit the dummy was made up and work proceeded at flank speed until the dread day of deadline was past and all was over but the worry.

On the other side of the fence, things were going much the same way. As the most im-



Boat and Emil, the keystones of this whole task.

portant job of the Business staff was advertising, the Business manager himself and his two first assistants put most of their time and attention on it. Korb's results thermometer was a familiar feature of the Business Office, and his filing system was efficient to the *n*th degree. Night after night, Blacky Weinel and J. C. Lawrence worked, framing letters, making copy, arranging pictures, signing contracts. Though their assistants were innumerable, the work of Joe Pete Zguris, Valentine, Mastin, Gary, and Bemis was outstanding.

At the same time Johnny Ritch and his assistant Frank Blaha were working hard sell-

ing *Lucky Bags*, assisted by their Battalion Representatives, Frank Ralston, Tom Murphy, Jack Fidel, and A. G. Harrison. They canvassed the Regiment. How they sold books to plebes and bilgers, outsiders, redmikes and all the rest of the hard cases is their own story, but they made a good job of it.

Up until the very last possible minute, after more than half the book was off the press, Fred Korb and Blackie Weinel kept after advertising—and they used all the tricks of the trade. The fifty odd pages they have show the results they got from this hard work.

The saga of the '39 *Lucky Bag* was a story of dreams that turned into hard work, of optimism that turned into worry, of brilliant ideas that faded. Yet there was always a silver lining, and most of the plans worked out. Though not more than thirty or forty men worked steadily on it, it is the expression of the spirit of the Class of Thirty-Nine. It can truthfully be said that every man in the class had a hand in its production. The *Lucky Bag* is a permanent record of the Class of Thirty-Nine, its accomplishments and its failings, its hopes and its dreams, its laughs and its loves. It is our Book.



The big three, officer representative, Lt. Comdr. Nielsen, Boatwright, and Korb; and the big moment, the final account.



Welcome!

THE greetings to most visitors to the Academy seem to be administered by paid guides who may be seen any spring, summer, or fall day with their crowd of eager civilians in tow. But there is another side to the picture.

See that bevy of young sweets entering the gate. For them, no hirelings—rather it's a rush of blue and gold, and each midshipman saunters off with his chosen one. There will be a hop tonight, and at it they will be presented to the Academy, made welcome by the Hop Committee.

Friday afternoons, Friday sleepness nights, Saturdays spent in decorating, arranging, planning so that the regiment can have another smooth week-end—that's the routine of the boys with the sword-belts. Maybe you think those ideas just pop up, perhaps those Hallowe'en jack-o'-lanterns, or the Christmas trees float to the scene—but spare yourself the imagining; there's a method.

Think of the details entailed in such an affair. Arrange the hall, decide on the orchestra (sweet or swing), get out invitations, receive with the hostess, send her a corsage, check on the punch, and frown on "eccentric" dancing. It's a big task and takes thorough planning, but congratulations on the fine work this year of:

Chick Gilmore, Jeff Davis, Ben Fischer, Bill Ruhe, Mike Michel, Larry Lovig, Johnny Harper, Coach Douglas, Johnny Parks, Dixie Miller, Pinky Pinkerton, Johnny Weatherwax, John Renfro, Jack Beard, Truck Trauger, and Pete Shumway.

They've done more than just provide hops. They lent their ears to the voice of the masses, speculated on all program dance tendencies, and experimented bravely in the face of opposition. I've spoken of the sword-belt: it's the symbol of the Hop Committee office—and a mighty small honor to repay mighty great work.

When dragging to these hops so nobly provided, it is a distinct pleasure to have somewhere to meet or take the girl that is not a long hike from Bancroft Hall. The House Committee is responsible for this part of an enjoyable week-end—namely, keeping the wardroom (soda fountain to the uninitiated) in first class condition and seeing to it that the reception rooms and drawing room are comfortable and ready.

All these places, and so, necessarily, the Committee, are new. At present their work is largely advisory—carrying to the proper authorities the expressed and constructive opinions of the midshipmen. To insure complete contact with the regiment, there is a first classman selected



Hop Committee

from each battalion and two second classmen and a youngster chosen at large. One Reception Committeeman is a member ex-officio. These eight men are also responsible for the proper regard being paid to rules and regulations applying to their domain—such as, no taking of spoons from the fountain, nor carving one's initials in the tables.

H. J. Greene, the chairman, has had a really difficult task, but has succeeded well. He not only had to discover what he should do, but also oversee its being done. The new chairman will be selected from one of the second class members now in the Committee. In addition to Greene as chairman, the group consists of: R. E. Harris, G. D. Gayle, R. M. Swensson, A. B. Wallace, C. H. Bennett, D. A. Clark, and C. H. Carr.

As voiced by the visiting teams, relayed to the regiment via the Reception Committee, the receiving rooms and soda fountain compare favorably with those of any other college.

Would you be in favor of missing Saturday morning drills, Saturday noon inspections, and Wednesday dress parades? And would you like the idea of meeting men from civilian colleges who give you fresh ideas? That's what the Reception Committee can boast of, and you won't grow dull from all play and no work.

No dance inside? Yes, but punch and camera have other attractions.



(Top)—No, they're not playing games. It's the Hop Committee decorating Mem Hall. "Balance must be preserved" seems to be the point. (Center)—Still preserving balance, only more delicately. Yes that's a midshipman under the tree. (Bottom)—The receiving line, the beginning of the drag's delight and the end of the committee's problems. Mrs. Bowman and Pete Shumway greet the guests.

The soda fountain kings, the house committee. This new organization oversees the reception rooms and the canteen, and samples no goods.



Consider a typical case: After your Saturday morning class you meet the team to which you are host, and show them the yard. You are careful to stop at infantry drill where classmates are pushing Lady Springfield around. At eleven, you have lunch with the men, then take them to the dormitory in the basement of the Second Battalion wing for an hour's rest. Take them to the gym to dress, and meet your drag in the bleachers to watch the team perform. After it is over, take them back to the dormitory to dress, then to the informal, where you introduce the team members around.



The O. O. W. greets the manager of a visiting team, introduced by a member of the Reception Committee, Chet Pinkerton.

After supper, you take them to the hop, and pretty soon they're introducing you around. So it goes, on till Sunday if they stay that long, or otherwise, it's a good-bye late Saturday night, ending a most pleasant acquaintance with a part of the world outside.

It's Paul Gill who details the boys to the various teams, and checks to see that appropriate colors are displayed in the visitors' dormitory, or that sufficient beds are provided to take care of the extra heavyweight brought along at the last minute. But he has good assistants. Look at this list:

On the Board—W. H. Seed, First Battalion, F. B. Tucker, Second Battalion, G. D. Gayle, Third Battalion, F. M. Welch, Fourth Battalion. Other prominent members—E. M. Price, C. F. Pinkerton, G. R. Smith, L. O. Reichel, J. F. Splain, J. D. Harper, J. P. Coleman, J. D. P. Hodapp, G. F. Sharp, A. L. C. Waldron, J. M. Lacouture, R. M. Miller, D. E. Bruce, S. C. Farrior, and F. B. McFarland.

Harking back to our charmer of the hop episode, suppose you felt that a gift was in keeping, say a pin, to show the honor of your intentions, or the way the ball was rolling. What to have on the pin—it's all settled. Plebe year, the Crest Committee embodied in a design the symbol of '39.

These boys know the outside best because of frequent contacts with college men visiting here. Meet the Reception Committee.





The Symbol of '39.



The crest committee, the first group to represent the class.

Long before the mysteries of the Academy have been solved, this class committee is formed with its task the designing of a crest which will be with the class for all time. Faced with the necessity to produce a design which is both nautical and original the grey matter is pounded into new tracks of thought until some artistic brain produces an idea. With this as a beginning criticism and discussion become fast and furious. The interested jewelry companies aid with proposed designs, so that it is a matter, not of what to have, but rather, of what not to have. After what seems interminable bickering and questioning, three or four designs

are produced, agreed upon as the best, and displayed to the class for the selection of the most desirable one. Voting is difficult to prophesy when there are eight hundred minds to be pleased. The frailties of taste never prove too horrible, however, and the class crest receives official approval. The one remaining task, the designation of a jewelry company to put out these crests, is then undertaken in the approved manner of submitting requirements, receiving bids, and so selecting the best combination of price and quality.

The ring committee. Their work lasts as long as the class so they take special care.



The letter writing, the calling of the meetings, the interviews with officers and representatives of the companies competing, all fall to the lot of the chairman, in this case, N. E. Harkleroad. The only overworked man in the Committee, he finds what consolation he can in the glory (?) of his position. He is selected by the committee at its first meeting from the members present. The committee itself is composed of eight men, one from each company (this was before the expansion of the regiment) elected by the men in these companies—namely:

N. E. Harkleroad, T. R. Weschler, J. L. Dean, W. J. Ruhe, E. R. Holt, G. C. Simmons, T. J. Walker, and M. A. Berns.

Except for such pins given to O. A. O.'s, and perhaps the crest on personal stationery, the selected design is little known. It waits for its appearance as the motif of the ring to give it full prestige and importance.

The Ring Committee naturally partakes of most of the problems of its forerunner. Scanning rings for years back produces only one idea—if it's worth doing, it's been done. The design for the ring need not be fully changed. Only the undershank, the class crest side, the design above the seal, and the table are altered. Of these, the table is a matter of lettering only and the crest is already selected.



The anchor tripod to hold the shells of seawater for christening rings. The dance committee proves its seamanship.

Frankie Fuller, chairman of the ring dance committee—here's how!



The ring. Its last appearance as a part of June Week ceremony.



As a step toward action, a chairman is chosen, and he becomes both the driving and the coordinating force. The artistic element of the committee, the competing companies, and fertile brains of classmates present suitable ideas and drawings from which the ultimate ring must come. Such a juggling of combinations and such impossibilities as are presented in good faith for designs leave the committee in a state of mental decay. Sheer necessity and press of time turn them once more into workers, and the class soon has its chance to approve one of the three proposed ring sketches.

This design is sent to the companies interested in the contract in order to have rings cut, so that workmanship and price can be compared



Putting out the word on the class supper. The boys discuss plans on how to be unique.

for a final selection. The ring itself is chosen from those submitted, and so the company's name determined.

Thus far, the chairman, F. B. Weiler in our case, has done his full share of work, but now begins a new lease on perpetual activity. He must draft a class policy, have it approved before the committee (and oh, what inquisitors they can be!), have the class approve it, and then take care of the details of getting ring sizes, having ring try-ons, settling difficulties between classmates and company, and finally



Chaplain Thomas and his staff of supporters. The N. A. C. A. is his chief delight, and these midshipmen are its officers.

delivering and arranging for payment. His work is never ended so long as he remains in the service, nor is the committee's, since they must enforce the ring policy throughout their naval life.

The committee is composed of twelve company representatives, one member at large, and the class president ex-officio. '39 owes its precious ring to:

F. B. Weiler, R. V. Laney, T. J. Walker, J. L. Harby, B. B. Fischer, P. E. Loustaunau, N. E. Harkleroad, J. M. Gore, T. R. Weschler, W. J. Valentine, R. T. Pratt, C. E. Bell, P. Shumway, R. N. Perley, and T. F. Fair.

As a prod to greater effort, the members look forward to being among the first to go through the ring at the Ring Dance (one line in the



A meeting of the N. A. C. A. The Sunday night haven for the Plebe always, sometimes the upper classmen. (Those men in the front row were not drafted.)

Navy that isn't alphabetical). Even they must give place, though, to the Ring Dance Committee who labor hard for the biggest event of a midshipman's career.

About three months before the dance takes place you can note a worried look on most of the snake's faces. That's the strain of planning. Why? Because there must be an idea produced that will key in with the glory of that one moment. Eventually it is brought forth and amplified, and then begins the real work.

The orchestra must be selected. Votes are cast by each member of the class indicating first, second, and third choices, and the results compiled. Letters are written to test the possibility of securing such "big names," and funds supplied seem small. Something always turns up to give a really good band to the dance, but it's pretty sure not to be the class choice.

Decorations are the problem as usual. To make pleasure realms of Mem and Smoke Halls, and to convert the rear terrace and Smoke Park is no small order. One shrinks from the work represented by such transformation. It's only the class cooperation that copes with such situations—that and a crew of good leaders. We were fortunate in having:

Frank L. Fuller, W. J. Ruhe, R. V. Laney,

The Christmas Card Committee discusses paper and printing before submitting their decision.





The standard distribution system. Boxes of cards, lines of fellows, lots of money—the grand scale.

J. N. Renfro, L. L. Davis, V. P. DePoix, R. J. Trauger, and J. G. Beard.

Nor can one forget the supper to be planned, the catering for one thousand to be arranged, and the providing of invitations, souvenirs, and punch. It's an event whose ramifications are far flung and numerous, and which calls for the best in class effort.

The only other distinctly class get-together is the class supper held during June Week, a strictly stag affair. You can bet no grape-nut-custard nor French toast finds its way to those tables. It is the meal, selected by the committee after much study, which will most nearly satisfy the common appetite. That in itself is no mean task. But they are faced with the situation of doing something to enliven the evening, to unite the class in a brotherly spirit, and to make the fellows remember the occasion and its significance. What would Farragut do? Singing is the happiest and best solution, and special songs are obtained by ambitious committeemen. Speeches (shades of

Albums and exhibition pages interest the Stamp Club as Al Wussow their president, tells them about their history.



second term, first class English) are few, and small talk voluminous.

Except for table tactics it's the plebe summer crowd let loose, and things make their own merry way till drags or parents call, and the class disbands. We feel Jeff Davis, Ben Fischer, Ollie Payne, Chick Gilmore, and Neal Harkle-road left no stone unturned in producing the kingly banquet provided, and keeping the ball of entertainment rolling that night.

Probably in the course of those class supper reminiscences plebe year came up for its share of discussion, and if it did, then Sunday night and the N. A. C. A. (Naval Academy Christian Association) was certain to be mentioned. It's a plebe rate to attend those regular Sunday night meetings and hear speakers who would otherwise carry their interest-

ing messages all about, but never to us. This is the organization which provides for the moral and mental expansion of the midshipmen in as pleasant a way as possible.

But don't think only plebes attend the meetings. The wide variety of subjects covered include travel talks, magic, hypnotism, existing situations in Europe or Asia, and such abstractions as astronomy and anthropology. With motion pictures, demonstrations, or the power of speech well-handled the speakers traverse realms of thought hitherto unexplored and carry the plebes and many upper classmen along with them.

The N. A. C. A. is composed of a governing





The drawing room in Memorial Hall well becomes the mental struggles of the Chess Club.

Bill Ruhe, the president, enjoys the pleasure of a quiet game.

board led by Chaplain Thomas and the regiment as nominal members. The graduating members of the governing board are replaced by youngsters selected by the old hands on the committee. The board helps secure the speakers, and takes care of the activities of the N. A. C. A. within the regiment.

The hours one spends in Smoke Hall are cheered by the papers and magazines provided there by the fund of the association. The final contact for the first class with this excellent organization is the Sunday night before graduation when each man is presented with a bible by Chaplain Thomas to speed him on his way.

This last year things have run smoothly under the expert guidance of:

Corwin Mendenhall, Chairman; J. L. Alford, D. W. Phillips, B. C. Jarvis, M. G. McCormick, W. H. Worden, F. M. Bush, J. J. McMullen, R. D. Kirkpatrick, J. K. Taussig, and B. W. Giebler.

Harking back to that class supper, it's bad enough pleasing a class, but to please a regiment—let the Christmas Card Committee speak. There are those who like Oyster Fleets and those who like Santa Claus, those who like buildings, and those who like stars—it is the suiting all these tastes, so distinct and so varied, that is their lot. With more courage than their convictions can give, they approve and reject ideas, add and subtract from their de-

sign, argue and quibble till the whole point is lost, only to emerge with something new and better than ever before.

The printing contract is awarded in proper business style, and the committee stake their respective lives on the card's popularity by ordering thousands of them. Comes their recompense when the order is exhausted and another order is placed.

The chairman, J. L. Harby, found his keenest delight in that grand moment when astronomical figures of cost and cash on hand checked to the penny, and his financial statement was approved. One can't forget those worthies who helped garner this money and took care of passing the cards to us:

H. F. Lloyd, H. C. Lank, L. S. Wall, Secretary-Treasurer, W. T. Sawyer, R. Duncan, M. G. McCormick, M. A. Berns, W. L. Hogaboom, A. H. Higgs, and T. C. Hart.

It's interesting to know that five thousand or so cards are sent out to the Naval Academy's friends the world over. It is a real gesture of



A story amuses as told by W. B. Miller to the French Club in a not representative turnout.



An old-fashioned Christmas party marks the end of the '38 season for the German Club.

Christmas spirit. The committee men are chosen rather by personal ambition and class president's approval, than by formal company vote. As youngsters and second class they indicate their interest and so step into their last year fully prepared for the grind.

The Christmas Card Committee may cause a lot of stamps to be used, but the Stamp Club causes more to stay unused looking picturesque and valuable in their albums. Being a hobbyist's organization, the club has members that come and go at will, and is controlled by elected officers, president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer. A. G. Wussow has advanced the club well, securing more magazine subscriptions for it, perpetuating the poster contest, and inaugurating interest in regular meetings and trade sessions.

The poster exhibit is their temptation to non-members to join, since the best ones are put up for inspection on the main office bulletin boards and judged by an officer's committee. The winner and runner-up receive stamp prizes.

Starting as a small and almost defunct club, this year it has grown to rival the *Log* staff in size. Those interested in the club include:

V. T. Boatwright, H. A. Cassidy, C. W. Jenkins, D. K. Mitchell, J. G. Watson, G. A. Wolf, E. T. Steen, L. S. Swepston, D. S. Wilson, W. W. Trice, V. A. Moiteret, and A. Ray.

visages represented in these pictures you no doubt view the coming tacticians and strategists of the U. S. Navy. The problem of out-thinking and out-maneuvering an opponent is not far removed from that facing the Cincus in time of battle. Chess is for them a fascinating diversion that sharpens wits and fosters clearer thinking and decisiveness in action.

Previous attempts at a club had failed, but the cruise last summer brought the game back to the first and third classes with renewed spirit. Bill Ruhe picked up the torch and has



The Spanish Club holds forth with an interesting discussion led by Ralph Benitez.

since led the chess-players in their new organization. His stellar companions are:

V. G. Matusek, Vice-President, W. C. Moore, Jr., G. D. Gayle, D. S. Appleton, C. A. Allsop, F. M. L. Davis, V. V. Utgoff, R. W. Conrad, H. M. Davila, R. P. Bukowski,

Not to be outdone by the Stamp Club in the joy derived from sitting and looking without movement, the Chess Club has been organized, and by next year will be engaged in outside tournaments.

Among the intent



The Italian Club finds their leader, O. F. Salvia, fully amusing (but perhaps he's not speaking Italian).

a familiarity with accents and idioms not otherwise acquired.

The really big achievement of the club has been the instituting of special tables in the mess hall for

J. N. Renfro, E. M. Compton, A. G. Harrison, J. C. Snyder, D. F. Banker, and J. D. Chase.

The club holds a tournament once a year to determine the N. A. champion using the regular play-off system. An attempt to have the players in rompers for the picture to denote their juniority failed.

An organization only a year old known as the Foreign Languages Club is pushing hard for the title of largest group, having grown tremendously during the past year. The club is divided into four sections, one for each language represented. The French and Spanish sections draw from the great masses of two battalions each, but for some inexplicable reason the German and Italian groups are really larger in steady attendance.

The meetings are held usually on Wednesday nights in the second battalion basement. Speakers are secured from among the instructors, from outside sources if possible, and often from among the midshipmen belonging to the club. This provides a large speaking vocabulary, a constant acquaintance with the language, and

these fellows arranged by languages. The idea is that one is faced with starvation or learning the correct names for the dishes served. No little red book or stark 2.0 has quite the same force of persuasion. Conversation is varied and interesting once the initial embarrassment and newness disappears.

Meetings are also planned in accordance with the customs of the countries represented by the



An oscilloscope in action surrounded by proud designers who claim to understand it fully.

The most faithful of the Radio Club turn out even during exam week for a good cause (or is it only pride).





Captain Benson passes out the sailing awards to those boat club men who proved themselves most proficient in handling small boats.

languages. In this connection the German Club often holds community singing, and discovers some sweet old tunes otherwise unappreciated. Their Christmas party was the peak of the season. The Spanish Club has been fortunate in securing some movies complete with Spanish sound track.

The memberships are generally large, many men attending only occasionally at the meetings, but still availing themselves of the worthwhile magazines and papers kept in the Foreign Language Room in the First Battalion. The principal members by language groups are:

Spanish—T. R. Eddy, C. J. Kovalski, G. W. Scott, W. M. Shifflette, H. W. Biesemier, R. R. Dupzyk, W. Lattimore, J. T. Straker, R. N. Henderson, W. L. Shaffer, W. W. Hodges, G. R. Dall, R. Welch, H. A. Lim, W. R. Kreitzer, R. C. Benitez, W. E.

The ketches are the most work and the biggest entertainment attraction of the whole Boat Club. Here you see them from forward and from aft; and those people aboard are really working.

The star boats represent the international phase of the Boat Club participation in sailing. Each foreign cruise finds the Academy represented in two or three races.



Lessing, H. N. Egger, H. M. Davila, J. H. Crowe, R. T. Pratt, J. M. West, C. J. Albert, J. H. Latsch, C. W. Bundy, R. M. Perez, A. G. McIntyre, R. B. Stahl, R. L. Stewart, L. V. Forde, G. M. Reeves, G. W. McRory, M. E. McConnel, E. H. Farrel, F. S. Quinn, W. W. Price, R. A. Carlock, E. D. Henderson, M. des Granges, W. G. Weber. Lessing and Eddy are the battalion representatives.

German—H. E. Benham, W. E. Berg, M. A. Berns, J. M. Dunford, A. J. Gerdner, V. G. Holzapfel, E. M. Price, G. A. Smeja, W. K. Yarnall, W. F. Greene, R. K. John, S. G. Monville, E. F. Pionkowski, A. H. Schmierer, H. J. Trum, H. C. Vickery, H. O. Vogel, G. D. Barr, A. D. Blackman, R. T. Boyd, S. Einstein, A. D. Engle, A. M. Finkel, J. H.





An idea of the size of the organization may be obtained from this partial turnout. It is really regimental in scope.

Gorman, J. B. Henneberger, P. N. Lobeck, M. F. Loetterle, J. T. Materi, G. H. Nolte, W. H. Rowen, J. B. Thro, W. C. Williamson, H. P. Wirth, R. K. Wolter.

There are twenty-six fourth class members in addition to these upperclassmen. Smeja is German Club representative.

Italian—O. F. Salvia, E. G. Reed, J. W. Antonelli, J. H. Batchellor, F. Costagliola, W. H. MacConnell, D. R. Marzetta, S. DeChristofaro, D. A. Henning, F. Tofalo, J. P. Brody, J. P. D'Arezzo, F. J. Graziano, L. E. Holtzman, E. Lipski, M. C. DeStefano, V. S. Mauldin, C. W. Overton, R. G. Shutt, J. P. Neenan, R. G. Tower, J. W. Wyrick.

Salvia is the Italian Club representative.

French—R. A. Zoeller, E. D. Mattson, R. L. Mastin, P. T. Krez, W. R. Durrett, M. A. Berns, T. F. Collins, J. P. Morray, K. N. Stefan, A. M. Varnum, H. A. Libbey, R. G.

Bienvenu, R. Willson, E. A. Parker, V. A. Moiteret, A. Ray, H. A. Marquardt, M. N. P. Hincamp, J. E. Smith, J. A. Fairchild, W. P. Robinson, R. B. S. Creccy, R. Clark, J. D. Howell, R. T. Blodgett, J. Demetree, L. M. Fox, J. A. LaSpada, J. R. Newland, N. W. Ackley, J. P. Jamison, K. P. Kinard, O. W. Bureau, J. H. Van Gelder, J. B. Sommers, H. L. Grant, S. C. Rothwell, A. S. Bogart, D. M. Fine. Zoeller and Felix are the battalion representatives.

President, W. B. Miller; Vice-President, R. C. Benitez; Secretary-Treasurer, Scott Lothrop.

The officers this year have been most active in furthering last year's fine start. Actually there seems to be little more advancement possible, unless it be in the direction of securing more outside speakers.

For sheer numbers, and for ceaseless activity, the Boat Club must be accorded first place. With an active membership of almost two hundred and a transient listing of about four hundred it is evident that the sea and small boats have their place secured at the Academy. All those who find joy in getting out on the water, or more particularly, away from the Academy, find this club a haven, and its boats the escape



A striper meeting it seems, but actually it's known as the Regimental Activities Committee to coordinate all pep and lead to better spirit.



Designing card stunts and coloring the direction cards is no fruit task for these Pep Committeemen.



"Scotty" Whitman herds the rabble into his card section. As head Pep-man he can't let down.

mechanism. It is a happy fraternity divided into battalion groups under ketch skippers, with an elected governing body. "Chip" Perley, "Gibby" Gibson, and "Red" Balch led the way this year in really uncharted waters, cleaving along to make sailing a minor sport here, enlarging facilities, and making the Academy sea-conscious. This club, new but so powerful, has a recognized motive. It provides a wealth of experience, a few personal sea stories, and a lot of new comrades.

The weekly routine for the general member consists of reporting to the ketch two afternoons a week to help with the cleaning. This process involves shining bright-work, scrubbing the sides and all paint work, waxing and

polishing decks, and stowing all gear neatly aboard. Occasionally on a Friday afternoon he will be drafted to go to captain's inspection with the ketch, held at the Reina dock. This work merits him the right to go on the trip, whether it be a week-end trip (Saturday noon to Sunday night) or a drag trip (Sunday morning to late afternoon). Plebes are not allowed on these drag trips, but do rate the week-ends.

The trips cover ports within a 45 mile radius of Annapolis. Baltimore and Washington are out of limits, but otherwise every city or excuse for one on the Chesapeake has been visited. All night sails are frequent, a good moon, a warm night, and a midnight swim setting well after a hard week. Races between the ketches are held two or three times in the year.

The club includes a racing committee headed by "Denny" Remington which arranges the races participated in on the foreign cruise so far as possible and sponsors the intercollegiate meets now being unofficially held. It is this unit which has been fighting so determinedly for official approval. The interbattalion races are also under the supervision of this group. The dinghies and a few starboats are in the

"Up on the gun and down on the whistle"; the success formula for the Navy's football added attraction.



(Top right) Johnnie Ritch spots our boys in the tussle and gives the announcer the information. He's a member of the press detail. (Center) A general shot of the press booth. The press detail helps others, both writing and announcing. (Lower left) The best part of the detail's day—chow at the half while the regiment sits outside cold and hungry.



F. E. Cook, N. E. Croft, J. H. Crowe, T. R. Eddy, W. G. Hawthorne, W. B. Holdredge, W. J. Holt, R. M. Huizenga, D. J. O'Meara, D. H. Pope, J. F. Quinn, W. L. Savidge, J. P. Seifert, G. A. Smeja, W. V. Stevenson, R. M. Swensson, J. P. Barron, G. A. Buchanan, J. B. Cannon, R. L. Cochrane, E. J. Donley, N. H. Fisher, E. M. Glenn, E. F. Hayes, J. P. Hitdorff, E. F. O'Brien, C. S. Radford, J. W. Rinschler, A. R. Schubert, J. H. Sims, J. C. Smith, K. H. Stefan, J. A. R. Thompson, A. M. Varnum, R. A. Weatherup, R. H. White, A. B. Woodside.

Boat Club's possession, and are administered by these fellows to best advance racing interest.

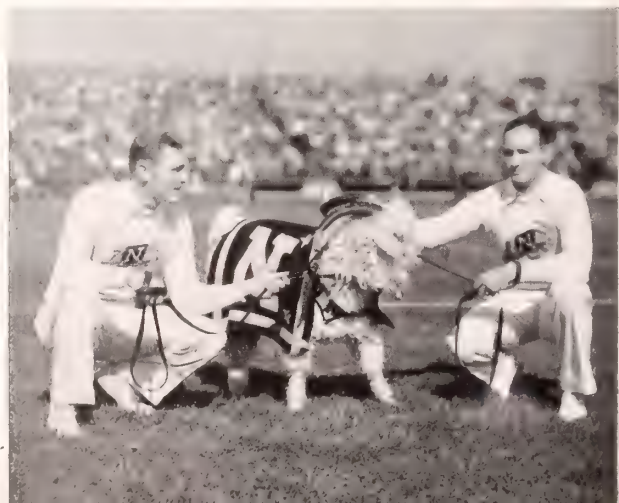
The *Uamarie* has its crew furnished by the interested first class. New men have their opportunity to sail on this ketch second class summer and the first half of first class year. The second term of first class year the chosen crew develops its cooperation and technique for the summer race. This boat comes directly under the commanding officer of the *Reina Mercedes*.

The principal midshipmen in this organization are:

Commodore, R. N. Perley; Vice-Commodore, E. I. Gibson; Rear-Commodore, J. B. Balch; Ketch Captains, P. E. Loustaunau, J. A. Dare, T. R. Weschler, W. S. O'Kelly; Senior Members, G. M. K. Baker, J. C. Bidwell,

Another club well calculated to be of good service to future officers is the Radio Club. Although strictly a technical extra-curricular activity, its members have plenty of fun tinkering with two fine transmitters under the call of W₃ADO, and receivers of various natures. The material is attacked from the point of view

Handsome, isn't he? Yes, I mean either Ebbie or Dixie, the goatkeepers, and most photographed men at the Academy.



of interest, which tends to eradicate the evils of necessity so prevalent first class year. There are classes provided in code and theory to introduce the rankest novice into the professional class, and to unite all in a brotherhood of strange terminology.

The transmitter is used frequently, usually after taps by qualified men especially excused for this purpose, and enough confirmations have been received to almost paper the Radio Club room's walls. The receiving sets tuned in prevent the night from being all "give" and no "take." Scarcely a month passes but one of the brains decides on a new hook-up for the

More advanced projects include the making of an oscilloscope, and the development of a remote control electrically powered boat. Both have required hours of intense application and no little ingenuity to overcome unforeseen difficulties. The boat was the most interesting project of the year.

In order to coordinate these multitudinous activities, especially those having to do with the spirit of the regiment during the football season, the Regimental Activities Committee was inaugurated. R. S. Whitman as head of the Pep Committee was appointed chairman of the group, with Rex Warner as head cheer-



A tense moment, and, as human barometers, the cheerleaders show it.

transmitter, and the weeks go by with varying success.

The code and theory classes are held regularly by first class radio savois, much to the immediate benefit of those first class who know nothing about the subject, but are expected to make a 4.0 in it. and to the general benefit of those who want to keep scientifically abreast of the times. The code classes are an invaluable aid to a young naval officer, since he can expect to have the assignment as communication watch officer very soon after joining the fleet. For this purpose an automatic timed sender is available to train the ear, with both keys and "bugs" to train the hand.

leader and Paul Gill as chairman of the Reception Committee also included. The members were all selected by virtue of their rank, that is, there were no elections involved. All four and five stripers both sets were on the board so that decisions made could be speedily and effectively transmitted to the regiment.

It is to this unit that we owe our good spirit and free expression of our feeling, so much warmer and steadier than that forced and canned enthusiasm of last year. It is to be hoped that this organization will be continued, and maintain the regiment in a condition of spontaneous support for all times.

As much credit as may be due the Regimental

Activities Committee, however, one must not toss them the laurels of the Pep Committee. One might call those boys the tabasco sauce of the regiment. Football season would resemble apple pie without cheese if there were no rallies, no cheering, no card stunts. Days before the games these few men, with an eye to special trips and extra liberty, develop stunts that are a credit to their mental stature. With so many cards and so many colors no one has figured out the limiting combinations, but the brainstormings of the whole year approach this number. That squared paper no one else has found a use for is to them the "sine qua non" of card stunts. The squares, numbered appropriately, provide the data for the little cards telling what to do on each stunt at each place. "Up on the gun and down on the whistle" is their catch phrase.

Besides Whitman the Pep Committee included Weiler, Lovig, Pratt, and Alford.

With such a show of spirit, and with entertainment provided between halves, it is essential that the radio and newspapers at least have accurate information as to what plays are run, what substitutions are made, who makes the gains, or who recovers the fumbles. The Press detail fulfills these duties with an eye to pleasant work and delightful absence from formations, freedom of movement, and chow between halves. If you have ever sat in the stands on a cold raining day, and silently prayed that a cup of coffee appear in your hand—join

Caught unawares. The goatkeepers follow the team up and down the field, and, more important, follow the team on away trips.



[488]



Wound up for a "team, team, team." Rex Warner in the center is the head cheerleader.

the press detail! While the regiment is moaning over their misfortunes, these fortunates sit dry and warm in the press box, munching on sandwiches and drinking hot coffee.

These men all know their football, the plays, and the players, and are usually culled from the sports staff of the *Log*. A few extra trips are made by some of the first class, since even if the regiment doesn't attend, some one must be there to help the announcers. The regular members of this year's press detail were:

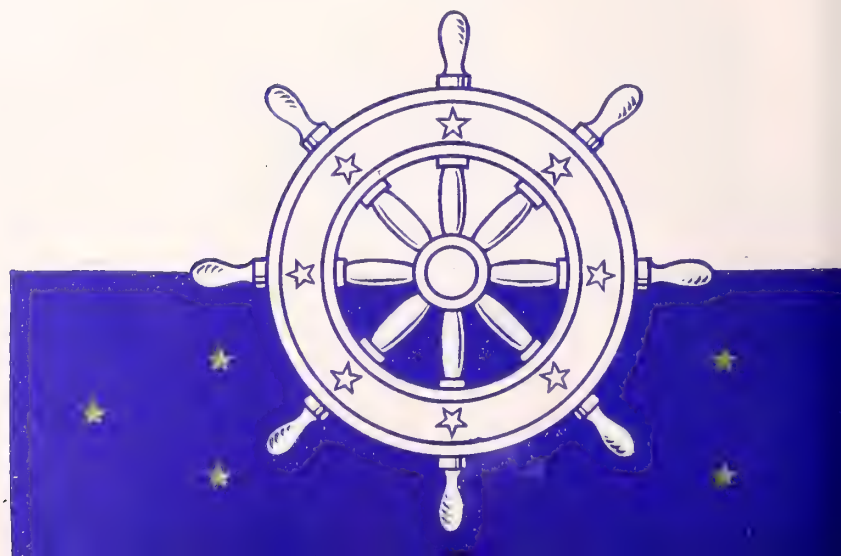
J. B. Ritch, F. Blaha, J. F. Splain, H. A. Tistadt, E. F. Korb, and W. L. Savidge.

In connection with this spirit and entertainment, it isn't fair to neglect the most photographed men in the Academy, the cheerleaders and the goatkeepers. Whether it's "Give us a flip, Rex," aided by Bottenberg, or that trick N-A-V-Y using Lomax, Sharpe, and Gillette too, the boys definitely were bouncing and ambitious enough. What we've never been able to figure out is how they execute all their gyrations and convolutions without coming to grief on the head of some unsuspecting spectator! And where they acquire that extra strength and energy for (a) maintaining the volume of their shouting for a full game, and (b) for resisting the temptation to date the sweet young things, who ask them to page Midshipman Gish, 4/c.

The two other figures out there in front are "Dixie" Miller and "Ebbie" Bell, the goatkeepers. The cry "We want Bill" pulls them into the limelight, to be photographed meeting the Yale Bulldog, the Army mule, or just being colorful.

O U R T E A M S

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES AND THE COLOR OF SATURDAY AFTERNOON CROWDS ARE BUT A SMALL ITEM OF A VIGOROUS ATHLETIC PROGRAM. OUR INTEREST IN ATHLETICS LIES IN THE IMMEDIATE RELAXATION AND THE EVENTUAL DEVELOPMENT CREATED BY OUR MOST IMPORTANT RECREATION. THE DEVELOPMENT OF BRAIN, NERVE, AND MUSCLE, COOPERATION, DETERMINATION, AND STAMINA—ARE ESSENTIALS IN THE TRAINING OF EVERY OFFICER.









Football

ALMOST before the last snow had melted, Navy began the 1938 football season with spring practice. Many of the veterans of '38 were graduating. The plebes were an unknown quantity. After six weeks of intensive drill, which included much scrimmage and even more individual coaching, a big question mark cast its shadow over the prospect of a successful season.

The cruise got under way with all first class and youngsters of the squad on the Wyoming. Scarcely had land been left behind when afternoon practices on the deck were begun. Nets rigged along the rail were supposed to keep the balls out of the drink, but to the despair of the managers, the nets always seemed a little too low and a little too short, and the wake of the practice squadron was literally sprinkled with footballs from Norfolk to Le Havre. Though the deck space was limited, some passing, form blocking, and signal formations were possible. Most important, however, the stiff work out each day kept the team in good condition and free from too much excess fat during the summer.

A field was placed at the disposal of the team for practice ashore four mornings in Le Havre. Any of Navy's opponents would have breathed easily indeed had they seen that first morning exhibition. After four days in Paris no one seemed to have an erg of energy left, and all hands, including coach "Smoky" Manning, were tempted to turn that practice into one grand siesta. The next morning the word had leaked out that the American sailors were playing football, and all the local athletes were on hand. As there were no uniforms, and nothing in the way of scrimmage for them to see, they soon despaired of the great American game, and, borrowing a football, began to demonstrate, in soccer fashion, how it should be done.

Someone—it must have been Ben Jarvis—spotted a small cafe near the field. The proprietor, almost swamped by fifty customers, did a rousing business until he woefully explained that the unexpected upswing of the business cycle had exhausted his supply—even to the





to the ceaseless effort of Ensigns Schacht and Manning, the squad disembarked in Norfolk physically and mentally ready to start work in earnest, but not, of course, until after leave!

After those three glorious weeks at home, September fourth found the squad back at Annapolis. Most of the squad, anyway, "Punkin" Wood came in a few hours late with a woeful tale of busted differentials, wrecked buses, and hitch-hiked last lap. Karl Van Meter and Dusty Rhodes and a few others had similar misfortunes, but for that first practice all hands were present; over eight teams donned the snappy new uniforms, which were a change from the rather conservative ones of previous years.

With only three weeks until the first game, much had to be done. There were two practices a day—one at 5:30 A. M. before breakfast, and one each afternoon. Upon Bush fell the thankless, and almost impossible, job of routing out the men at five sharp. In spite of dire threats, some of which were partly fulfilled, he tooted his whistle and banged on doors, cheerfully [?] inviting all hands to

last cheese. But the next morning he was prepared.

After four workouts ashore, all hands were in fine shape to put to sea again. En route to Copenhagen, the weather prevented very much work on deck, even though it was July. On arrival, "Kagey" Schacht joined the cruise and with the coaching staff increased to two, four very profitable and enjoyable morning practices were held on Danish soil. This same procedure held the rest of the cruise—daily exercise on deck when at sea and mornings ashore in Portsmouth, England. It was on the cruise that there began that development of a squad spirit that was so forcibly exhibited throughout a none too successful season. Thanks to the splendid cooperation and support of all the officers on the Wyoming, particularly Lieutenant Commander Fitzgerald, who was in charge of the midshipmen, and



Powell



Cooke



Jarvis

"wake up and sing." By devious means, cold water, sheer force, et al, he usually got everybody out, but not until breakfast was everyone on speaking terms with him again.

Under the guidance of Hank Hardwick, rapid progress was made, but there were many men still of unknown ability, and only after a game could any substantial estimates be made. With the regiment back in full force, and the team rarin' to go, the season opened with William and Mary.

In their first assignment Navy's question mark football team uncovered a barrage of passes that swept the Indians off their feet. The steel-armed hurricane, Lem Cooke, completed seven out of eight passes with Whitehead and Powell doing most of the receiving. It was Captain Powell who snagged one of Lem's long ones and raced across the goal for the first score of the season. General team work left much to be desired, but a few diamonds in the rough were uncovered in the newcomers to the squad. Harwood, Trimble, Wolfe, and Witter gave promise of developing into fine linemen. "Bull" Lenz gave a strong indication of the power he delivered later in the season.

Against highly touted V. M. I. the Tars, in their second encounter, played what was to prove probably their best game of the season. With two successful games under their belts

(Above (Left to Right) 1st Row—Worden, DeLoach, McDaniel, Blaha. 2nd Row—Bergner, Lenz, Wood, Gillatte. 3rd Row—Whitehead, McGrath, Corbett, Burke. 4th Row—Wolfe, Witter, Trimble, Durette. 5th Row—Hansen Mayo, Gray, Malcolm. 6th Row—Harwood, McMullen, Anderson, Felix.

Below (Left to Right) Hysong, Ghesquiere, Wallace, Spector, Baughman, Van Meter.





The team travels

and gunning for Navy in a big way, the Kaydets, led by All-American Paul Shu and their sterling captain, Andy Trecziac, ran into a veritable throng of whirling dervishes. Navy's forward wall, whipped into a frenzy by the reports of Navy Scouts, smothered the Kaydet backs in a manner that bode no good toward future major opponents. Herm Spector, the old warhorse, was in his element; Ben Jarvis, Ken Hysong, and Al Bergner made the tackle posts look like stone walls. And again the fancy flipper, Cooke, tossed passes. Before the game was three minutes old, Navy had a touchdown via the air, Cooke to Powell, on the old delayed diagonal. In five more minutes Lou Burke crossed the wide stripe after taking a well-aimed heave from Cooke. In the third period McDaniels, subbing for Cooke before his fellow statesmen from Virginia, tossed a touchdown through the arms of Paul Shu to a waiting end. The second and third string finished off with a fourth score on beautiful down-the-field blocking by the new guards, Witter and Trimble. Rowse, a Youngster back, carried it over.

The traditional Virginia game furnished one of the season's most spectacular plays. After a shaky first half, the Sailors started the third period with a bang. Taking the initial kickoff on his own six yard marker, Punkin Wood wiggled and squirmed behind excellent blocking ninety-four yards to a touchdown. Mike Wallace blocked out the Cavalier's safety.

The first game away from home was with Yale. The squad left Thursday night on a special Pullman and on arrival at New Haven made Cheshire Academy its headquarters. Fri-



day was the perfect New England Autumn day, with turning leaves, hazy sky, and light frost. Saturday, however, the mercury soared, and, under a broiling sun in the Yale Bowl, Navy was unable to stave off a last quarter rally by the Bulldogs, thus suffering her first defeat by a two point margin. The temperature hovered around 85 degrees all afternoon,

and such stalwarts as Hysong, McGrath, Jarvis, and Hansen sweated out an average of eighteen pounds each. A pass from Cooke to Whitehead netted a Tar touchdown in the first quarter. Yale came back to score nine points in the last period. An attempted field goal by Punkin Wood in the last few minutes was short.

The clash with the Princeton Tigers in Baltimore resulted in a disappointing deadlock. The Sailors outgained and outplayed their opponents but were unable to connect their yardage into points. Punkin Wood's forty-seven yard off-tackle dash to a score featured the Navy offense. Princeton executed a beautiful forward lateral in the last period to score. A cool and collected sub nonchalantly booted the placement to make the final count 13-13.

The following game with Penn on Franklin Field in Philadelphia also resulted in a draw. This game was, for the players, perhaps the most interesting of the season. It was one of the roughest, toughest, hardest fought games ever witnessed in Philly. Guards, tackles, backs, and ends were being carried off the field all afternoon from both sides. Fighting Tom McGrath was right at home. At the final gun, T. P.'s only injury was a swollen fist. Cooke suffered a broken nose; Powell acquired a beautiful shiner, and the aches and bruises of all hands were felt well into the next week. A solid placement boot by Bill Worden in the last period was headed straight for the cross-bars but was blocked by the rangy Penn center.

Against a strongly favored Notre Dame aggregation in Baltimore, Navy turned in a superb performance. The Irish, knee deep in capable reserves, was forced to the limit to win by a two touchdown margin. Rain at the half ruined the Sailors' well functioning passing attack. Lou Mayo very capably filled the shoes of Punkin Wood, out for the day with a sprained back. Bull Lenz turned in a good performance along with Spector, Hysong, and Cooke.

And so do we



Powell, Hardwick

The Columbia game on Baker Field, encouraged the Tars' backers no end for the forthcoming tilt with Army. Trailing 9-0, Powell called time. What he said when he got his teammates in a huddle; no one seems exactly to remember, but it doubtless would equal any speech a general made to his army, or a captain to his crew before battle. And it brought results, for Navy pulled a comeback that surprised even her most ardent followers. Cooked passed to Powell, and Pete himself scored one touchdown and set the stage for another. With a five point lead, the victory-starved Sailors were not to be denied. Every inch gained by Columbia's vaunted Luckman was paid for by bone rattling tackles. The pass defense of Hansen was remarkable. He was all over the field at once and not one of Luckman's last minute heaves escaped his big paws.

With two weeks to get set for Army, all hands set out that night to relax and celebrate with no training rules in effect. Kay Kayser's band was one of the features of the evening, and way into the morning many of Navy's



huskies were still going as strong as they had been on the field that afternoon.

Thanksgiving afternoon, in a cold, sleety drizzle, the Tars finished their last practice and entrained for Philadelphia. It was so cold that the custom of throwing the coaches into

Chow



Bush





All hands squeezing for
Whitehead



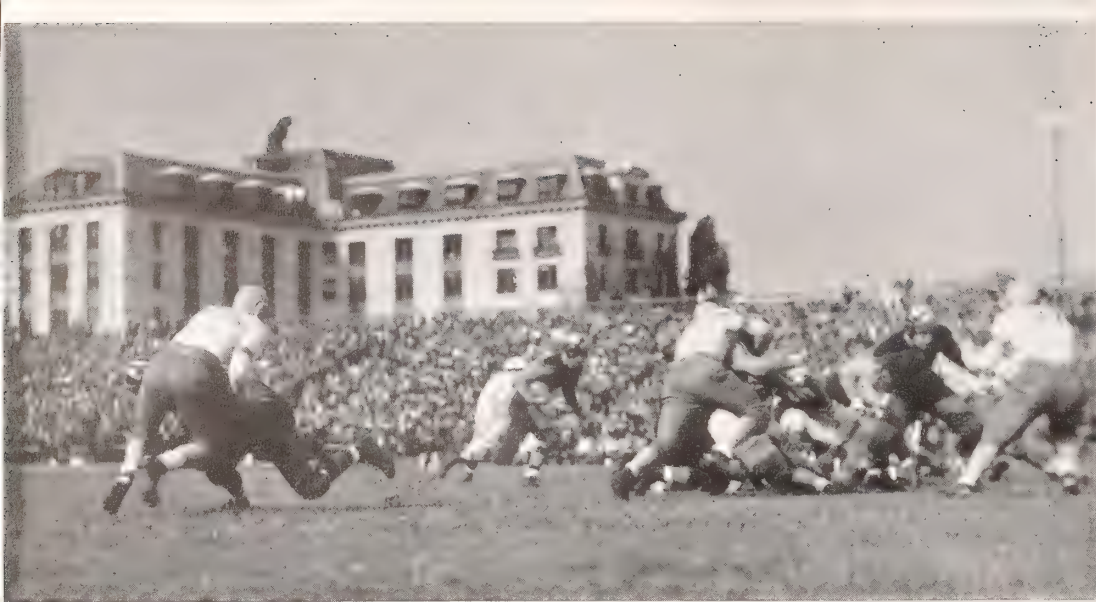
the drink after the last practice was forgone. They just didn't have the heart to souse even Rip Miller. Snow began with night fall, and by the time the team arrived at the Manufacturers' Country Club, its headquarters until the game, there was a foot deep blanket everywhere with more coming down in earnest.

After taking a look around the Club, and having satisfied themselves that the slot machines were running true to form, the boys got every blanket available, along with a few auto robes, overcoats, tarps, et al, and hit the hay. Along about midnight only the coaches, holding a last minute conference over poker hands, were awake. Suddenly there was a loud crash of falling furniture and breaking glass in one of the rooms as Mike Wallace yelled, "I got him!" Sitting up sleepily and rubbing one hand, Mike looked at the telephone table which had been beside his bed, now halfway across the room. He sheepishly explained that he had dreamed he was tackling Army's Woodrow Wilson, and guessed he must have "let him have one." Fortunately, only the telephone and a glass were busted, and not Mike's trusty right.

The next morning found even more snow. Traffic almost impossible, Navy was practically snow-bound. No practice was possible; donning sweat clothes and heavy gloves, Captain Pete led his teammates for a long lap through the snow covered hills that ended in the inevitable snow ball war. Word came out that Army was in a similar predicament on the other side of town. It had stopped snowing, however, and men by the hundred were shoveling and hauling snow out of the stadium.

Saturday morning, as they came in by bus through the thronging streets of snow buried Philadelphia, everyone was a little tense, but in fine condition, and grimly determined. They were ready to "Sink the Keydets!"

The ole' Army game was a heartbreaker. The Keydets were outplayed all the way, but Navy's season-long victory jinx still hung on. Time and again, Cooke's passing and Wood's running carried the Tars into scoring territory, but not quite far enough. An eighty yard



Home game

punt return in the first seven minutes of play by Army's Huey Long was the margin of victory. Hysong, Jarvis, Spector, Bergner, and Wallace were outstanding. Navy came back for seven points, but the soldiers uncorked a second touchdown that finished the scoring.

Navy couldn't celebrate a victory over Army that night, but there seemed to be enough else to celebrate to carry the festivity far into the night. Bedlam reigned on one floor of the Bellevue Stratford occupied by the Navy team, and from various reports, Navy players were very much in evidence all over the city. Some

and gave every opponent a run for his money. The friendships formed among the fellows, the admiration and regard for the coaches, the spirit of team work and cooperation, striving

Punkin scores; Mike laughs

loyal Navy man sent two turkeys with all the trimmings up to the team's floor at the hotel, and Navy went into its last huddle of the season around drumsticks and cranberry sauce, right outside of the elevator. Many ended the "evening" with a walk through the softly falling snow, and breakfasted with their drags as the sun came up.

Navy's 1938 football season was not all that had been hoped for in the way of victories, but the story told by the scores is not all, Navy played hard, clean, consistent football.



through victory and defeat toward one goal;— these things made Navy's season a great one, gave cherished memories to all those who played even a small part in making it so.



No gain



Touchdown

With the 1938 season ended the careers of several first classmen who for the past three years have been outstanding in the annals of intercollegiate football. Cooke, who was probably one of the outstanding passers in the country, played his last game for Navy at Philadelphia last fall. Powell, constant headache of running backs and safety men, led his team for the last time. Jarvis, Hysong, Wallace, Spector, Baughman, Ghesquiere, and Van Meter will also be lost to the team by graduation. Any follower of Navy football knows what a tremendous hole this will leave in the lineup, especially in that forward wall which for the past two years has been generally accorded one of the strongest in the country by sports experts.

Princeton power play

tirely composed of men with at least one year's varsity competition. In the line, Lou Burke will carry the brunt of turning in enemy sweeps sent in the general direction of the left end. A shift on the offense will place Burke at the



Let's just steal a preview of next year's possibilities then and see what lies in store for the coming season.

Three weeks of spring practice gave Navy's new coach, Swede Larsen, a chance to size up his material. A week of fundamental work and building permitted observation of the unusually large squad. Then teams were shaped up and a concrete prediction for 1939 could be made.

Navy's football horizon appears very bright. The spring practice revealed a team of veterans backed up by a wealth of reserves. Captain Larsen's principal problem lies in the welding of the reserve material into concrete backing for his first team, a team which will be almost en-

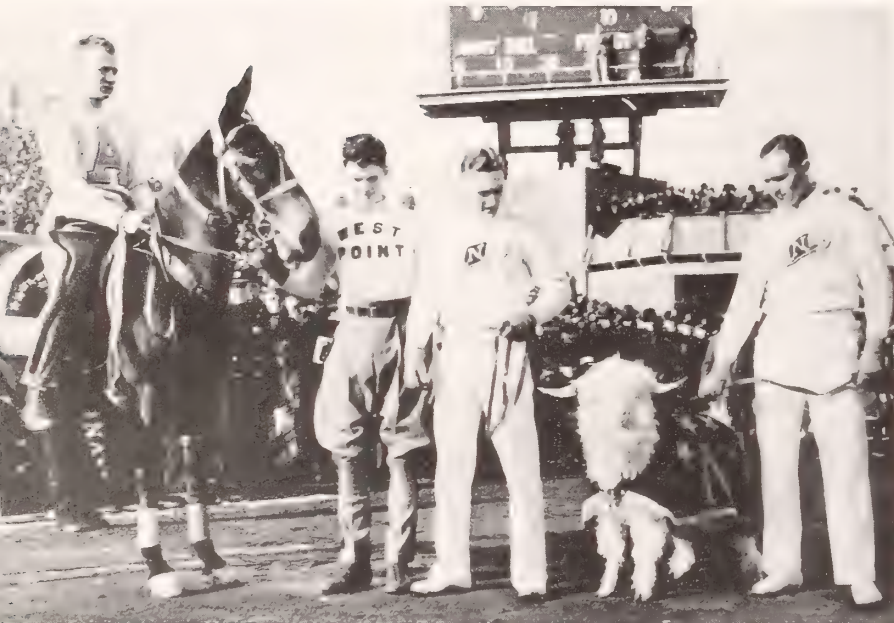
key tackle blocking position so necessary to the power attack. Burke's running mate, Jake Corbett, will prove a very hard man for the opposing blockers to keep away from their sheltered passers. A versatile player, Jake excels



One for the secondary



Pete, Spec, and Buster waiting for Long



Hi chum'

in every department of the end game. Navy's traditional power will be shown at the tackle posts which will be filled by Tom McGrath and Captain-elect Al Bergner. Aggressiveness and dependability assures this pair distinction for themselves and tough sledding for their

opponents. Both men have had two years of varsity competition and hence will have the advantage of game experience so important when the going gets tough. Bex Trimble will form the keystone of the forward line with center Hal Harwood while Dave Wolfe is cleaning up the enemy backfield for the ball toters. In that backfield Monty Whitehead will continue to stand out as number one pass receiver and blocker at the wing post. The quarterback position has been hotly contested by Pat Gray and Eddie Gillette and Navy fans will be treated to a high brand of football with these two men fighting for the job all season. At fullback, Punkin Wood will flash higher among the stars than he has in the past two years. His power and shiftiness make him one of the most dangerous of Navy's backs in recent years. In the left half spot, Ralph Anderson will step into Lem Cooke's shoes to perfect a fast passing combination and a powerful running attack. With the exception of Harwood the team will all be playing their last year for Navy and will be out for blood.

Though facing a tough schedule, Coach Larsen has every reason to look forward to a successful year. It is his initial year at Naval Academy coaching and as well as the desire that every Academy graduate has to see the athletic star of Navy riding high, Swede may also have a yen to vindicate the honor of the Marine Corps.

Next year then should be a banner year for the Navy football team. Expectations are high for an outstanding season and N*'s for all hands as a fitting climax.

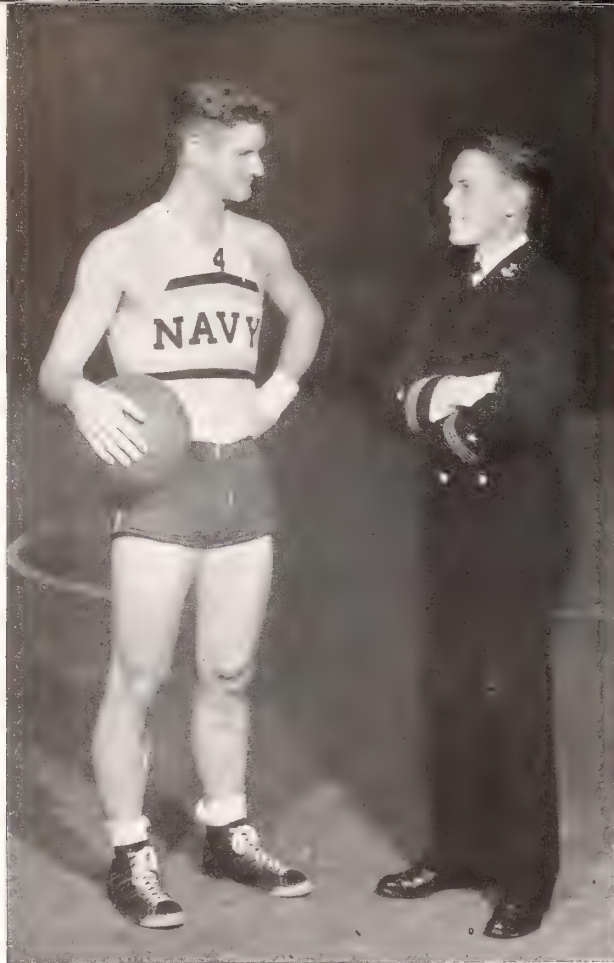


Basketball



LONG before the majority realizes that thoughts of basketball have become timely, while all attention is eagerly focused on the football team and those mad Saturdays of October and November, a few perennials trudge over to the armory in the early dusk each day to bounce the leather around, filling the air with dull, resounding thuds that so distinctively speak “basketball” to all lovers of the game. Those returning late from afternoon liberty watch the sweat-suited figures trot back beneath the colonnade to enter the Third Battalion wing and are surprised to learn that “they’ve started basketball already.”

It was Bob Ruge, '37 captain, who was in charge of the early season workouts, pinch-hitting for Johnny Wilson until the end of football season came to release Johnny from his coaching position there. So it was Bob who heard all the early tales of woe over blistered feet, jammed fingers, and bruised muscles; he directed the long passing sessions that take up so much of the time during the first two and three weeks. Breast passes, hook passes, baseball passes, and bounce passes; pivots, blocks, fakes, dribbles, and cuts; lay-up shots, long shots, short shots, one-handed shots and free shots—these are the fundamentals without which there is no basketball team. And so the early practices were not all fun; there was lots of standing in line awaiting one's turn, and there was very little playing of the game itself to ease the monotony. But the time passed, muscles limbered, feet toughened, and the fingers learned to spread around the ball and catch it without shock; the court became familiar until one could estimate the force for a long pass the floor's length or breadth. Judgment sharpened, and the eye learned intimately the distance to the basket from all positions on the court. The fact that the 1939 rules moved the end lines back two feet increased the playing area directly under the basket and made it possible for a forward, cutting in from the side of the court, to more easily elude his guard and actually approach the bucket from the rear; this made necessary certain changes in one's method of estimating the position of the basket by the nearness of the end line. So practice continued with short bits of scrimmage and long periods of “two against one” and “three against two” until the end of football season brought the squad to its complete strength.



Laney (Capt.), Dunford (Mgr.).

With the first game looming up on January 7th and Christmas leave only three weeks away the squad went to work in dead earnest under the joint coaching of Johnny Wilson and Bob Ruge. Since Gillette was at odds with the Nav Department, the crop of forwards was greatly weakened; there were several able guards who were working well and showing promise in practice; Ghesquiere was a dead certainty at center, and Johnny finally solved his forward problem by moving Laney from guard to pair with Geis in the front line. Though there was no team definitely picked before Christmas (before the beginning of the first game, for that matter), it looked likely that two tall second classmen, Hanley and Lee, would do lots of playing in the guard positions. But Johnny had other troubles: Hanley's temper, Ghesquiere's inertia, Gillette's dribbling, Laney's weight and condition, Shaffer's

Ruge (Asst. Coach),
Cmndr. Jenkins (Officer
Rep.), Wilson (Coach).

jitter-bugging, and Geis's rough-and-tumble methods, though sources of great amusement and comment among the players, were only headaches to the coach. Couldn't decide why Norm Lee should have escaped his censure completely, but Norm's pink cheeks most likely had something to do with it. Maybe Johnny was grateful to have him sat.

The squad went on Christmas leave in moderately good condition and came back in a condition that was, frankly, not so good. The Christmas turkey and all that goes with it wrought considerable havoc. And five days later a seasoned basketball team from Gettysburg College did likewise, much to Navy's surprise. Led by O'Neill and Captain Weems, the orange team made sixteen out of sixty-seven attempts at field goals against Navy's fourteen out of fifty-eight. Georgie's fourteen points more than matched O'Neill's twelve, but, with the exception of Hanley, our scoring was otherwise mediocre. The team didn't fully believe the truth when Johnny told them before the game that Gettysburg had their best team in years and that they were *good*. Lack of condition was apparent; five tired boys left the floor at the end of the game, losers by a 37-33 score and off to a shakey start. Johnny was in bed with a cold part of the next week and Bob Ruge directed practice.

Maryland's the team we love to beat! Because they love to beat us, too, although they haven't done so in three years. Johnny got up to see the game and felt so good afterwards he decided to stay up. The final score was 47-37, but that doesn't tell the exact story; the floor game of the Terps was every bit as





Ready to go.

good as Navy's floor game, but her shooting was not. Navy had practiced the previous week against a zone defense and found lots of shots during the game, sinking an amazing percentage. Bengoechea and Knepley kept the losers in the game with some nice long shots, but it was Navy's day to win. It tasted good!

Before the next game, against the Blue Devils of Duke, Navy forgot how it was done; in this listless encounter our rebound work was particularly poor. Though we finished the half with a one point lead a couple of young men named Bergman and Swindell played like madmen in the second half, stealing everything but the numbers off our backs. They won 44-37, and Johnny turned in again. Everyone's condition was visibly improved, but there was nothing of the well-drilled machine in the team's aspect yet. They were, however, tired of losing, and their play against the much touted University of Pennsylvania showed that fact if nothing else. Bob Ruge had watched them [Penn] come within an ace of beating the top-notch Dartmouth outfit, and he returned with glowing reports of their potentialities. We were all set to play a small, speedy team; they started their second team, however, for reasons unknown beside the fact that they were taller, and we gained a com-

fortable 19-7 lead before the half with Jack Holmes scoring six points. The game was a defensive triumph for Navy who had been aroused to a recognition of their weakness in that department by their poor showing in allowing Duke ninety-six shots at the basket.

Surrounded.



Penn's mighty mites, their small first string five, were as ineffectual against our doggedly close defense as had been their taller teammates. The second half will be remembered for Shaffer's spectacular ball-stealing tactics and for the "fire-ball," Geis, who scored 8 points in the last period. Ruge wanted this game and he got it. The team figured also, that it was the surest way to get Johnny up and around again; he was reported much improved Sunday.

Georgie had a grand day against the Tarheels of North Carolina with a total of 20 points; the team had the gratifying experience of coming from behind to win going away, than which there is no experience more exhilarating. The outfit from North Carolina boasted one McCachren, a forward of considerable repute, about whom Johnny had much to say before the game to the effect that to stop him was to stop their greatest threat; he made one field goal against Norm Lee. Our winning streak!

Bing was finally sat and aching to play after watching five games from the stands; he didn't start the Penn State game but galloped grandly in early in the first half and proceeded to lay in eleven points before the end of the period in his madcap style of play that the Navy crowd so hugely enjoyed! That was Bing's day, and he did it up right. The tall Nittany Lions played ineffectually, but their Prosser furnished one of the most genuine thrills of the season: he found himself, during play, near mid-court with the ball

held high above his head, looking for a pass receiver; his leisurely search brought gleeful shouts of "Shoot!", "Shoot!", from the crowd—Prosser shot. He shot with deliberate casualness, as if it tried his patience to have to demonstrate that such a shot *was* possible; the ball arched away leisurely, high into the air—and thousands of disbelieving eyes watched it drop through the basket. The response was immediate and non-partisan; both teams, as well as the crowd, were delighted to have seen it; oddly enough, it was Prosser's lone field goal of the day. The final was 38-19, and Navy had won three straight; things were looking up; we had hit our stride!

Temple! The word will always stand for the game in '38 which, for sheer dramatic appeal, exceeded anything the year had to offer in the opinion of this writer. But they won the game, and we yearned to beat them this time. They brought to Annapolis three of the previous year's starters, Boyle, Black, and Henderson of the long, black hair; they brought also a rather dismal record for the early season, indicating to us that they hadn't yet reached top form. Our season to that point had been nothing more than mediocre; Johnny said before the game that the surest way of regaining the ground our two early season losses had cost us was to beat Temple. The game was not exceptionally well played, but Temple *was* beaten. Their valuable disapproval of the officiating was very noticeable; Black, on one occasion, cost his

Riley (9), Hardy (29), Ackley (14), Nelson (23), Dinsmore (15), Barton (23), Bill, Welch (28), Goranson (13).



team a point in that manner after he had precipitated an altercation with Bing in a scuffle for possession of the ball. The team was riding high after their 33-28 win, the fourth consecutive victory—University of Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Penn State, and TEMPLE! They felt good under the belt.

We counted Virginia and W. & J. as two breathers before the crowning test of Syracuse; that touch of overconfidence and one left-handed Virginian named Feldman set us back on our heels—we lost dismally to the Cavaliers, playing the first half only well enough to stay in front and the second half like the first half. But Virginia played the second half like a team inspired; Feldman simply would not be stopped. He scored 21 points almost unaided, and thereby hangs the tale. Final score: 39-36. Navy was dogged, but they were off balance from the start, and never really got underway. It was a bitter pill, but just the right medicine for a cocky team.

The first half of the next game against W. & J. was almost as bad; a 20-15 lead at the half did not satisfy Johnny by any means. He was prepared to send in another team in the second half if the standard of play didn't visibly improve; it did become more nearly the way a basketball team should play as Navy, featuring diminutive Ackley, outscored their opponents 31 to 12 in the second half. The Presidents handled the ball smoothly, possibly outclassing the Navy team in that respect, but they couldn't put as

many through the basket. Ackley played a splendid game, giving indication of what to expect from him during the next two years.

In Syracuse we met a team that was undoubtedly the best of the year to that date. Their Stewart and Haller and Thompson passed the ball as if they had been born with one in their hands; the team work was far better than our own; but there's an old saying that any horse is manageable as long as one keeps a bridle on him. Navy had a bridle on the Orange throughout the first half so effectively that they scored not one field goal during the first nine minutes of play and finished the half trailing the Blue 19-14. We looked for a marked upturn in their play during the second half, for we were certain that we hadn't seen their best basketball by far. The team came out for the resumption of play determined to keep the bridle on; we had been riding on the crest to gain that lead and wanted to keep it. The story in brief: Syracuse scored twice as many points after intermission as they had scored before, Navy scored three less; final 42-35 for the enemy. It's hard to explain how such a thing can happen, because, although we knew they were better than they had looked in the beginning, they were not that much better, under any circumstances, than we were. There are mental processes at work here that have been given various names and explanations, but none of them quite satisfy one's questions. Against an alert opposition just one moment's let down can work

Holmes (20), Laney (4), Lee (18), Hanley (11), Ghesquiere (16), Shaffer (10), Geis (33), Gillette (3).





Off the deck.

One point.

disaster, because once a good team feels it has the upper hand, their opponents, although every bit as good under normal conditions, have to find somewhere within themselves an extra strength and determination to win back to even terms. If a slightly inferior team allows such an advantage once to occur, their cause is well nigh hopeless. The bridle must be kept on.

William and Mary never had a chance; they had expended all their good fortune against Maryland the previous evening and reached Annapolis probably well spent. After fifteen minutes of play Navy had a comfortable 25-2 lead; their play looked to be the peak of the season—every pass went home, every shot found the basket. It is such a game as that that makes the game so good to play; not that one must win so handily; it's simply that there's so much fun in playing ones absolute best. The entire squad saw action during the second half and played the Indians to a standstill.

The Saturday following the game against William and Mary our squad journeyed to New York to take on Columbia; the game was played at night in the Meadowbrook Heights Gymnasium, the home court of the Lions. There are two outstanding memories of that game, played on the same floor where, two years before, they had beaten us in the closing minutes with a sensational, one-handed shot from mid-court. First, it approached more nearly a track meet than any other game of the year; down the floor in one direction, a sudden change of possession, then a wild dash back. Columbia played well in all departments, but especially memorable was their unbelievable accuracy in shooting from the floor; Navy, on the other hand, with the exception of Ghesquiere, couldn't find the bucket, although the Blue team sank eleven foul tries for a perfect score in that respect. Probably some of



the boys who played will always remember the distinctively wide cracks in the floor that performed so well the function of a razor when one took a slide across the deck. They led us ten points at half time; we knew exactly why, too, and, during the rest period, we corrected the fault and went onto the floor again to take those ten points back. The lead at one time was cut to five points, but we never came any closer, though the game, during the second half, was better played, by far. Georgie was lost to the team via the foul route about midway in the second period, and it was tough going. Columbia stalled well and fin-

ished in front by a 47-39 score. For the third successive year, Navy had failed to win away from home—may that jinx be broken in 1940! Guess the best thing we did in New York was to eat steaks and, in the case of Ace Hardy, to make time with the singer in the floor show—and, one thing more: we judged Ben Bernie's horse race in the Madhatten Room and won a prize! Prize: one free meal at aforesaid hostelry on any *week night!* Our luck was otherwise running high.

And so back to the U. S. N. A. and Wednesday's game with Loyola of Baltimore; they turned out to be tiny little fellows, all five of them, who brought a rooting section all out of proportion to their stature; Joe Hanley played well at center, replacing Ghesquiere who had badly turned his chronic ankle in spite of Sheely's "varsity wrap," and threw in eleven points for Navy. Ace Barton [we had several aces on the squad] did a fine job in his only real chance of the year as he scored nine points; a prediction that Barton will go in great style next year—[Academic Departments note].

Then—der Tag was upon us—Army arrived early Friday, a very able and very cocksure outfit. They boasted a splendid record for the season, having sustained only two defeats to mar a perfect record; they had all a basketball team needs; experience, condition, and confidence—their teamwork was a result of their having played together from plebe year until this, their last game. It was a firstclass team. Three of Navy's starters were also facing their last great experience on the Navy court; they had tasted the poignant thrill of a victory over the Grey during youngster year, and had known defeat only one year afterwards in the Cadet's gym at West Point. Of the two experiences they chose the former with which to close their string of Army-Navy competitions; no one else

expected a Navy victory, but the team entered the game with confidence; it was not foolish confidence, nor confidence born of despair. The team knew that unless they played the best game within their power that they were going to take a licking. We didn't want to take a licking! They were the better team, they knew it, and we knew it; but if we could just keep the bridle on! Johnny was never one for melodrama, and his talk to us before the game [Norm said it was the only good thing of the day] was marked by nothing more than complete sincerity; he told us all he had learned of the Army players and their peculiarities of play, he assigned each of us to a man, and then, very quietly, expressed one or two reasons that he wanted to win the game. The reasons were our own, as it turned out, and were therefore doubly significant. We went on the floor without saying much to one another, without making answer to the calls of encouragement from our friends. I think it was the first game of the year that the team didn't notice the band's salute just before the opening whistle, though none of them missed the significance of the Army "Victory March" which followed, or, perhaps, preceded.

George Lets Fly





As thousands cheer.



Jump

It would be only fitting, after this, to be able to say that Navy *did* win the game—but this is not fiction and one must stick to the facts of the case: Army won. We outplayed them for six or seven short minutes, gained a 12-5 lead, and then watched it dwindle into a tie, an Army lead, and the half closed with the Blue trailing by ten big points. And they were big! Because Army was in stride and twice as hard to stop as they had been at the beginning of the game. The second half was a heartbreaking chase; we never came closer than eight points, and it was tough going keeping their lead to that.

The game was the year's roughest—Pat Kennedy and Walsh, his able running mate, had a chance on many occasions to give full scope to their histrionics;

Praise Allah.

from the standpoint of the spectators, this pair is a welcome addition to any basketball game; their style has distinction, to say the very least. But, in spite of the fouls, the spirit of the two teams toward one another was admirable.

So the season was irrevocably gone and all the mistakes we would have rectified were only memories, far beyond our power to make right. Those little errors, made in a moment of haste, are sources of unrest to all of us—who knows but that the game might have turned out otherwise if only this or that had been done? No one knows, of course, so the questions continue to tantalize. In defense against those reproaches let's remember such things as Commander Jenkin's faithful attendance at practice and his genuine interest in all of the players; let's remember a window in an Ordnance section room showing a hole that mutely testifies to Georgie's immense joy in beating Penn, let's remember Bing's grand entrance into his first game of the year and how well he justified everyone's confidence; remember Hanley's colorful debate with Pat Kennedy on the floor of the Columbia gym, and Hardy's bold conquest after the game, and Norm's telling Johnny that *he* was covering somebody else's man when *that* basket was made; remember the "King of Upshur Road" wearing two gorgeous black eyes, and Ackley's tremendous leaps into the air, Riley's "N" in the Army game, Shaf, Bart, and Holmes for next year; remember Dave Bill's elbows, Dinsmore's predilection for Bran, Laney's preening before having his picture taken, Goranson, Dext, and Welch, the "Red Flashes," Sheeley's "varsity wraps," oranges, tea, and cold towels between the halves, hamburger steaks on the training table, and Mondays in sick bay. Remember Johnny's quiet admonishings, Bob Ruge's resplendent uniform, Keith asking for a game of twenty-one; remember the sweat and the bruises and the burned knees; remember the joy of playing basketball. All those thoughts that are lasting and heartfelt, remember!





Lacrosse

TO this team came the most highly desired honor of college lacrosse players. When the twenty N* men of Navy's team received their gold keys for a victory over Army, neatly inscribed across the bottom of those keys was the legend, NATIONAL

COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP. Only one defeat marred the record of the 1938 stickmen. Invaded by the powerful Mount Washington team, a club team and the recognized leaders in lacrosse in the United States, the Navy team was forced to surrender a 3-2 lead which they held at half time and bow to the superior knowledge and experience of the visitors. As the Mount Washington game was only a practice game, however, and as no college team registered a win against the Blue and Gold, Navy was selected by the National Lacrosse Board as the outstanding team in collegiate circles for the past season.

From this championship team were selected three of its members to hold positions on the mythical All-American Lacrosse team. Stew Miller, Butch Player, and captain-elect Nat James were chosen by a committee of coaches and experts as the outstanding men in their positions for the 1938 season. In addition to the above mentioned three, Frank Case, last year's captain, Ray Dubois, and George Muse were selected as members of the Second and Third All American teams.

Probably the greatest single factor contributing to the outstanding record of the team was the great supply of reserve strength. In both of the toughest games of the season, Princeton and Maryland, it was obvious to even the casual student of lacrosse that the wearing effect of fresh, strong reserves contributed heavily to the Navy victories. With two midfields capable of holding their own against any college team and with at least three top notch in-close attack men to spell the starting trio, Coach Dinty Moore by judicious substitutions insured the enemy's exhaustion and then the team would turn in one of their scoring sprees.

The Dartmouth Indians were the first victims in Navy's climb to national honors. The Hanover team came to our field with a game or two under their belt but lacked the power and speed to halt the fast moving and rugged attack of Miller, Mann, Bowers, and Rindskopf. This game, resulting in an 11-4 victory for Navy, gave Coach Moore a chance to take a look at his squad without taking chances on the outcome. Nearly all the team saw action and although the game lacked the smoothness to come with the advance of the season, indications pointed to a successful year.

The Harvard Crimson was the next club to feel the sting of defeat. Two goals were the visitor's contributions to a game that saw a total of fifteen. Again the first team was spelled a great deal by the second team and again the goals were spread around among all hands. The game, as the whole season, was unmarred by any one man's desire to shine at the expense of his teammates. The Navy passing was weak in spots but the offense was strong and, aided by good clearing by the defense, enough opportunities were seized to ring up thirteen goals for the home team.



Muse, Rindskopf, Bergner,
Bullfinch, Case, Refo, Minvielle,
Carey, Gillette, Raguet, Bowers,
Miller, Mason.



Compton,
Glenn

On April 16, the first acid test of the season was encountered. Princeton's raging Tigers, co-holders of the 1937 championship and an outstanding team, invaded the Severn shores with a determination to repeat their last year's victory over Navy. The first quarter was all even with no score for either side. Then the value of a strong reserve was demonstrated. Moore, Ruhe, and Munson replaced Case, Greene, and Muse in the midfield after the latter three had tired the Princeton center field trio with a merry chase. Not one minute after the substitution, Moore hung up the first tally of the game and from then on the New Jersey college took a decisive beating. The attack, led by Miller and Bowers rang up two or

three more goals during the first half while the Navy defense limited the hard driving Princeton forwards to two goals. With the starting line up back in at the beginning of the second half, the spectators were treated to an exhibition of plain and fancy lacrosse that definitely moved the Midshipmen into the place of a leading contender for the championship and sent Princeton home with an 8-3 defeat tucked under their belts.

Old Eli's sons were the next in line for a go round with the Navy ten. This one was fought on a foreign field. Leaving the Academy Friday afternoon the team arrived at New Haven early Saturday morning. A trip to the field and an inspection of it took that part of the morning that wasn't spent in resting up for the game. Perfect hosts from start to finish, Yale went down before a team that reached the least enthusiastic point of the season that day. The brand of ball exhibited during the game was slow and far

from scintillating but the technical superiority of the Academy team won them an easy victory even though the fighting spark was for the nonce nonexistent. Hendrix, in the attack position turned in a good game marked by perpetual motion that proved a headache to the man who was attempting to check him. The defense showed a little more energy than the attack and Carey, Dubois, and Player limited the Yale scoring to four goals. Miller did not see action in this game due to a slight injury.

With the middle of the season past and a two week lay off before the next game, the team was allowed to break training after this game and spent quite a night in New York after the game. Miller and Dubois set out to see the town and proved extremely efficient in that department as well as on the playing field. Monk Hendrix trusted himself to Rhythm Moore's guiding influence in a tour of the town's night spots and outside of a little trouble with his room key did very well. Case and Muse paired off and Ruhe, Nat James and

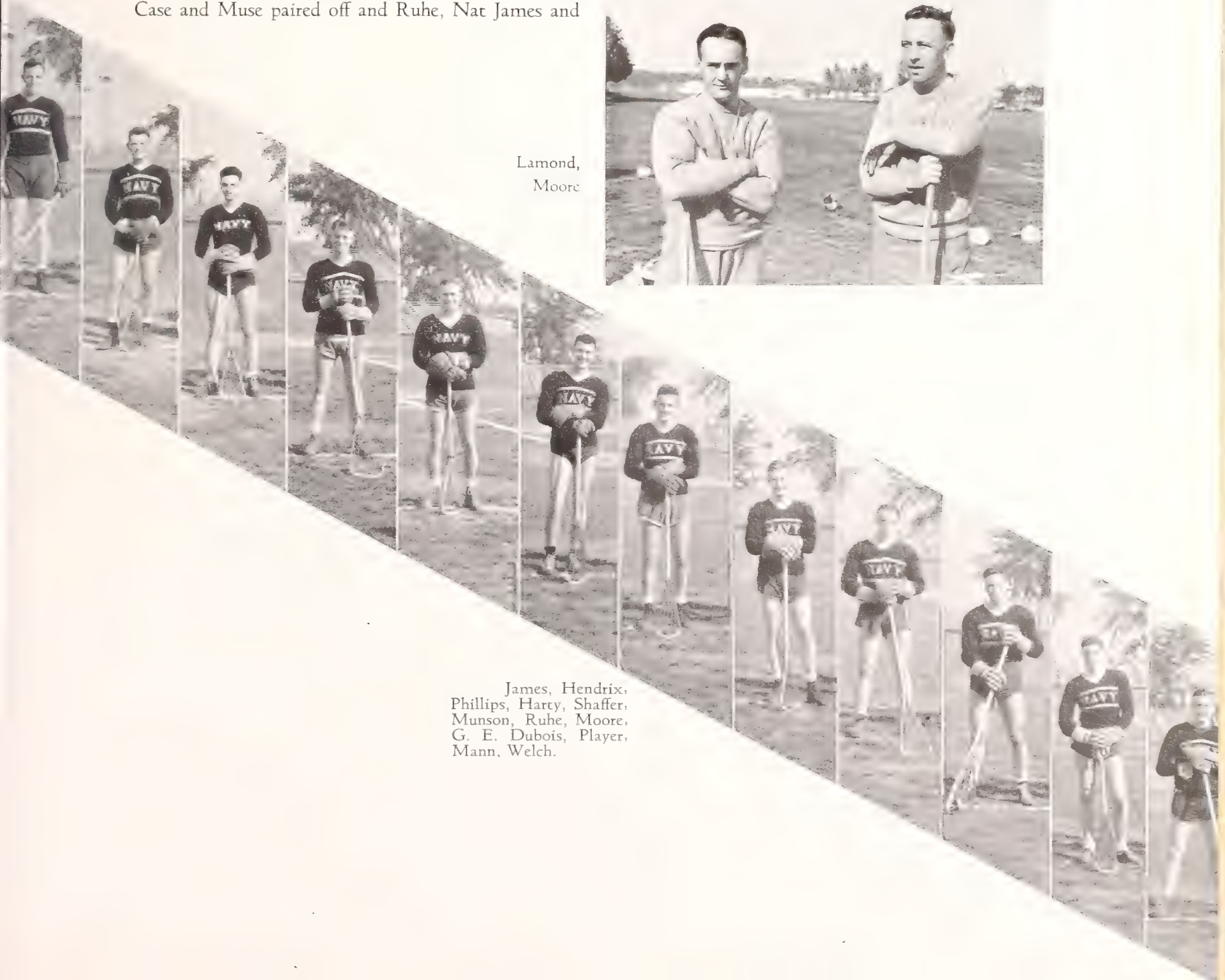
Bill Carey celebrated their temporary release from the training routine by taking in a play.

Evidently the let down in New York was what was needed to bring the team back into the peak of condition. On May 7, they went up against a strong aggregation from Mount Washington boasting such perennial stars as Jack Turnbull, Lorny Guild and others whose names are on the list of lacrosse great and turned in a very acceptable exhibition in spite of dropping the game by three goals to their highly respected opponents. Captain Case was on the sick list for this game with a bad chest cold and was forced to limit his playing time a great deal. The game was marked by a beautiful exhibition of how to make your head save your feet and by several beautiful shots by Guild, a left hander for the visitors, who rung up the majority

Lamond,
Moore



James, Hendrix,
Phillips, Harty, Shaffer,
Munson, Ruhe, Moore,
G. E. Dubois, Player,
Mann, Welch.





of their goals. Turnbull playing center for Mount Washington on the face off showed Case and Munson a trick that was later to prove of great help to our centers. The Navy team turned in a fine game, however, leading the visitors by a score of 3-2 at half time as a result of a succession of well executed plays. During the last half, Gill had a hot day and the rest is history.

Credit for shot of the year goes to Hendrix for his over the shoulder shot in the Maryland game that set off what the sports writers called the greatest rally in lacrosse history. The College Park team came to Farragut Field with a record of twenty-three consecutive victories, secure in the knowledge that they are consistently the strongest college lacrosse team in the country. They were the holders of the collegiate championship in 1936 and co-holders with Princeton of that title in 1937. Two of their players, Neilsen and Hewitt, were capable of holding positions on the best team ever assembled. It was this fine collection then that Navy faced off against on a rainy day in May with the national championship resting in the balance. The faithful Maryland rooters were in evidence as always but the steady downpour drove away many before the game was over. The first half was a bad one for the Blue and Gold. Beautiful teamwork plus speed and deception enabled the visiting contingent to six times ring the bell for scores in spite of fine defense work and a splendid job of goal tending by Nat James. Against these goals, the Navy could show only three counters. And a lead of three goals at half time by such a team as Maryland is no laughing matter for any man's ball club. It is to be surmised that there were many Navy supporters who gave it up as a bad job when they reviewed the first period. Maryland had consistently pierced the best Navy defense while the heretofore high scoring Navy attack had been hard put to score.

The first part of the second half did not offer much in the way of encouragement to the service team. Although Maryland only scored one more goal, the home team didn't score any and it began to look like another victory and another championship for the invaders. Then Monk, who stands about five feet four and will weigh one hundred and thirty pounds soaking wet, let fly from the shooting circle with a shot while facing completely away from the goal. The scorer's arms went up and Navy was off on a scoring spree. Three more goals followed in rapid succession to tie the score and then Ruhe scored on a soft shot from far





Stew scores.

out to put Navy in the lead by one point. The total of five goals took less than five minutes, which is a record against a team of Maryland's calibre.

It is probable that Butch Player turned in one of the finest defense performances that day that was seen last year in this country. In addition to playing airtight ball all afternoon, he three times repulsed desperate drives by Neilsen, Maryland attack, a player of outstanding ability.

The victory over Maryland virtually established Navy as the Number One College team in the country. Army, the traditional rival and a powerful team, had already lost to Rutgers. Rutgers had lost a game as had also Johns Hopkins, a strong team and always a possibility for the championship. The situation was such that every leading team that we did not meet had already been defeated by a team that we did meet. There remained for Navy only to maintain her record by wins over Pennsylvania and Army in order to achieve an undisputed championship.

Pennsylvania journeyed to Annapolis on what was probably the hottest day of last spring. The Philadelphia school, always a leader in Ivy League athletics of all kinds, is generally weak in lacrosse and last year was no exception. Penn's less experience and smaller team provided the only shut out of the season for the Midshipmen. Unable to chalk up a single goal they

allowed the Navy to total fourteen goals for the most decisive game of the year as far as this school is concerned. There were no particular highlights in the game as the heat discouraged much sparkle and dash. The first team saw little action as Dinty preferred not to risk any injuries to the first line so close to the Army game and the contest was sort of a matter of fact affair with the second and third teams ringing up enough scores to allow everyone who was in a Navy uniform to see action and to finally bring home the bacon to the tune of 14-0.

Contrary to previous custom, practice during the week before the Army game was not a knock down and drag out affair of about three hours scrimmage every afternoon with the consequent physical and mental strain on all concerned. Coaches Moore and Lamonde brought the team along carefully with short easy workouts and a minimum of contact work in order to prevent possible injuries. The players had their minds and hearts set on taking the Cadets and the championship besides and the coaches and Commander Compton worked constantly to prevent either nervousness or overconfidence, both potential and highly dangerous attitudes at this point in the season. Before leaving for West Point, the team was probably as near the peak of condition as it was possible for them to be.



Departure was made for the rival school Thursday evening and Navy arrived at West Point on the Friday morning before the game. As are all Navy teams that visit the Point, the team was greeted by the Corps of Cadets and welcomed with a hospitality that it is hard to imagine existing elsewhere but between the service schools. In accordance with the orders of the coach, the Midshipmen were not allowed to see or chat with any of the Cadets before the game. Friday afternoon was given over to a very light workout consisting only of passing, shooting and running and mainly devoted to the purpose of acquainting our team with the strange field of Michie Stadium. A short breathing spell for a walk around the Academy grounds and early to bed was the order for the remainder of the day.

Saturday morning the team was kept as quiet as possible. And that afternoon before a large crowd of Cadets and their guests the Navy did what they had been groomed all spring for, they pinned the ears of the Army team back to the decisive tune of 10-3.

If any individual credit can be given in that game in which twenty men earned the right to wear the coveted star above their N, it must go to Stew Miller. Everything he threw that day seemed to have eyes on it and assisted by beautiful feeding from the other attack men and by the midfield he accounted for six of the Navy's ten goals. Which is a pretty good afternoon's work on anyone's ball team. Case, Muse, Greene, Bowers, Mann, Rindskopf, Dubois, and Player all making their final appearance on a Naval Academy team all earned a hearty "Well Done" that day and James, Carey, Bergner, Hart, Ruhe, Moore, Hendrix, and Munson contributed so much that it bodes ill for the Army team that again must face these players at Annapolis this year.

Army showed great power with Hoisington, who made the trip to England with the All American team two years ago in the midfield and such men as Sherburne, Gillem, Finn, and Wilson rounding out a fine team. But that day was definitely a Navy day. Commander Comp-

ton would cheer each man as he came out of the game when substituted for with the news received at the field via telegraph that Navy was taking Army in Track, and Baseball as well as Lacrosse.

And with the victory over Army came recognition as the foremost college lacrosse team in the country. The only other team with the distinction of being undefeated by college opponents was Hobart, but as they had not engaged teams of the ability of those that Navy had defeated, the latter was awarded the championship.

And that is the story of the 1938 Navy Lacrosse team. Out of the twenty men who earned their major numeral in this sport, only Bowers, James, Mann, Rindskopf, and Hendrix had ever played the game before entering the Naval Academy. Two men awarded the All American emblem, Miller and Player, first learned the game at the Academy and within the short space of three and four years respectively rose to top ranking positions in the sport. In retrospect it appears that the main force that allowed the Navy to run up some eighty-two points while her opponents were scoring thirty could not have been experience and we believe that it is largely due to that intangible something called Navy Spirit and a firm determination not to accept defeat regardless of the skill and knowledge of the opposition.

The 1939 team will be built around a nucleus of lettermen from the championship team. Facing a season of tough competition it is certain that no man will be sure of his position unless Coach Moore is plenty sure that he is the best man available for that position. The veterans of the past season have the advantage of game experience which is a big factor when the going gets tough but no one of them will be able to rest on past performances.

During the summer, the second class held regular practice under Coaches Moore and Lamond and many a hidden talent is brought to light during this post season practice. Games were played last summer with teams from Baltimore composed of men from various schools and teams all capable of sharpening up the second classmen plenty. Some of the men who took part in the practice games last summer were those who will be noticed in the sport sections



this spring. Naylor who will be one of the regular Princeton lineup played against the Navy team and his teammate King also took part in the games. Jack Turnbull, scoring and passing ace of the Mt. Washington wolfpack gave Charlie Mason a few pointers on center play that will have the latter pushing plenty for the regular center berth.

Writing without the wisdom of an oracle about a future season is a little difficult but the team should size up somewhat as follows when they take the field in the spring of 1939. The close attack will be composed of Miller who, although primarily a feeder because of his accurate passing, also scores plenty, leading the attack and carrying much of the heavy work. His starting mates will be Chuck Hendrix, diminutive ex-Maryland man, who broke up the Maryland game with his over-the-shoulder shot, and Jerry Hedrick, a lanky left-hander from the second class who has a knack of losing his defense man and getting off a lightning shot that should get us plenty of goals. Johnny Refo and Larry Fox will be ready to offer relief and goals when the starting trio needs spelling.

The midfield will be composed of Bill Ruhe, Jack Munson, and George Moore. Having played one season as a unit and carrying weight and speed these three should do a good job of holding down the running jobs. Ruhe is a good dodger with a plenty hard shot as well as being very strong on defense. Munson at center will face off and with a years experience at that position should give the Navy team the advantage of controlling the face off a majority of the time. A southpaw, Moore is always a potential scorer and can be expected to contribute his share of goals. Charlie Mason, Frank Welch, and Coleman Sellars, all capable men will be pushing the starting midfield all the time.

Big and rugged, body blocks galore will be thrown by Carey, Bergner, and Gillette. This defense should prove a stumbling block in the path of those teams locking to topple Navy during this year's season.

Nat James in the goal will complete the Navy lineup and Nat's All American rating tells pretty much all there is to say about him. The best in the country and well qualified to lead the team of which he is captain.

The coming season should be a good one. The teams that Navy must beat to hold their title will be Princeton, Maryland, and Army. It will be a man sized job to defend the hard won laurels against teams that will be thirsting for Navy blood. To topple the king pin will be the idea uppermost in the minds of Navy's opponents during the new season but the outlook is not too bad. Navy will enter the 1939 season with a strong first team and barring accidents should stand a good chance of carrying on to another victorious season and another national title.

Princeton is the only team from the Ivy league that boasts a lacrosse team which may be seriously considered as dangerous collegiate competition. In 1937 after a brilliant climb from an insignificant position in lacrosse circles, they were co-holders with Maryland of the intercollegiate crown. This year, reinforced by outstanding sophomores, they should prove a definite threat to a clean slate for Navy.

To anyone at all familiar with lacrosse, no interpretation of Maryland's power is necessary. Intercollegiate champions in 1937 and 1936, they consistently boast one of the most powerful tens in the country. Maryland lacrosse players are brought up with the game just as boys from other sections of the country have grown from sandlot to big leagues with baseball. The "Old Line" will be hammer and tonging to avenge the only defeat suffered by their team last year and will be aching to hang Navy's scalp as high as their own was hung. Army is always tough in everything. Hoisington (All-American), Albie Gillem, and Keller, an ex-Annapolitan, will be leading their team after those big A*'s, which we hope will prove as elusive as they were last year. In any case, for the season of '38, a hearty "Well Done, and Good Luck."





Baseball

DURING the 1938 season, Navy's stellar baseball team made its first and very decisive bid for inter-collegiate recognition. Disregarding all former tradition and showing utter contempt for previous mediocre season, the lads from Annapolis started Navy on its way toward the big time. On the very eve of the season the

Navy's hopes suffered a very serious relapse when Marty Karow, one of the best baseball coaches ever seen at the Naval Academy, resigned and departed for a better job as assistant football and head baseball coach at Texas A. and M. Marty was well known in the local athletic circles being the "B" squad football and plebe basketball coach in addition to his duties as director of the slugger outfit. The ball players of '39 are not likely to forget those long and grueling afternoons of second class summer under his expert direction.

The new coach was Max Bishop, a former major league player, who, from his record, really knew his stuff. Capitalizing on his big league experience, Max was very evidently able to impart to his charges some of that fight and ability so necessary to a successful baseball club. The wealth of material which Max found here had been thoroughly indoctrinated in baseball lore and was seemingly only waiting for the spark to set them off toward a really successful baseball season. The start of the season was not long in coming, and it saw a baseball team take the field full of pep and ginger determined to see the Navy's fortunes take a sharp break upward in the baseball world.

In the first game of the season, a 1-0 decision was dropped to Vermont. The day broke clear and cold, and a good ball game could scarcely be expected under those conditions. In addition, Max's charges could scarcely have been at the peak of their form considering the amount of practice that had been available. Bad weather before exam week had kept the team indoors, and only six practice sessions had been indulged in prior to this time. However there were five days of good weather just preceding the opener. The feature of the game was "Diz" Bruckel's seven hit pitching, and the loss of the game was doubly disconcerting to him as the hit that scored the run was clouted by his mound opponent Budzna in the fourth.

Typical Maryland weather continued for the next week, and the game scheduled with Ohio State on March 30th was rained out.

In spite of the climate Navy broke into the win column the following Saturday with a 7-2 win over the Dartmouth Indians. The Dartmouth boys had been having bad weather up in



De Laney
Bishop

New Hampshire also, and looked pretty bad at times, but for that matter so did Navy. However, there was good reason for the numerous errors as the game was played in a drizzle and the field was soggy. Many hits that were made ordinarily would have been easy put outs if the field had been dry. The old master, "Diz," pitched his second straight game of the year and let the visitors down with eight scattered hits. While there were not too many hits made by Navy in this game, the ball club showed a complete about face from the first game, for they hit the ball and hit it hard. The team was beginning to round into shape, and Max reported himself fairly well pleased with the performance.

The game with Harvard on Wednesday, April 6th turned out to be one of those things which happen

around the Naval Academy entirely too often. Three of the team's regular infielders and the entire pitching staff with the exception of Jo Jo Eliot were "in irons" due to trouble with the academic departments. Jo Jo held up excellently until the ninth inning, when the visitors pushed three runs home which effectively put the game beyond the reach of four pinch hitters whose efforts yielded but one run, leaving the final score 7-4. In the third, Stump, Cady, and Ingram hit safely, giving Navy the lead and two runs. Again in the eighth Ingram got his third straight hit of the day, advanced to third on Ralph Mann's hard single to center, and then died on base as the boys from Harvard executed a snappy double play. The day for this game was clear, but with midwinter weather prevailing, numbing players and spectators alike.

The game scheduled for the following Saturday promised to be one of the best of the season as Princeton was reported to have one of the best teams in the East, but old man weather stepped in again, and another good ball game was rained out.

Those who saw the game with Michigan's highly touted outfit from Ann Arbor saw one of the best games played on Lawrence Field. The pitching was excellent with Jig Jig Madison setting down the hard



Anderson, Powell, Clements, Mann, Noll, Madison, Cooke, Niles, Cady.

hitting visitors with five measly singles, but the real feature of the day was the absolutely flawless fielding turned in by both teams. The boys certainly looked like big leaguers in spite of the chilly day. The best and most outstanding play of the day came in the fourth when McGuinness cut back of second base to make a back hand stab of what looked like a sure single, and followed it with a perfect peg to Wooding on first for the putout to bring the spectators shivering in the stands to their feet for a rousing cheer. It was a spectacular play, and one which deserves full credit. Madison not only showed the visitors how it was done in the way of pitching, but furthered his own cause with two singles, one of which brought in a run. In the eighth, successive hits by Madison, Thompson, and McGuinness brought in the fourth and last run of the game to cinch matters at 4-0. The last inning rally of the Michigan crowd failed to materialize, and Madison had a shutout to his credit. This game brought joy to the hearts of the Navy fans not only because another starting pitcher had been discovered in Madison, but also from the way in which the team behaved in the outfield and at the plate during the pinches.

A baseball game was scheduled for the following

Wednesday. It is a matter of record that two teams did meet upon Lawrence Field that afternoon, but the events which were forthcoming could hardly be called a baseball game. Flushed from the victory of the previous Saturday, and filled with that new-found confidence so necessary to team cooperation and support, the team really got in the groove and the hits rattled off the Navy bats like hail from a tin roof. The final grand total was 26 hits accounting for 25 runs. The fact that Western Maryland managed to get twelve runs tells nothing of the trouncing they received. Niles, a youngster making his first start for Navy, went the entire route, while the Terrors used four, and all were successively ineffective, each operating under great difficulty as regards team support. Niles, often proving that he was best, and also work-



Cooke,
Goodman.



Wooding, McGuinness, Ingram, Thompson, Wallace, Clarke, Salvia, Eliot, Bruckel, Adair.



'D I ever tell ya.

ing under a very slight advantage of 19 runs, eased up in the fifth at the same time that the Navy shock troops went into action. Home runs by Ingram and Mann, and a triple by Niles himself featured the work at the plate. Mann's homer was one of the longest ever seen on Lawrence Field, going between center and right and rolling almost to the street. Perhaps the greatest cause of this utter rout was the fact that opposition's outfielders played very far out, enabling several Texas Leaguers to fall fair when they should have been easy put outs. The boys in blue also hit well in the pinches, having only four men left on base.

Next on the list was Penn State. The boys from State College put up a terrific battle, but with Jerry Bruckel cutting the corners they didn't have much chance. After a seventh inning rally the boys on the Severn settled the issue and the game was Navy's. The game of the same week with Maryland effectively established the state championship 9-2, having previously defeated Western Maryland. Hits rained all over the ball park the day of the Maryland victory



Boo.



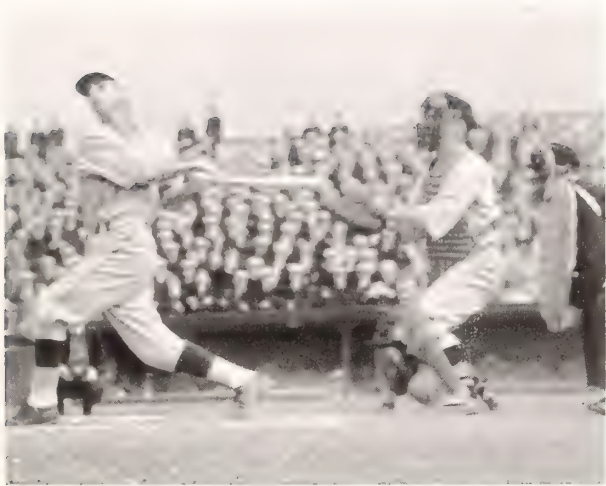
Down the groove.

including homers by both Cooke and Mann. It was in this game that a very amusing incident occurred. About the middle of the game one of the Navy boys hit a high foul over the backstop. Sitting on the very back row of the stands was an officer with an eye of an eagle who kept his eye on the ball as it mounted Heavenward. Perceiving that the ball would drop somewhere near his seat he took off his cap and prepared to establish himself in the ranks of baseball's immortal fielders. Leaning far out over the top rail he stuck out his cap as the baseball went by with the speed of a bullet. The sphere did not even slow down taking the officer's cap cover with it. The officer sat down with the din of the stands' applause ringing in his ears.

Jig Madison started the Penn game and for five innings had the opposition completely handcuffed. Then something happened. The sixth saw a five run assault against Jig Jig's offerings and placed the score at 5-1 against the home team. This reversal did not

Chums— —now.





Oof.

seem to affect the Navy lads and the next inning saw a blast of similar proportion take place against Penn. This put the home talent back out in front again, and just to cinch matters Navy picked up three more in the eighth and won going away by a tidy 9-5 count. The Navy collected 14 hits in this victory, including another home run by Mann bringing his total to three. Another good feature was the good fielding which cut short Penn rallies in the seventh and eighth by two snappy double plays. The boys were really going great guns and it really looked like they were invincible.

Too many victories were bound to cause an inevitable let-down, and it came in the Virginia game to the tune of 5-4, shattering a seven game winning streak and Bruckel's five game series. Judging from the playing in the last few games Navy really had an off day especially in the seventh which saw three enemy tallies cross the plate on one cheap hit. The Navy outthit them and also out-errored them. The latter

So does Tommy.



On deck.

statement tells the story. The Cavaliers presented a well balanced ball club, but only their horseshoe carried in the hip pocket gave them the game.

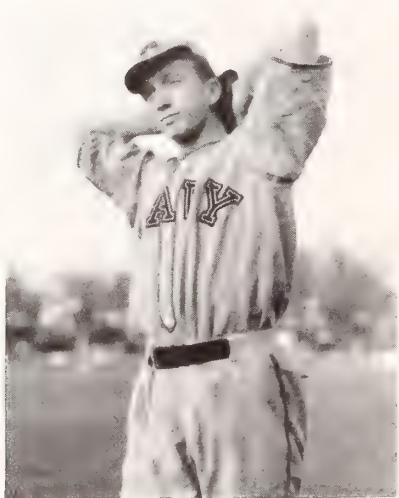
The next week brought the long awaited North Carolina trip, but it proved to be disastrous to the Navy's average as both games were dropped. The first game on Friday was played with the University of North Carolina on a practically grassless diamond. However, the game turned out to be a sort of give and take proposition, the score oscillating from one side to the other until the final period when the score stood at 7-5. The following day at Duke the boys were determined to do their best, but their best wasn't good enough. In spite of a great effort by Jig Madison who pitched his heart out, the Blue Devils were just too tough. The Duke outfit boasted of three men of major league calibre and they plus the veteran hurler, Smith, were enough to hold the Middies in check. In the eighth the Devils bunched together two hits for the first time during the day, and the final score stood at 2-1. Leaving out the reverses suffered on



Mac hits the dirt.



Ole Bruck



Jig Jig.



Let's have it.

Three stripes, you're up.



the trip the boys had a very interesting time. The Duke coeds put on a May Day exhibition and a dance after the game. Upon arriving at Washington, the team took an afternoon off and went to see how the big timers of the Washington Senators did it.

It began to look like Virginia really started something when "Rosie" Waugh and his William and Mary troupe submerged the Navy 7-3. This game was supposed to be one of the best of the season, but "Rosie" was too much for the home town lads. With a really fast ball and a good curve he showed the local talent how to do it.

On Saturday, May 20th, the invincible Georgetown team approached the Navy diamond. Up to this time the Hoyas had not been defeated by any team in the East, and the sports writers were already saying that Petroskey was the greatest pitcher in collegiate baseball of the year. That is, he was until he met the Navy. A straight overhand pitcher, our mound was made to order for him, and when he stepped on the rubber and cut loose with a fast ball he looked like he really had something, but our boys found that they could almost bunt that ball out of the infield and nicked him for two runs in the first inning. After that our team was as good as the other and the game ended 9-3.

Of course the biggest game of the season was the Army game. To be a successful season the Army must be beaten, and whether or not Navy wins its other games only determines the degree of successfulness. Army came down with a veteran team, practically the same one that beat the Navy 8-3 the previous year. However, this fact did not even seem to affect our club.

The streak of bad weather that had dogged the footsteps of the varsity nine seemed to be still in action that Saturday. It had rained the day before and the weather was a little threatening. By 2:30, though, when the umpire, Ed Rommel, announced "Pitching for Navy, Bruckel, catching, Adair; pitching for Army, Davis, catching, Kasper," the sky had cleared and old Sol bore down with what turned out to be perfect baseball weather—for the players. Over in the right (sun) field bleachers, the heat was telling, but it didn't spoil one whit the Navy appreciation of a great game.

Seventh inning stretch





Game called, rain.

Ole Diz Bruckel pitched a tight ball game. Army started early. Durbin, first man up, singled, stole second, went to third on Weinnig's outfield fly, and scampered home on Kasper's single. But that was all. Kasper was out at second on a fielder's choice and Esau was an easy out. Navy stands breathed easier. After that Diz scattered the hits. Durbin led off the third with another single, but was out trying to steal as Jaime Adair picked him off.

Then it was Navy's turn. With two out in the last half of the third, Thompson singled, pulled the old hit and run and came all the way home on McGuinness' single. The score was even. In the next frame, again with two out, Pete Powell hit for two, went to third on an error by pitcher Davis, and came home as Saunders bobbled Wooding's hot grounder. Navy was ahead and she was going to stay that way.

In the fifth, Tommie Thompson singled and stole second and then came home on Lem Cooke's single. That was all the lead Jerry needed. Kasper's double in the sixth came for naught and he died on second as Diz bore down and mowed them down with almost monotonous (but not to Navy) regularity.

When during the seventh inning stretch the announcers blared forth that Navy had won the Lacrosse game up at the Point it must have put an extra something into the team for the lucky home team seventh was Navy's big inning. A new pitcher, Lipscomb, came in for Army, and he started out by whiffing Bruckel, the first man to face him. That was his limit. For the third successive time, Tommie bingled. He scampered all the way home on Lem Cooke's two-bagger. Bill Ingram was safe on a Texas Leaguer and both came home as Ralph Mann singled.

That sewed it up. Army picked up one more hit, their fifth, in the ninth, but it was a lost cause. Jerry took his time with the last man and he was an easy out. Game's end—Navy's ball.

It wouldn't be right to dismiss the Army game without taking another look at some of the stars. For Army, Bob Kasper, right fielder, was the batting hero. He knocked in their only run with a timely single and got

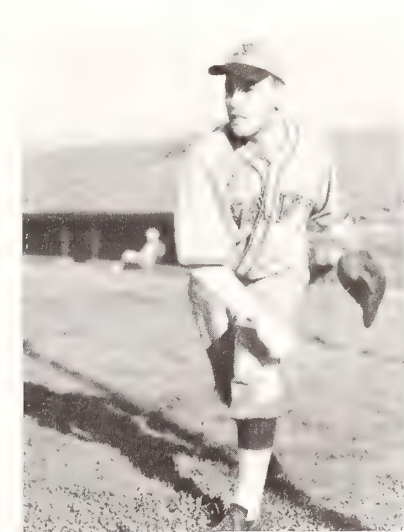


Board of strategy.

Freddie



McGuinness



Thompson



a double besides. Durbin, Greyleg second sacker, picked up two hits and scored the Army counter.

For Navy, Jerry Bruckel was the man. He pitched one of the best games of his career, setting down the Keydets with but five hits, striking out six, and passing only two. What is more important, he bore down in the pinches. Navy backed him up with errorless ball. Tommie Thompson was the batting man-of-the-hour of the game, collecting three for five and scoring every time he got on base. Lem Cooke, Keystone sacker, got two for three, one of them a very damaging double, and Pete Powell also collected a double. No substitutions were made in the Navy batting order (Max Bishop plays the game the same way he did when he was in the Majors), but perhaps this was best for the score was still too close to chance disruption of the cooperation, and with that last out came the end of a very successful season.

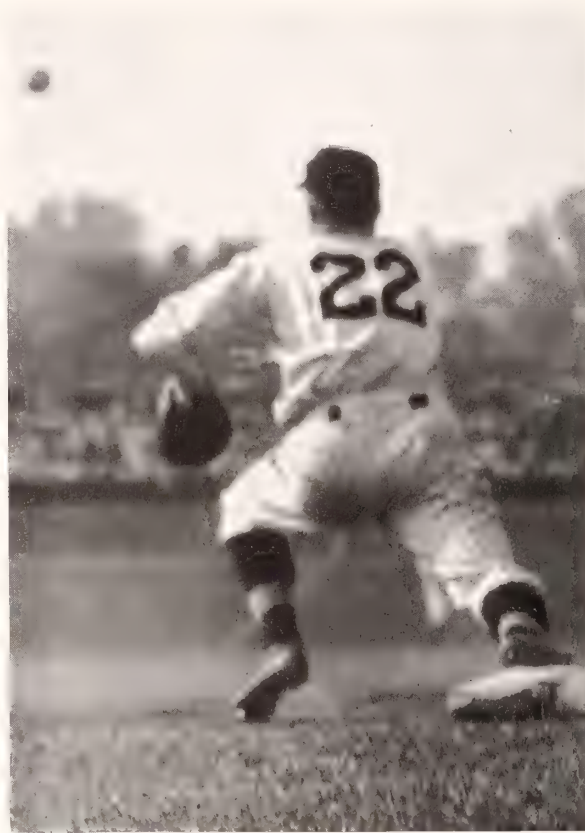
No one player could possibly be singled out as responsible for this excellent season. However, there are always outstanding players on every team. As far as the fielding goes, the entire team was more than just good. They were far above average, and better in this respect than any team seen at the Academy for several years. Perhaps the three most outstanding men on the team as far as batting goes were Cooke at third, Thompson at short, and Ingram at left field. In Ingram the team had an inspiring and capable leader. His great value to the team lay in the fact that in the pinches he could be depended upon. With a batting average of over .400, he did not miss first base very often.

Thompson and Cooke combined with McGuinness at second and Wooding at first made an air-tight

infield. Of the four, Thompson was high man batting over .400 with Cooke well over .300. In the outfield Mann at center was not a very consistent hitter, but when he came to bat it was pitch 'em and duck for a home run was very possible. Either Salvia or Powell in the sunfield were our dependable all around men. At the plate was Jamie Adair, a dependable hustling catcher who knew pitchers. On the pitching staff were Bruckel, Madison, Niles, and

Eliot. Bruckel was the outstanding man of this quartet with Madison pushing him a close second. Niles was a comparatively new man and Jo Jo Eliot was an old head. Thus a successful '38 season was closed. Even if the boys did not win all their games, they deserve full credit for their hard work in making this season what it was, a lift out of the collegiate baseball cellar for Navy. Next year Max Bishop will send out on the field practically the same team. There is not the least bit of doubt that the coming year will see Navy among the outstanding baseball teams

of the East, but when next we hear "Batter up" we will remember this season and its 6-1 termination over Army.





Crew

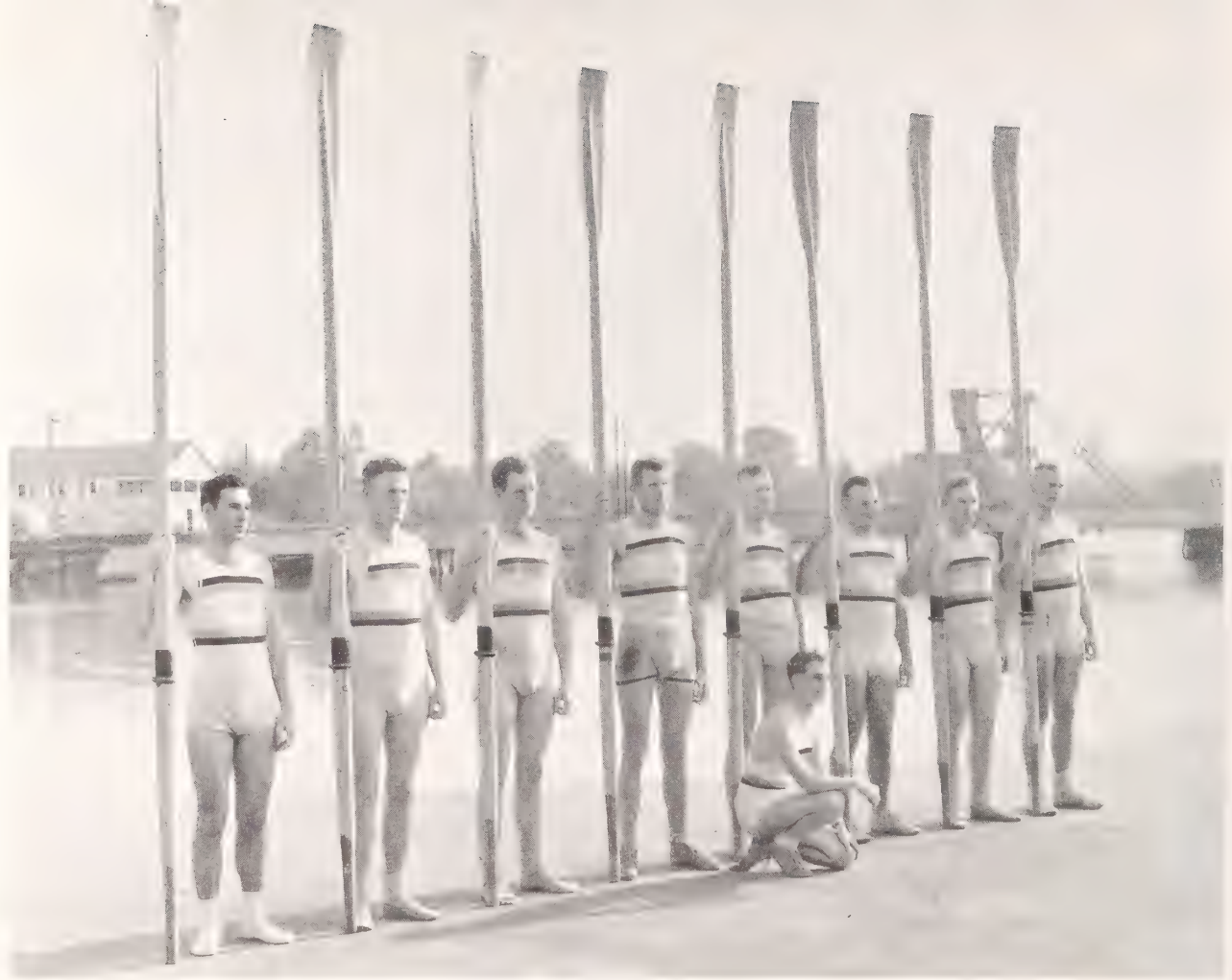
NAVY crews consistently have the longest racing season of any college crew in the country. It is always the goal and ambition of every crewman to climax the season with a man killing drive to victory on the rough grey waters of the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie. The Navy varsity crew of 1938 had this distinction.

Since the advent of Charles "Buck" Walsh as varsity coach, in 1932, Navy has consistently been a threat to rowing powers of both coasts. Each year Navy crews enter their spring season assured that the locker rooms of their eastern rivals are featuring at least one "Sink the Navy" slogan card; invariably as the sprint season draws to a close, west coast crewmen hear the little jo in the stern sheets urging them to "Beat Navy!" Only by these crack oarsmen from California and Washington have the blue-tipped blades of Navy been outsmarted more often than not.

The successful 1937 season, marred only by the clever oarsmanship of the Washington "Huskies" at Poughkeepsie, left a total of fourteen veteran J. V. and varsity oarsmen. The plebe crew of 1937 had been one of the best in years. Spirits ran high in the Navy boat house. 1938 was to make crew history. However, it takes much more than manpower to form a championship crew—"swing," the crewman's creed, is an absolute necessity. We had no cause to worry about lack of manpower, for it was present as it had never been before. Every man, right down the line, was a powerhouse. But "swing?" Where was the beautiful smoothness, the lengthy spacing of 1937? Apparently some of the veteran men, oarsmen who had been in front of the nation's best, time and again, believed that power could minimize the importance of "swing." A policy of "power, power, power, in every stroke of every stretch of rowing" was inaugurated.

Opening race day came. Silver haired Fred Spuhn brought the Princeton oarsmen to Annapolis for their first test. Mr. Spuhn had rowed against our own "Buck" Walsh in 1923, when they were the number seven men in the Washington and Navy varsity shells. In the Navy locker room was a battle line of miniature ships, each representing an opponent of the 1938 season. Could Navy improve on the 1937 "enemy" battle line of which all but one were sunk?

In the late afternoon of April 15th the Navy Junior Varsity Crews paddled up the choppy, wind-swept Severn course to the starting line. Navy oarsmen recognized their crew as a varsity outfit in everything but name, for in it were four men who had qualified as varsity men in 1937.



Walker, Almgren, Whiteside, Yates, Brown, Kittler, Bullard, Peters *Kneeling Knapp.*

Weight and power designed the 1938 varsity leaving these men out. But as the two crews drove their sleek cedar shells away from the stake boats, down the course, the varsity positions, as then selected, seemed all too shaky. Navy's Junior Varsity swept down the home course, across the finish line to win by seven lengths! The varsity contest could only seem as an anticlimax after such a performance by the J. V.'s.

The anticlimax was a five length victory for Navy.

On this same day, April 15th, the Washington "Huskies" were entertaining the University of California's Golden Bears in Seattle. This day was to decide the Pacific Coast championship. The Navy oarsmen were back in their rooms, after the heartening trouncings of Princeton's crews in time to hear the California-Washington varsity race. Already the Washington freshmen and Junior Varsity had claimed their championships, and in doing so had broken the Lake Washington course records for both events. Navy oarsmen gasped as the Washington Varsity made it a clean sweep, setting a third new record for the day. Then jaws tightened as true Navy spirit come to the front. Weeks of hard work lay ahead. Many weary miles loomed up for Navy shells and men. Stamina, power, swing, oarsmanship, all these and more would have to improve to assure us of success at Poughkeepsie.

With the four mile and three mile contest in June always in mind the boats worked religiously toward winning their coming sprint contests. Coach Walsh revamped the varsity crew taking Tommy Walker from the stroke position and making the crew starboard stroked by the heretofore seven men, Neal



Kittler

Walsh



Almgren. Since the men in the varsity represented a good combination of power and stamina, much needed in a four mile test, and since the J. V. had a smooth, winning, combination it seemed best not to juggle things too much. The crews went to New York City to race Columbia with the one minor change of varsity stroke. Our then untried varsity combination was: bow Walker; 2 Peters; 7 Bullard; 4 Kittler; 5 F. Brown; 6 Yeats (Captain); 8 Whiteside; Stroke Almgren; Cox'n Knapp. The smooth unbeatable J. V. combination was: bow Erickson; 2 Anderson; 3 Ramsay; 4 Suddath; 5 House; 6 Spear; 7 Schumacher; Stroke Shultz, Cox'n Hancock.

On April 22nd three Navy crews swept the Harlem River course in New York. The plebes received their first jerseys. The J. V.'s trounced the light blue J. V. in typical style, winning recognition as an outstanding crew from sport critics. The Varsity got off to a bad start due to the swift tricky current, but had a lead in the early stages and held it throughout the race, winning by $1\frac{1}{4}$ lengths, and finishing at the low beat of 32. Two miniature enemy cruisers were sunk—confidence increased.

While in New York the gang had to get their sleep



Euler



Commander Davis

and eat their spinach even though the bright lights beckoned. Next week the "big red" crews from Cornell and a rugged bunch of Syracuse hopefuls would invade Annapolis. Tommy Walker, Neal Almgren, Tommy Suddath and "Kit" Kittler left the Columbia boathouse in a cloud of dust, Columbia jerseys flying in the breeze, Yankee Stadium bound. The movies

Hancock, Schultz, Schumacher, Spear, House, Suddath, Ramsay, Anderson, Brown.





Roddis, Orser, Hooper, Tate, Vandergrift, Croft, Tausch, Steinkuller, Benjes.

claimed most of the others—except maybe Johnny Erickson, and Pablo Shultz who preferred the quiet homelike atmosphere of New York apartments. Later, in the evening, Gertrude Lawrence's "Susan and God" was found to be "just the thing" for all hands. Abie Yeates stayed home to pour out his crew dreams to a reporter from the "New Yorker."

The Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy crews went to the starting line of the Severn course with Navy unchanged since the Columbia splash party. Cornell seemed redoubtable. They supposedly had the unbeatable "Navy racing start" mastered. Heretofore Navy had surged to the front in the first stages of each race. But Cornell had the dope; April 29 was to be the turning point. However, the plebes did everything right while the Cornell freshmen "blundered." The plebes won handily, they were out in front by a length before the race was a third gone! The J. V.'s more thor-

oughly convinced the boys from Ithaca and Syracuse that just a wee bit more than a tug on the oar goes with a good crewman. However, these men from upper New York State did give both the J. V. and Varsity boatloads their toughest competition up to that date. In both races the Navy crews took a good lead at the start, but were overtaken, and passed in the middle stretch of the course. Clever stroking by Paul Shultz enabled the J. V.'s to win, going away, by a half length. In

the varsity event Neal Almgren boosted the stroke to a 41 in the last half mile to overhaul "big red" Cornell and win by a scant 10 feet. The victory was as sweet as honey. The men broke training that night. The Adams Cup race with Harvard and Penn was three weeks away.

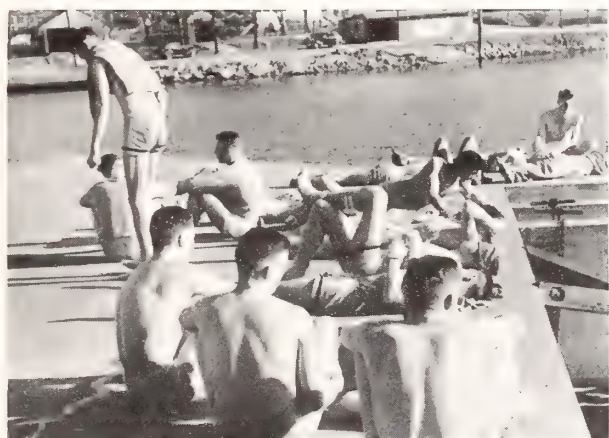
To the critical eye of our coach the varsity performance against Cornell and Syracuse was of an inferior nature. The spacing was below our usual standard, the timing was poor, men were hurried, it just lacked perfect smoothness. A new shakeup was ordered, but again the crack J. V. boatload could not be tampered with. Again it had to be a "game of checkers" with the varsity men. Walker was put back at stroke, Almgren back to seven; every man assigned to his original position, as in the opening race.

The Adams Cup race, scheduled for May 23rd, loomed up, as the big event in Eastern sprint season.



The Harvard oarsmen had beaten all of their early season opponents, almost as decisively as Navy had. Moreover, in 1937 the three Harvard crews had suffered their only defeats when Navy swept the Penn course on the Schuylkill in Philadelphia. They had been pointing for Navy all year. Navy, on the other hand, was thinking mainly of Poughkeepsie; Harvard could be beaten by a Navy crew on its way to a peak, rather than at its peak. Or could they? During the week prior to the race the final exams took a lot of time and energy that would usually be spent in building the crew. The oarsmen seemed more dragged out and tired as Saturday neared, rather than more and more alive and anxious to go.

The day of the Adams Cup races was an exceptional day. President Roosevelt was in Annapolis to



see the races. Yachts of every description lined the Severn course, and it was hot. Heretofore all races had been rowed on cool days, rainy days, or windy days. Again, it was an exceptional day because it marked the termination of long string of Navy sprint victories.

So, with all Navy fingers crossed, the plebes paddled up the the starting line to oppose the greatest freshman crew Harvard had developed in years. But "Harvard developed" is not a fair term to use, for all eight of these youths had more rowing experience than any man in our varsity outfit; four years of rowing before ever entering Harvard! Even more important, six of them had



rowed together for four years. The comparatively green oarsmen in our plebe crew had little chance against a boat such as this. In spite of the great odds Navy spirit shone as a guiding light and a vastly superior crew won by only a scant three quarters of a length, while the Penn freshman finished third. The Junior Varsity was impressive as they continued on their winning way. The calibre of rowing displayed by the Navy J. V.'s was at least equal to, and probably superior to, any seen on the Severn on that day. The varsity sadly lacked their true form as they "slugged" their way down the course. Their spacing was the poorest displayed by any Navy varsity in two seasons—it was no more than sixty per cent of Navy's usual run. The Harvard Varsity beat a valient, powerful Navy crew by a sketchy length and claimed the Eastern Spring Championship. Yet this unexpected defeat was one of the biggest factors in the Navy win at Poughkeepsie.

Little is ever accomplished by Navy's crews during





Middies and Movics.



The C in C.

June Week. Crew requires a great deal of concentration and June Week makes the mind wander. But with a new varsity combination, having Paul Shultz as stroke, old faults were ironed out, and a new relaxed attitude acquired. Navy prepared for a final training, building up to a peak for the greatest of all intercollegiate rowing regattas.

Following June Week the weather was terribly hot. Every rowing session melted pounds from already lean bodies. Former tans were converted into deep red burns, or just blisters. On June 17th, ten days

before the races, the squad, minus the plebes who were required to pass up the Poughkeepsie races for the Practice Cruise, moved to Camp Winston Churchill on the banks of the Hudson. And in the meantime things had been going haywire in a big way. George Bullard, Varsity number 2 man, was hospital bound with ptomaine poisoning. Shortly after this Tom Suddath, number 4 in the J. V.'s, fell and dislocated a shoulder, thus writing finis to his crew career. Of course these losses called for new changes in the boatings. The final result was that Tommy Walker was

stroking the J. V. and Hank Lee, a former third varsity man, was unexpectedly elevated to the varsity.

Nor did our troubles end when we left Annapolis. After our arrival in Poughkeepsie our hopes flared up as Bullard began to see a little action in the varsity shell again, but two days before the race Coach Walsh slipped and fell, breaking a vertebrae in his spine. A three day rain helped to make things even gloomier.

Yet rain, and injured coach, an uncertain combination, all these pointed to one of the greatest Navy victories yet seen on the Hudson. The J. V.'s went to

the line against a Syracuse "J. V.", really made up of varsity men, and two crack J. V. crews from Washington and California. Navy led the field for the first mile, but finally succumbed to lack of power and finished third, behind Washington and California.

The varsity race is a story in itself. After the defeat of our J. V.'s the varsity went to the stake boats with a "give-em-the-best-we've-got—it's good-enough-to-win" attitude, more relaxed than tense. When the crews settled to a middle distance pace after the start Navy was trailing, well back in the herd. But a

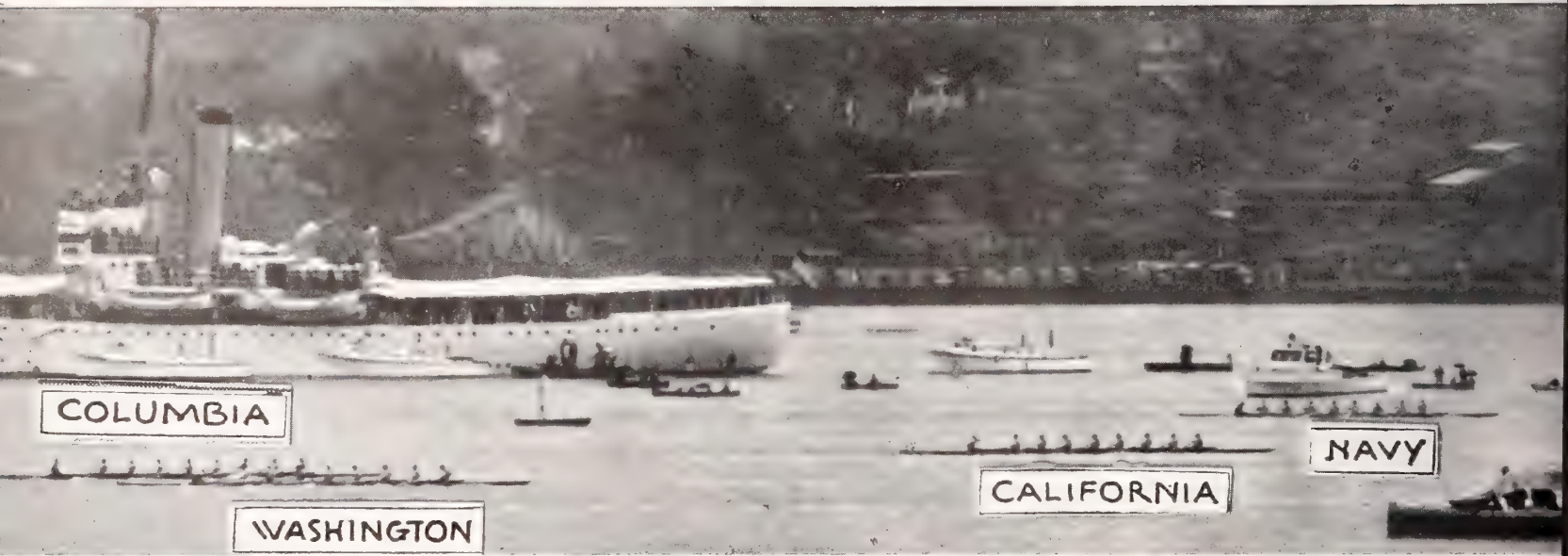


One length.



Set—go.

Navy Varsity Eight Scores Record-Breaking Victory



ceaseless line of chatter and a truly unbeatable spirit filled the Navy shell; with cox'n Knapp coolly urging "just two inches of spacing, gang" the Navy shell nosed to the front. Wisconsin drive for victory in the first mile and a half failed. Washington made their great bid at the half way mark, but failed because a boatload of sailors were determined to be in front when a certain hospital, down near the finish line, was passed. When the last mile came into being, California was trailing Navy, in second place, by a full length. They had one bid for victory left. On the signal of a police whistle, given by their cox'n, they began to drive. Arms and legs were numb, but still

they kept driving. In the Navy shell the chatter had ceased—gasps for wind instead. California nosed ahead, bent on victory. A Navy crewman yelled "Lets win it, gang—for Buck." The Navy spirit burned brighter than ever—a fierce desire to drive harder and harder, and harder. Boosting the stroke to a 36 Shultz pinned the California crew, as the finish line neared he again boosted it—this time to 40. Navy leaving California astern, crossed the finish line 14 seconds under the old course record! How else, except in fiction, could a crewman end his rowing career?



Almgren takes a workout.

While Walker and Tausch spin yarns.





Track

WHEN the call for track and field men was sent out in the spring of 1938, head coach E. J. Thomson found that he had a very well rounded team although many of the men lacked a great deal of experience. Not only was the loss from the previous graduation small, but there were several excellent prospects in the Youngster class.

Captain Jack Dalton was of course outstanding in the 100 yard and 220 yard races and with Chabot and Morgan to aid him it looked like a strong Navy sprint team. In the quarter mile, Bob Cutts, Mickey Finn, and the youngster Kirkpatrick looked good for Navy while in the half, Hal Lank and the ex-plebe star Healy were ready to go. In the mile the burden fell upon Barney Oldfield and Jimmy Smith, because the star miler of the previous season, Jack Harby, withdrew from competition in order that he would be eligible during his first class year. The two mile distance was dominated by the first classmen, Weymouth, Dwyer and Bolam. The low hurdles were ably taken care of by Newton and Howell, and the highs by George Dalton and the third classman Dick Shafer. The field events looked strong with Fike, a consistent winner in javelin and discus and a point getter in the shot put, aided by Tiny Lynch in the shot and discus, and Karl and Vinock in the javelin. The pole vault was not so strong but McCrory, Shumway, and Brewington all were improving fast. In the high jump, Andy Gardner, who captured the Army meet in '37 was back and in the broad jump, the veterans Blaha, Spencer, and Neal had returned. And so, all in all, it looked as if Navy should have one of her best track teams from the outset of the season and later events were such as to entirely justify this early assumption.

The first meet of the year was the triangular meet with Princeton and Columbia at Princeton, N. J. on the 23rd of April. In this meet, Princeton, to the surprise of everyone took the lead in the first event and held that lead until the finish to win with sixty-eight points, while Columbia's indoor intercollegiate champions finished strongly to catch Navy at the wire, and the two teams tied for second honors with $48\frac{1}{2}$ points apiece. Navy had the best balanced team scoring in every event entered, while Columbia was scoreless in five events and Princeton was shut out in the two twenty and the discus. From this fact and from a comparison of places taken, it is evident that Navy would probably have beaten either team in dual competition. Performances were extraordinarily fine in all events, and, considering that it was the season's first meet, all three teams showed exceptional power.

The big surprise of the meet was Barney Oldfield's defeat of the Princeton captain. Pete Bradley, intercollegiate indoor mile champion, was overhauled by Oldfield at the head of the home



ance in the half, Blaha's broad jumping and Chabot's sprint work.

The next week saw Navy visiting the Penn Relays. The team succeeded in taking two third places, and qualifying for the finals in a third relay, but spoiled their chances of placing in the latter by two bad baton passes, one of which completely disqualified them.

The next meet was with Duke's Blue Devils, Southern Intercollegiate Champions, both in-



Healy, Dalton, Kirkpatrick, Finn, Lank, Cutts.

Two for the Navy.

stretch and Barney raced home the winner in the excellent time of 4:23.8. Jack Dalton turned in a fine performance in the 440, losing by inches in a sensational finish. Navy took one-two in the javelin, won by Karl and Fike, and also stepped out to take the first two places in the low hurdles with Newton and Howell. Other fine Navy performances were McCrory's pole vault of thirteen feet, Healy's sterling perform-





I spy.

doors and outdoors. Coach Thompson's proteges succeeded in subduing them 73-53, two records falling during the meet, and two others being equalled. Naudram of Duke set a new track record of 49.5 seconds in the 440, while Kinzle of Duke set a record of 14.4 seconds in the high hurdles. This performance by Kinzle also equaled the former world's record which Earl Thomson, the Navy coach, made in the 1920 Olympics and which remained the world's record for eleven years. Jack Dalton, the Navy captain, equaled his own record of 21.6 seconds for the 220 yards, while Kinzle tied the low hurdle record in 24.1 seconds. In this low hurdle race Kinzle was nearly beaten by Newton of Navy, who held the lead until the last hurdle. Navy made clean sweeps in the mile, two mile, and pole vault. Irwin Fike joined Dalton as a double winner by taking first



The supe.

Swiderski, McGrath,
Fike, Lynch.

in both javelin and discus. The crowning event of the meet was an exhibition mile relay race, which proved to be a thriller, and which Jack Dalton won for Navy by his fine anchor lap.

The next scheduled dual meet was to be with North Carolina, and was also to have been one of the best, but it could not be held because of the rain. North Carolina holds an edge in dual meets won of four to two, but Navy had won the last two, and, despite the Tarheel's strong team, were looking forward eagerly to this meet. Navy seemed to have an edge in the sprints, weights, pole vault, and low hurdles, and expected enough other points to swing the victory in their favor. The feature races were to be the mile between Barney Oldfield, Navy miler, and Davis of North Carolina, and between Cutts of Navy and Ullman of North Carolina in the 440.

The next meet was with Virginia, and this weekend the weather was fine, and the Navy team at its best, as it sent Virginia down to defeat by the score of 84½ to 41½, taking first in every event on the track except the high hurdles, and winning the field events of discus, javelin, shot, and tying for first in the pole vault. The outstanding performance of the



Careful.



meet was Dalton's 220 yard race in which he lowered his own 220 yard record from 21.6 seconds to 21.3 seconds. Dalton also won the 100 yard dash to take in his customary ten points. Other good performances were turned in by Oldfield in the mile, Cutts, who won the half mile, Howell, who ran a beautiful race to win the low hurdles, and by Fike, who took his customary firsts in the javelin and discus, and a third in the shot.

The following meet was the Army meet, and the one for which Coach Thomson and his runners had been pointing all year. As had been the case in many Army-Navy meets of recent years, the teams were very evenly matched, and it looked as if the breaks would probably turn the tide of victory. On two occasions in the last few years Navy teams had been beaten by Army when it had seemed that Navy had better than an even chance to win, and on one occasion the same thing had happened to Army. In both 1935 and 1936, Army had won by fate interfering in one or two events. In 1937 a grim band of midshipmen had gone to West Point with the firm determination that they were better, and they had proved it.



Standing—Gardner, Shumway, Parker, Brewington; Kneeling—Blaha, Baughman, Spencer, Neal, Waring.

However, it was not until the final two events, the discus and the broad-jump, were over, that the Navy was at all certain of the victory. And so, as so often in the past, these two teams were to meet and once again they had evenly matched teams.

The meet proved to be well contested as ex-



pected, though Navy finally came out ahead by the margin of 76 to 50.

Barney Oldfield led off for Navy by winning the mile race from Fraser of Army by fifteen yards in the time of 4:24.8.

The 100 yard dash was marked by the surprise of Leon Chabot, a Youngster, beating Jack Dalton, Navy captain, to the tape in 9.9 seconds. In the 440 yard race Navy took first and second with Cutts and Finn. In the half mile, Frank DeLatour, Army ace, won in the record breaking time of 1:57. In the 220 yard run, Chabot and Dalton changed places, as Dalton won in 21.8 seconds. In the two mile,



Made it.

for Navy by taking the shot put, and Gardner of Navy won the high jump. However, Army now made clean sweeps in the pole vault and discus and reduced Navy's margin to a mere 58 to 50. This left Navy needing six more points to win, with only the javelin and broad jump left to contest. The javelin hurlers made it a sure thing for Navy when Fike and Karl took first and second,



Today Navy beat — — —

and the meet was over when Blaha and Spencer

Podufaly of Army, who was not expected to have a chance, finished strong to win in the fine time of 9:47.1, while Schellman of Army, the favorite in the race, finished third behind Weymouth of Navy. The high hurdles were won by Captain Byars of the Army team, and second and third were taken by the Navy men, George Dalton and Dick Shafer. The lows were taken by Navy's Newton, followed by Army's Byars and Howell of Navy.

This gave Navy an edge of 46 to 26 in the track events, and this advantage was very valuable to Thomson's men, as they were outpointed in the field events. Lynch led off

Daddy Decker tells a sea story.





Vinock, Newton, Howell, Shafer, Forter, Parker, Dalton.

of Navy took first and third in the broad jump.

Thus ended a most successful track season, which was a tribute to the fine coaching and self sacrifices of the team's coach, "Tommy" Thomson as well as to the hard work and spirit of the team itself.

The season was officially closed with the election of Barney Oldfield, undefeated miler for the season, as captain for the '39 season, and of A. B. Hamm as the new manager.

Navy's trackmen donned their spikes again when the winter season rolled around, in order to represent the U. S. N. A. on the indoor tracks. Winter track is a sport which has been developed only in the last few years at the Academy, but which is now a fast growing activity and one which will take its place among the recognized sports as soon as the facilities for it are sufficiently expanded. This season consisted of three meets: the Southern Conference Indoor Meet, the Catholic University Games, and the Maryland University-Fifth Regiment Games.

The Navy delegation to the Southern Conference games, led by Captain Barney Oldfield with his record-breaking 880 yard performance, walked away with the

non-conference title, scoring in every event listed for non-conference teams. The Navy leader reduced the 880 yard mark from 2:01.4 to 1:58. Leon Chabot repeated his win of last winter in the 60 yard dash, covering the distance in 6.4 seconds. An outstanding performance for Navy was Hart's second in the high hurdles. He ran second to Fuller, one of the East's best hurdlers, and defeated all of Virginia's other timber-toppers. Navy's pole vaulters, Don Brewington and Pete Shumway, far outclassed all the Southern Conference vaulters, as well



Up and over.

And out in front.





Hamm, Oldfield.

as those from non-conference schools, and easily won the first two places in this event. The last minute entry of Healy in the 880 resulted in our also gaining a second in this event, for he finished less than a yard in back of Captain Barney. Other fine performances were turned in by

the track, which is one of the hardest ones in the country to run on. Nevertheless, they were able to capture the A. A. U. team trophy and thus continue their winning streak. The feature race of the meet was the "Rectors 1000 yards." Captain Barney Oldfield ran second in this race to Maryland University's ace, Jim Kehoe, because of the sharp turns on the track which threw the Navy runners for a loss. Leon Chabot took the Intercollegiate 50 yard sprint, while the plebe star Eric Hopley took the A. A. U. 50 yard dash, thus giving Navy a clean sweep of the dashes. Shafer succeeded in taking a second in the high hurdles, while Navy's pole vaulting team of Brewington and Shumway continued their victories by taking the first two places in this event. They were backed up by Waring, who tied for third place in the event.

The final meet of the season was the Mary-



Rhode, Waters, Oldfield (Capt.), Skoczylas, Clancy, Bolam, Smith, Weymouth, Adams.

Navy's mile relay team, Forter in the high jump and McGrath in the shotput.

The next meet was the Catholic University Games in Washington. The Navy runners were handicapped because of the strangeness of

land University-Fifth Regiment meet, and here Coach Thomson's pupils won the Intercollegiate Trophy for the third time and thus gained permanent possession of it. The team also finished second to the Passon A. A. of Phila-



Navy 76—Army 50.

delphia in the A. A. U. division. This record of a first and a second by the same team was by far the finest team record of the evening.

In the Intercollegiate competition, Barney Oldfield turned in the best performance of the evening, coming from behind in the home stretch to win the mile. Dave Bunting captured the half-mile in the good time of 1:59.6. In the 70 yard dash, Chabot ran a close second to Kraupa of Penn in 7.2 seconds, which equalled the meet record. The other Navy points came from a fourth in the mile relay and a fourth by Smith in the 880.

In the A. A. U. division, Hopley took second in the 70 yard dash, and Brewington took second in the pole vault, with a leap of 12 feet 6 inches, his best performance of the year. Hart finished third in the high hurdles, behind Fuller of Virginia and Kinzle of Duke, two of the country's top ranking hurdlers. Other places were a third by the plebe star Hahnfeldt in the shotput, a fourth by Heath in the 1000 yard handicap, and a fourth by Kirkpatrick in the 440 yard run.

Thus ended the most successful indoor track season which Navy ever had, and one which

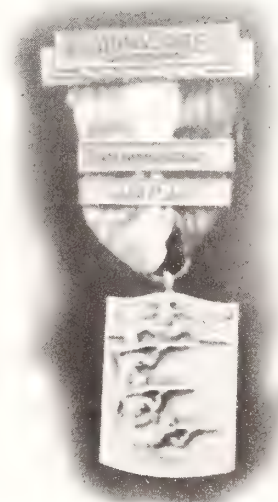
will do much to boost this sport at the Academy.

The prospects for the outdoor season of 1939 are as yet rather indefinite, because of the graduation of a great number of the members of the squad, such as the quarter milers, Cutts and Finn, the sprinters, Jack Dalton and Morgan, the hurdlers, Newton, Howell, and George Dalton, the two milers Weymouth and Dwyer, and the field men, Fike, Lynch, and McCrory. However, there are several promising prospects from last year's plebe team, and it is certain that Coach Thomson will put out a team which Navy will be proud to have represent her on the cinderpaths.

The outdoor season will commence on April 22, when the Columbia, Princeton, Navy triangular meet is held. It will occur here in Thompson Stadium this year. The next weekend is the date of the Penn Relays in Philadelphia, and this is followed on successive Saturdays by meets with the University of North Carolina, Duke University, University of Virginia, and West Point. Coach Thomson and his team are looking forward to another successful season, and once more to "Sinking the Greylegs."



To the victors.



OUR CHAMPIONS

Soccer

YES, Navy had a soccer team this year. And a very good one at that. In spite of the almost caloused indifference shown them and the efforts of Old Man Weather to wash them off the field at every opportunity, the team came through the season with flying colors. 'Tis true no N* cropped out in the initial game of the Army series but such are the fortunes of war.

Ably led by that canny Scot, MacGregor Kilpatrick, the team opened with a 3-0 victory over Lafayette. As it was the opening game and only two weeks after September leave, the boys were a little ragged but the result of the game was never in doubt. Navy scores came on long forays by "Ace" Parker and Benny Germershausen.



Save!

in on the Eastern champs at Penn State. In spite of the fact that she was up against the tops in collegiate soccer she showed herself no slouch at the game. Fighting it out all afternoon in a downpour, the Blue and Gold stopped every threat towards her goal until late in the fourth period. Time after time the stellar playing of "Rhythm" Moore and Nat James turned the tide from the Sailor's wicket. However, late in the game the Lions slipped a lucky shot by Refo and succeeded in keeping their record untarnished.

The Gettysburg game saw a dark horse coming from behind to sweep the Tars to another victory. Sully Graham covered himself with glory by appearing from nowhere to bounce the ball into the net for a 1-0 score. The scoreless tie with Cornell was marked only by Parker's bloody encounter with the opposing goalie. Two badly battered scalps came of that incident.

By the next week, after coach Tommy Taylor's grunt-and-groan exercises had limbered them up and they had gotten the old foot on the ball, they had improved enough to twist the Yale Bulldog's tail to the tune of 3-2. Parker starred again, chalking up all three of Navy's scores. Three days later Lehigh proved a little tougher opposition, holding the score to a 1-1 tie. Bud Schumann put Navy out in front with a beautiful angle shot from outside the penalty area only to see Lehigh tie it up in the last quarter on a high pressure scoring play in which goalie Johnny Refo was injured.

Next week saw Navy, handicapped by the loss of their manager, Boatwright, pull up its stakes and move





Rear Row—Bidwell, Armstrong, Beardall, Parker, Miller, Montgomery, Nelson, Hendricks, MacInnes, Rieve, Reedy, Randall, Freuchtl.
Front Row—Schumann, Bell, Albert, Graham, Hill, Moore, Kilpatrick, Germerschausen, Carey, Childers, Tate, Williamson, Refo, James, Graham, Partridge.
Standing—Taylor, Boatwright.

The final game of the season was the opener of a new Army-Navy series and was marked by beautiful playing on the part of Navy. In a sea of mud, augmented by an icy rain, Charlie Albert handled the ball as if he had hands for feet. However, the peculiar qualities of Army mud were never quite fathomed by our stalwarts. Army led the scoring on a lucky break right after the starting gun and held the lead until the end. Time and again Wild Bill Carey and Casey Childers had the ball in scoring position only to be defeated by the ankle-deep goo. Very late in the game our break came when Schumann tipped in a beautiful corner shot by Carey for our only score.

Mud or no mud, the show must go on and go on it did. Gallant in defeat the Navy took over the town after the game and showed the Army they could win as well as lose. The Greylegs showed themselves true brothers under the skin, too. They led off with a pep rally designed to make any one of the Blue fleet quake in their boots for the coming football game and retaliated with a hop with all the trimmings. Among the added attractions was the Bear Mountain Inn where a number of the social-minded team members, including MacGregor and several snaky youngsters, were seen tripping the light fantastic after the hop. 'Twas quite a change from the Annapolitan dash home.

Next year will see the squad hitting a tough schedule with but few of the old squad left. Most of the boys have their tickets to the Fleet. However with the up and coming plebe team and what's left of this

year's team a very successful season may well be expected under the leadership of goalie Johnny Refo, next year's captain. With the material he has, he can't lose.

On the whole the season was very successful with Navy placing two men, Parker and Captain Kilpatrick, on the All-American team. The dour Scot also rates a prize for the unexplained way in which his cap disappeared on the Penn trip but then, boys will be boys. Thus ends the saga of the unsung heroes of the P. G. field. May their fame live on forever.



Taylor, Boatwright, Kilpatrick, Ford.



of last year at Van Courtlandt Park in New York was the advantage which Army had in training during September, while the Navy boys were making up for eleven months of restrictions. The New York course has some very bad hills, in which the Kaydets would be at home, so the Sailors hoped to get their advantage on the level stretches. At the end of the first lap of the five-mile course, Harby, Smith, and Oldfield were right on the heels of Army's Schellman, letting him set the pace. However, when they hit the hills again, both Harby and Smith tied up, and Oldfield decided to show Schellman the way after the hills were passed. Oldfield opened a gap which Schellman tried in vain to close; Barney won with a comfortable ten yard lead, having run the grueling 5 mile course in 29 min. 43 sec. Schellman led St. Clair, Brier, and DeLatour to the tape to cinch the meet for Army. Dud Adams

Cross Country

WHEN Coach Earl Thompson announced the first practice for the Cross Country squad, he counted among them five letter men who were members of the previous year's very successful team, two "NA" award winners, and the star of last year's Plebe Team. With only three weeks before the first meet, most of the team had a long way to go to get into condition.

Commander Chippendale, the Officer Representative, soon got a line on his new charges, and one of his first measures was to discourage Barney Oldfield's notorious appetite. A bountiful crop of blisters forced Dud Adams, squad liason to the Executive Department, to run around barefooted, and was the reason why Captain Jack Harby did not start against Pitt on the 14th of October. The Pitt contingent proved to be too strong for Navy, forcing Oldfield, Navy's ace, to be contented with a fourth place, the only Navy man to finish in the first six. Pitt's 14-38 victory over Tommie's Trotters was overshadowed by the approaching Quadrangular Meet with Army, Columbia, and Princeton.

With Jim Smith recovering from the toxoid terrors and Dick Barry, in obedience to a time worn tradition among managers, causing a food shortage at the training table, the team began to turn in times which boded ill for future competitors. The only source of uneasiness over the chances of repeating the victory

Over the hills and far away.



Bertram, who replaced the injured Landreth at 121, and Al Bergner at heavy. Third match with Lehigh, was the toughest of the season.

A highly touted team came down from Bethlehem, Pa., but were quite taken aback when the score was 8 to 8 with the meet half over. Experience told, however, and the visitors went home on the long end of the score. Chuck again got a fall, using the same head scissors. The following two weekends brought Harvard and Penn to Annapolis. Both were easily taken, Harvard by 17 to 9, and Penn by 30 to 0.

The sixth meet saw the team face the Nittany Lions of Penn State on their home mat. The combi-

of the National Intercollegiate Championships held at Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The three undefeated men on the squad and the two youngster regulars were chosen. Captain Chuck Leigh headed the list and went further in the tournament than any other, winning two matches before losing in the semi-finals. Charlie Chandler at the 128-pound weight won his first match and then put up a stiff fight before bowing to Rorex of Oklahoma A. & M. Al Bergner won Navy's only point in the team score when he threw his opponent in his first match. Less lucky in the evening, he succumbed to experience and was decisioned. Landreth created



Top Row—(Left to Right): Hart, Smith, Leahy, Chase, Dasteel, Elkins, Clark, Weyrauch, Pierce, Anderson.
 Middle Row—Rossie, Lamb, Murphy, Barr, Bowers, Radford, Hall, Mutty, McMullen.
 Bottom Row—Bertram, Chandler, Landreth, Spector, Leigh, Reynolds, Searle, Taylor, Bergner, Gould.

nation of strange surroundings and a hostile crowd, plus a good Penn State team was too much, and Navy suffered her second defeat. Chuck again got a fall. Landreth and Bergner were Navy's other point winners. The final meet was fought in the Armory against a tough Kansas State team that was beset by injuries and the rigors of wrestling for the fourth time in one week. An alert Navy team staved off falls by the Kansans, and won one fall, two decisions and a forfeit to outpoint the visitors 16 to 12. This was a fitting climax to as good an opening season as most coaches expect.

With the regular season finished, five of the squad started two weeks of intensive work in anticipation

the sensation of the tournament when, after getting a bye in the first round, he nearly threw Joe McDaniel of Oklahoma A. & M. who won the championship for the third time. Sandy saw a chance and clamped on the old head scissors and came closer to pinning McDaniel than the champ cares to think. Bob Searle won his first on a bye and then succumbed to another A. & M. boy, Stanley Henson, who won the 155-pound division.

With invaluable experience of this type, and the A-1 coaching which Navy now has, the Blue and Gold grapplers are well on their way back to the high position in intercollegiate wrestling which former Navy teams held.

Swimming

POTENTIALLY a good team, the Navy Swimming Team had a hard time living up to pre-season predictions. Rated as good as Dartmouth, Columbia and Penn in the league, and better than Washington and Jefferson, we outswam only Penn and W. and J., losing to Columbia, Dartmouth, and the Big Three: Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. These losses were in part due to three causes, lack of material,

easy-going disposition of a chubby well-fed puppy. His playfulness coupled with an astounding ability to twist and turn in midair sometimes makes one wonder if he really knows what he's going to do when he leaves the board. Greenhood, Harvard crack diver, defeated him for his only loss this year but was forced to near record scoring to do it.

Overshadowed by Gibson is one of the most earnest hard working men of the team. Don Miller, Number Two diver, has put time and effort into diving, and had he more experience behind him when he came here he might have been on a par with the captain.

The free stylers were led by Wager and Holt, sprinter and distance man respectively. Hubert Wager, blonde youngster, starred as a plebe, but although good as first string sprinter hasn't reached his possibilities by far. Quiet, unassuming, and serious, he will go far. Bill Holt, long, lean star of last year in the distances, was handicapped by constant colds during the season and never reached 1938 form. Surprise came, however, when Felix Englander, second rater youngster,

ster year, blossomed forth into varsity material. His running mate, "Moose" Warner, is a newcomer to the squad, being a youngster. Good natured, and easy going, he has unsounded capabilities. Jack Michel, Irish New Yorker, came up to form toward the last of the season, taking Warner's and Englander's sprint positions in the 50, along with Jack Rait. Mike has been a member of the team for four years, but never reached his 1939 form this last season. Haddock, former battalion star and constant opponent of the



(Left to Right)—Gibson (Capt.), Orland (Coach), Commander Vanderkloot (Official Representative), Kuntz (Manager).

lack of facilities, and failure of expected power to materialize. Certainly they were not due to lack of work, for led by the example of Captain Ed Gibson, all the men worked faithfully and hard.

Ed was out of competition youngster year because of Academics and an inherent lazy streak, but came in second class year to dive Number One and suffer only one defeat in dual competition. He became captain this year and proved to be both capable and hard-working. Gibby has the balance of a cat and the



Up in the air.

Academic Department, came into varsity being this year and turned in some good work. Last but not least of the free stylers, Tex Keough, work horse of the varsity, was the most consistent performer of the team with the possible exception of Gibson. Three events per meet were Tex's lot, and handled his job well.

Backstroke was ruled by Al Jacques, likewise up from last year's Plebe team, a converted free styler, like his running mate in the event, Keough. Ned Grace and Sampson were the breaststroke team, with Sammy beating Ned at first, though Ned came back

at the end of the season. Although only swimming in one meet during his years on the varsity squad, Red Waldron was by far the hardest working and the most loyal man on the team.

But the best bunch of potential swimmers in the world would be worthless without manager, coach, and officer representative. Bill Kuntz provided the managing. Efficiency plus, his handling of the Northern trip left nothing to be desired. Henry Ortland, Navy Coach, is deserving of credit, both for his efforts against what amount to almost unbeatable odds, and for his reaction to defeat. Each meet was a new chance to win, and the last was "water under the bridge." Perhaps next year will see the results he deserves. Our Number One supporter was Commander Vanderkloot. Though he never had much to say, he watched us like a hawk and was in a great measure responsible for the smooth running of the season.

After long lean years, Navy is well on its way back to the honors she once held in Swimming when she was on a par with Michigan and Yale. Forecasts may be out of place here, but it is safe to say that with capable reinforcements from this year's plebe team, 1940 will be a Navy year.

(Left to Right)—*Back Row*: Sampson, Blackman, Freund, Jones, Jacques, Englander, Hundevadt, Kemly, Thro, Wager, Waldron. *Middle Row*—Grace, Haddock, Sellars, Brody, Rait, Gibson, Gardner, Michel, Holt. *Sitting*—Laning, Warner, Rush, Banker, Miller.



Gymnasium

THE 1939 Gym season, which was outstanding in the development of new men on every piece of apparatus, closed with four victories and two defeats. Although the team was initially handicapped by the large losses due to graduation, the newcomers filled in ably as the season progressed, and the season ended with the unusually large number of 14 men qualified for N's.

The rings and the rope were the most outstanding events. On the former Butler remained undefeated throughout the season; while in the latter Ellison, likewise remaining undefeated, set a new Naval Academy record of 3.9 seconds on the 20 ft. rope in the Temple meet, and Captain Bill Sawyer could be counted on for a second. On the horizontal bar Bryan was

Navy's mainstay, taking first three times and second two. Bill Walker was the leader on the parallels. Hardy, Johnson, and Bassett remained in a deadlock on the horse, with Hardy having a little edge over the others, but with all qualifying for letters. In tumbling Lomax, who took first over Army, and Easterbrook were prominent.

The season opened with a 39-15 victory over Penn State. The following week Navy lost to Temple, 1939 intercollegiate champions, 21½-32½. On February 25 Navy journeyed to West Point for the first separate Army-Navy dual meet. Navy took firsts on the rope, rings, and tumbling, but Army piled up enough seconds and thirds to win 34-20. An interesting feature of the meet was a tie

Bottom Row—(Left to Right): Stefan, Schutt, Morrison, Simonds, Bryan. *Middle Row*—Mr. Mang (Coach), Sawyer, Bassett, Walker, W. J., Walker, W. Jr., Hardy, Butler, Johnson, Davis, Boyd, Hagerman, Varnum, Paine. *Top Row*—Klingaman, Hayler, Elliott, Sharp, Easterbrook, Lomax. *Not Present*—Ellison, Pugin.





Wilson (Mgr.), Mr. Mang (Coach), Lt. Cmnr. Bunting. (Officer Representative), Sawyer (Capt.).

at 4.1 on the rope between Belardi (Army) and Ellison. On the fourth climb-off Ellison finally broke the tie with a 4.0.

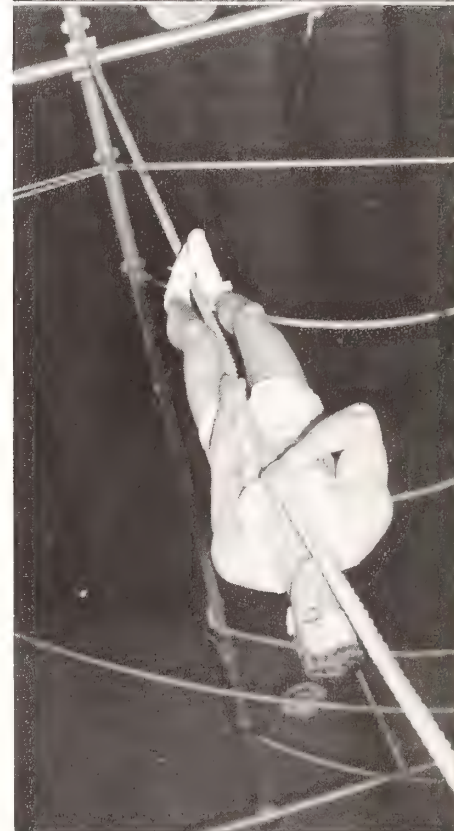
For the last three dual meets of the season Coach Mang adopted the policy of scratching some of his best men to give Navy's weaker opponents a chance. Using this policy Navy defeated M. I. T. 40-14, and during the same week sank Dartmouth (at Hanover) 42-12, and Princeton (at Princeton) 44-10.

After the dual meet season, Navy sent entries to the Intercollegiate individual championships at Princeton on April 1. Here Navy was second only to Army in the number of places won. Butler, with the best work of his career, defended his championship on the rings, and took Navy's only first place. Bryan hard-pressed the winner to take second place on the horizontal bar. Ellison likewise captured second in the rope climb, while Johnson took second on the side horse and Lomax tumbled for a second place on the mat. Sawyer completed the list of Navy winners by taking fourth place in rope climbing.

To complete the gym season the Naval Academy was host to the gymnastic individual championships of the National A. A. U. on May 13. Several members of the Navy squad and some alumni entered the competitions.

Although Hardy and Johnson on the horse, Sawyer in the rope climb, and Walker on the parallels will be lost, a large number of veterans remains and there is every indication that the 1940 season will be the most successful of recent years. Mr. Mang is expecting to break the recent Temple and Army monopoly on intercollegiate honors.

To Coach Mang, completing his thirty-second year as Navy gym coach, and to Mr. Sazama and those officers who aided him so ably, much of the credit for the season and for the fine spirit of the team must be assigned. Though no N-Stars were produced, on the whole the past season was an improvement over that of the year before and certainly must be ranked as highly creditable.



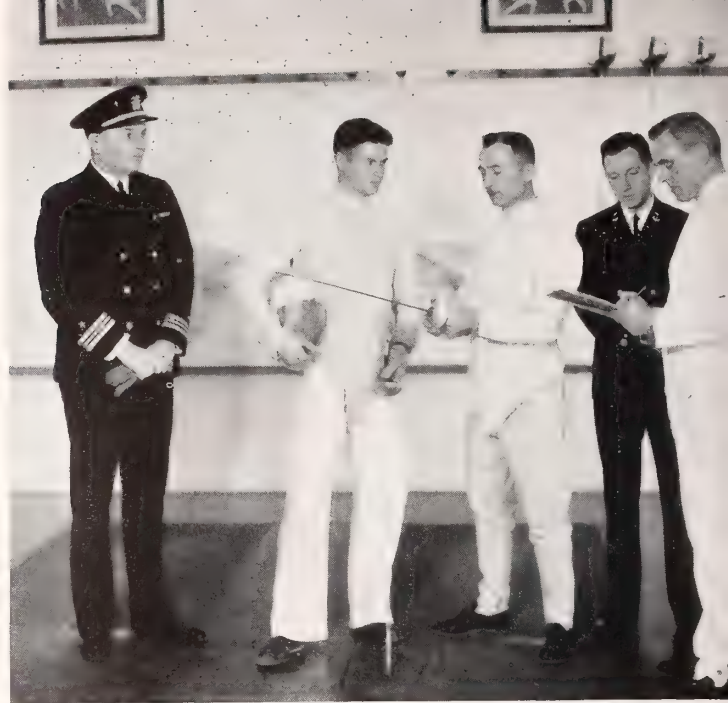
Fencing

THE fine record established by the 1939 Fencing Team proves that even the loss of seven varsity men by graduation cannot stop Coach Deladrier from turning out a team which wins consistently. Built around four of last year's regulars, de Poix, Snilsberg, Dare, and Campo, the team was brought up to strength by such able substitutes as Appleton, Henry, Glennon, Durrett, and Huffman, by McPherson, a former plebe star, and by Howland, who returned after a year's absence to become one of the bulwarks of the team.

The "pinpushers" defeated decisively every team met in dual competition and also won by a wide margin the pentagonal meet, held this year at the Naval Academy. The season started well for Navy in a meet with the Saltus Fencing Club of New York. Although the visitors provided some tense moments by keeping the score seesawing through foil and epee, they finally went down in saber before the determined attacks of Campo, Dare, Snilsberg and Taugher to lose the match 12-15. In winning three bouts easily Campo showed a promise which was fulfilled by his success in later matches.

The following week the swordsmen, hitting their stride, defeated by 16-11 a reputedly strong team from St. John's University. Led by Captain de Poix, who defeated the visitor's ace, Alagna, in a close match, the foil team established a lead of one point. Although the epee men put up a good fight against strong opponents, they trailed by one bout, again leaving it up to the sabermen, who came through in their usual style to bring Navy a decided victory.

Working smoothly against the Philadelphia Sword



(Left to Right)—Lt. Cmndr. Mentz (Off. Rep.), de Poix (Capt.), Deladrier (Coach), Hill (Mgr.), Fiems, (Asst. Coach)

Club the team turned in an 18-9 victory, winning in all three weapons. Both de Poix and Appleton defeated the well known Shakespeare in exciting fights to give the Blue and Gold, with Henry's two victories, a 7-2 advantage. Credit for winning epee 5-4 against real opposition goes to Glennon, who made a clean sweep, and Howland, who added two points to the score.

The Navy swordsmen increased their string of victories by trouncing Cornell, 19-8. Sweeping the foils 9-0, de Poix, Appleton, and Henry led the advance in which sabre and epee followed with 5-4 victories. McPherson who proved the bulwark of the epee team by defeating his three opponents, was ably aided by Howland, who came from behind twice to win both his bouts. The sabre team ran into a snag in the form

Front Row—(Left to Right): Glennon, Huffman, Appleton, de Poix, Henry, Hill, Deladrier.
Rear Row—Campo, Dare, Snilsberg, Howland, McPherson.



of Suchow who won three bouts but Campo, Snilsberg and Dare managed to garner enough points among them to keep the Blue and Gold on top 5-4 in that weapon.

Venturing to New York for Columbia's scalp, the team found plenty of excitement in the beginning when the epee score, upheld chiefly by McPherson, seesawed until Navy finally won, 5-4. The 7 to 2 victory of the foil team in which de Poix turned in three victories was supplemented by the sabremen Dare, Snilsberg and Campo who beat the National Junior Champions 5-4 in an excellent performance.

Upholding a tradition of two years standing, Navy won the three weapon championship in the Pentagonal Meet which included Army, Harvard, Yale and Princeton; however, the greatest satisfaction came in the defeat of Army, 16-11, to which sabre contributed seven points, epee five, and foil four. In this meet Glennon, McPherson and Howland annexed the epee cup, Snilsberg, Dare and Campo won sabre, and de Poix took top individual honors in foil by defeating Perlowin of Yale in the fence-off. Campo also tied for a first in sabre but lost to Rorick of Army in a

very close match. In the next meet, against Pennsylvania, the Navy substitutes demonstrated the potentialities of next year's team by whipping the visitors 18-9.

The unbroken success of the 1939 swordsmen in a schedule including the best intercollegiate competition indicates a power and balance which should place them on top in the Intercollegiates this year.



Try this with your steak knife.



Navy wins the Pentagonal.

Small Bore Team

I DON'T KNOW. There are a large number of "I don't know" questions in connection with small-bore rifle. About the only thing that the Plebes do know is that they are always safe in answering the question of "who won?" with "Navy." Even the team members have an "I don't know," for up until this year Army has had no team for Navy to oppose.

In spite of the lack of outside support which the rifle team has never had, the team has worked its way to success. The season was started against V. M. I., and left the coach, Lieutenant M. C. Mumma, Jr. in an undecided position because the Captain, J. W. McCoy, was low scorer for Navy although beaten by only three of the opponents. W. H. Pace, the captain of the outdoor rifle team, seemed to be having his troubles, too. The old stand-by, J. C. Roper, has been upholding his end of the bargain at all times but is just a little slow on the trigger. Although most people believe it takes keen eyes to shoot, little J. L. Henderson

has been shooting very well his last year. H. W. Walker and W. H. Stiles are two more short circuits that will stand above any other marksmen in the country. J. W. McConnaughay made a big change for the better in the last year and was not harmed by a short trip to the hospital because he was high man in the first match after being discharged from the hospital. The Manager, R. K. Gould, has more work this year than last because of the added position which results in more targets to grade.

Starting off with V. M. I. the schedule included Yale, Lehigh, M. I. T., Maryland, George Washington, Carnegie Tech, and a telegraphic match with Army. Two matches were fired against some of these teams and the total number of matches was thirteen (not counting the Intercollegiates). In the telegraphic against Carnegie Tech, Stiles fired a score of 392 which will remain as an individual record for some time. The team score of 1922 will probably remain a record, too.

Left to Right—Lt. Mumma (Coach), Roseborough, Block, Middleton, Branzell (Armorer), Desmond, Pace, Stiles, Walker, Streiter, Bent, McCoy (Capt.), Martin, Nickerson, Newport, Henderson. Seated on Bench—Roper, MacGregor, Ross.





Lt. Huff, Lt. Robbins, Lt. Mumma (Coaches), Gould (Mgr.),
Standing—Ch. Gunner McGovern (Coach), McCoy (Capt.).

Navy has a new type of firing gallery in using lighted firing points. This has been considered a very good improvement and the idea will probably be reproduced in the ranges of other colleges and universities which have learned to like Navy's.

The great lack of Navy's rifle team is not its talent and records of success, but a chance to win N stars by defeating Army in a regular shoulder to shoulder match. It is hoped that in future years such a chance will be made possible since Army is now building a team.

Many lads have referred to cut throat competition, but they have never really seen such throat cutting as goes on between rifle team members, because men that can't make Navy's team would be able to make high men on some of the other teams of the country. Although '39 leaves real records we sincerely hope that Navy will continue to break records regularly.

The high spot of the 1939 season was the Intercollegiate, which were held at the Academy April 1st. Navy entertained twelve small-bore teams from Eastern colleges. Scores in this match are low because of the mental hazard involved and because only five men shoot and all scores count. In the afternoon, Navy's 1891 score was good enough to set a new record, and win not only the Eastern, but also the National Intercollegiate Championship. Joe Roper was high gun with 383. That night, all hands fired in the Individual Intercollegiate match. Captain Tim McCoy, with a 385, won the National Individual Championship. Willy Stiles, Joe Roper, and Jim McConaughay also received medals, and Clayton Ross, coming in eleventh, won a Maryland State medal. As this was the first time that the Individuals had been fired shoulder-to-shoulder, McCoy's performance was especially good, and he deserves all the credit he has received for his high score.



Norris, Sweeny, Gaudet (Coach), Pierce (Mgr.), Laney, Bill, Mathews, Bass, Lyman, Lhamon, Marks, Esch, Graham (Officer Representative).

Tennis

ON THE basis of matches won, the 1938 season was not highly successful, for the wins just barely balanced the losses. On the basis of the amount of tennis absorbed by each member of the team there is no basis for disappointment.

Brink Bass, last years captain was a fiery enthusiast who won a good percentage of his matches. His boundless dash and determination did much to bolster the morale of his team. '39 furnished Mathews, Laney, Bill, Lhamon, and Berns. Mathews, irrepresible in tennis as

in everything, constantly retrieved impossible shots, sneaked up from behind, and finished up just a bit out in front. In the number two singles position he met fine opposition and won often. Bob

Laney worked hard on tennis, and succeeded in bewildering his opponents. Bob is one of the very rare players who serves with one hand, plays generally with the other but smashes with either. Facility for hitting hard, flat shots, coupled with an uncanny eye for finding the side lines, makes Bob always dangerous. Dave Bill is the overpowering type of player. Despite his frequent slugging tactics, he is not above dropping over easy ones now and then to win his points and make friendly enemies out of his opponents. Lhamon plays, not the forcing aggressive game, hence he generally found his way into the lineup via the doubles medium where he put in a highly creditable season. Maxie Berns, cut-shot expert, and the personification of nonchalance put most of his opponents on the short end of two set matches before they found out that he wasn't just out for the exercise.

Youngsters on the team included Dave Marks, Andy Lyman, and Art Esch. Dave, from his ball boy days in Atlanta, as well as from long hours of practice, was able to glean enough tennis to enable him to hold down the Number One singles position. His is a sound



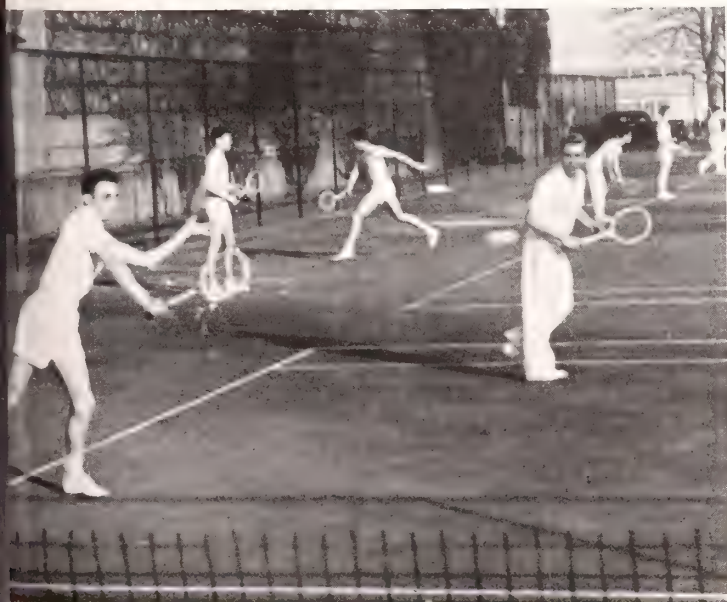
Gaudet, Mathews, Graham.

game with great possibilities. Andy Lyman, with blasting serve and potent forehand, was always a singles threat. Esch, midwest bred, exhibited throughout the season, a game obviously learned on hard courts. After he shaped his game to conform to Eastern conditions, he became deadly.

Prospects for the 1939 season and for the years closely following are good. Prognostication, ever dangerous, is not attempted here. Navy's opposition is chosen from among the east's finest. One feature of the team that draws a smile of approval from the coach is the genuine fondness that all the members show for the game. There will be no particular stars on the '39 squad, no positions donated on account of class, reputation, or style. The man who hits the last ball over the net most frequently will be the one to play in the matches. Since there are many left over from last year's team, and the ability differential between the best and worst of these is small, a constant struggle for positions is anticipated. Just "making the team" will be insufficient. A man will have to be consistently better than those below him, or they will not be below him.

The season opens against William and Mary. In this contest the opposition will be as untried and as much an unknown quantity as the home team. In quick succession follow matches against Yale, Princeton, Temple, and Cornell. Yale's team is always well balanced. In addition, this year it is expected to be strong clear down through number six. With such a combination, Yale will go far this year, but we hope not too far, against Navy. When the

One off his forehand.



The Line Up.

well-coached Princeton racket wielders invade Annapolis, they usually go home with all trophies. This year, a Navy team with more experience than the average will be determined to stop the onslaught. Temple and Cornell, too, are not strangers on local courts, nor are their teams ever tyros. Invariably these teams are good, especially Cornell, and matches against them will certainly be close. Pittsburgh reappears on Navy's schedule after an absence, and with an unpredictable squad, but we'll wager it's a good one. Following Pitt on Navy's schedule, appear with bewildering rapidity, teams representing Virginia, Georgetown, Columbia, Lafayette, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and last and most bitter—West Point.

When viewed kaleidoscopically, Navy's 1939 season appears tough—it is tough. In the light of such opposition it is not impossible for the squad to drop one, two, three, or even more matches. But it may be assumed that this particular squad will play the best tennis which it is capable in every match. This brand of tennis will be good enough to carry the squad through with a successful season.

In 1924 tennis matches against Army were discontinued. We like to argue that the reason for this was lack of competition from the school on the Hudson. Last year the series was resumed, and it was discovered that if there ever was any basis for the argument, it no longer exists. The 1938 Army team was one of the best in the East; this year an even better one is expected. So, when Army meets Navy late in May on local courts, anything can happen.



Bell, Helfrich, Pye, Smith, Jones, May,

Golf

ALTHOUGH the 1938 Golf season was marred by an unusual number of close decision losses in intercollegiate competition, the year was felt to be the biggest in Navy's short golfing history. The reason for this feeling was the increased cooperation between the Executive and Athletic Departments in fostering interest in golf at the Naval Academy. A 100 per cent increase in playing time was made

available both at the Academy Club and Annapolis Roads. Golf uniforms were purchased, a plebe team established, and a training table was formed to permit the team to eat in white works and thus have more playing time. Much credit for these advances is to be given to Commander C. T. Joy, the team's officer representative.

In spite of the regular season's losses, the team is very confident as a result of the First and Third class contingent winning three out of four matches played in France, England and Denmark during the summer cruise.

Last year's regular season started out with a 29½-6½ win over the Officer's Club. During successive weeks, matches were played with Princeton, Virginia, Georgetown, North Carolina at Charlottesville, Washington and Lee, and the University of Pennsylvania, with a post season match with a Baltimore club.

Stalwarts of the team were Captain Larry Geis, Harry Helfrich, Jack Pye, Jim May, Bud Schumann, Scotty Goodfellow, Bill Lamb, Curt Vossler, Webbie Bell, and Frank Jones.

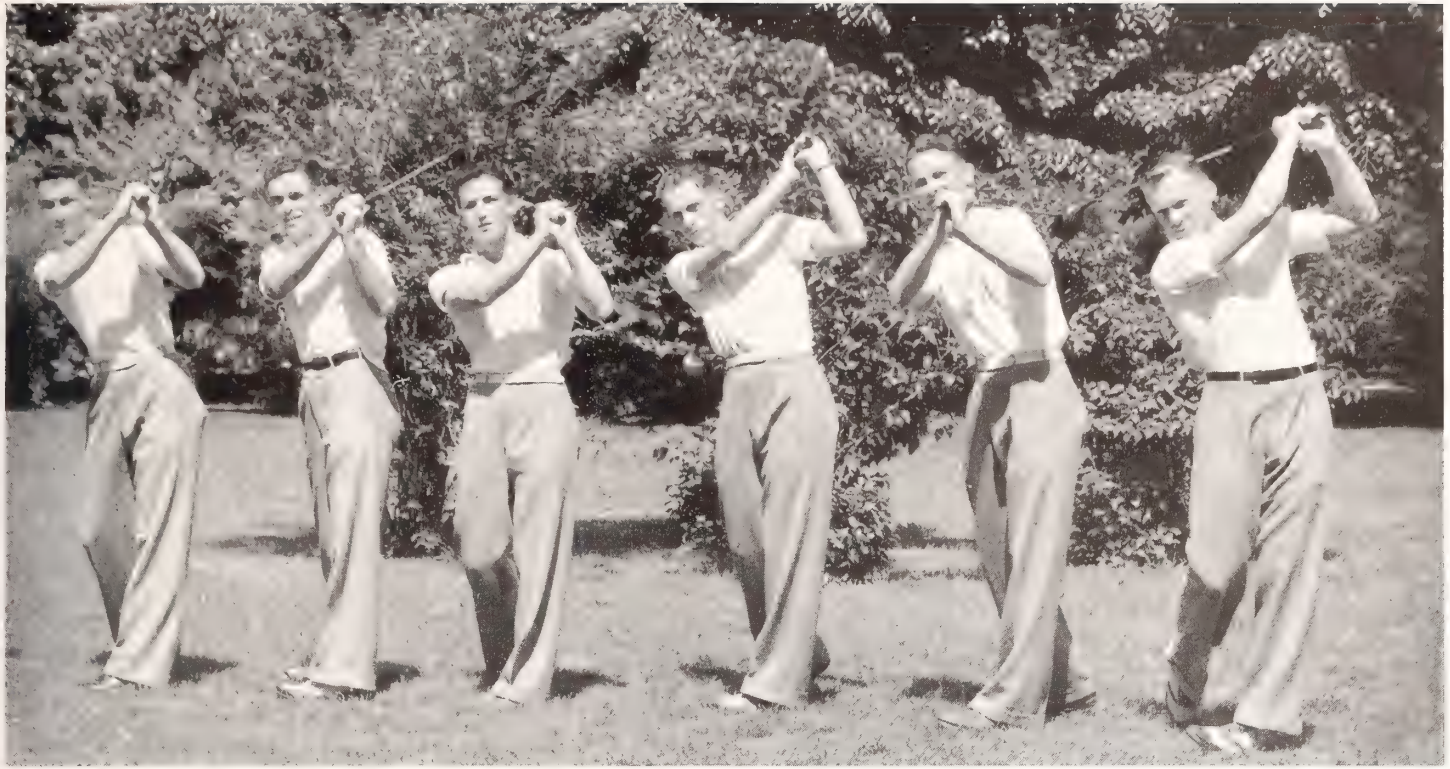
A lanky free swinging man from Maryland, Harry Helfrich was the number one man of Navy's



Geis

Williams





Geis, Lamb, Vossler, Schumann, Carlson, Goodfellow.

squad. Harry won or tied all but one of his matches. Possessed of a keen competitive spirit and a magic putter, he simply refused to lose.

Habitual partner of Harry in the matches was Larry Geis. Larry is a well rounded golfer who played steadily and consistently, and his crazily shaped putter, "Suzanne," was disdainfully respected by teammates and opponents alike. Larry tied the competitive Annapolis Roads record for the year only to halve his match with Spencer Kerkow of W. and L.

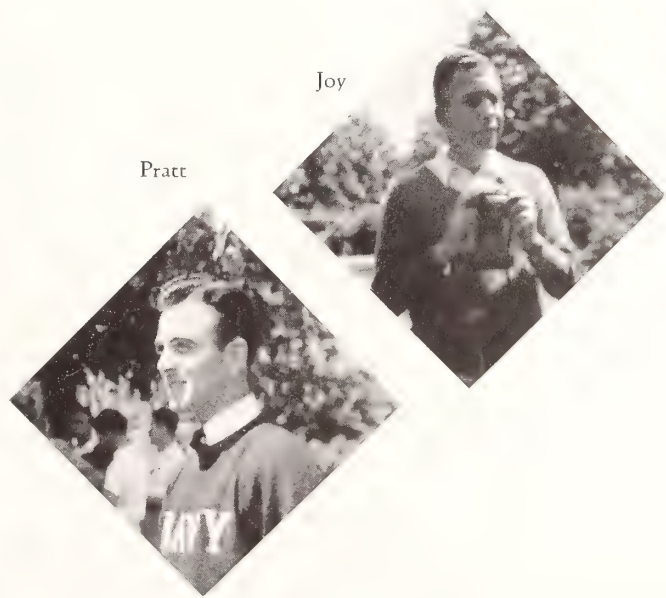
Stylist of the squad was chunky Jack Pye whose consistent smooth swinging kept him in the thick of every fray. Scotty Goodfellow excelled in lengthy, booming tee shots as he ably stroked his way through his first season of competition.

"Uncle Jeem" May's big day arrived during the Virginia meet at Charlottesville when, after being three down with three to go, he came through to tie up the match. Another veteran of the squad is Bud Schumann who, in his second year on the team, dropped points to Washington and Lee and Penn only on the margin of tough breaks that made beautiful shots obstinately drop into unplayable lies.

Bill Lamb, a youngster, developed remarkable and won a varsity position for the last three matches.

A powerful hitter who lays them right down the middle, Bill should be in the top flight this year.

Although dropping all of last year's intercollegiate matches, three of them on the 18th green, the squad faces a new year with the added incentive of a final match with A my. With a veteran, par-busting team, the Blue and Gold swingers should really come through in 1939.



Outdoor Rifle

THE Outdoor Rifle Team is the team which makes its own noise and receives little outside attention, but they are just one big happy family among themselves. The season always starts with a large group of candidates but the scores soon whittle the squad down to just a nice sized group.

After having had drills over at the rifle range, it is hard for the average midshipman to see any pleasure in the rifle team, but the members of the team see things in a different light. The half that works in the butts detail has as much fun as that one on the firing line what with whiling away the time with close harmony and mental gymnastics. Ice cream bets are made on the score that will be fired on your target on which an unknown teammate is firing. Willie Stiles will never forget the time he hung his hat on the corner of a target and saw six holes appear in it



before he could get it down.

The boys have their fun on the firing line too. Schneider will remember the time he bragged about firing one shot on the wrong target and realized it in time to fire ten more on his own. The truth was that he fired one on one target and ten on another but they were both the wrong targets. For that he received the special leather medal stamped "Extinguished" Marksman."

The boys on the squad claim that Tim McCoy should have permanent possession of the medal from having earned it so often.

The day the Marines came down, Mac missed the boat and had to have a special boat come over in the rain to get him. In spite of the rain, Captain Bill Pace turned in one of the finest scores of the season, registering a 49 out of a possible 50 in the standing position.

After one of the outstanding seasons for which Navy rifle teams are noted, the best shots

Standing—A. Greenbacker, Collins, Sander, Desmond, Game, Chilton, Lt. Hood. *Sitting*—Cattermole, Fahy, McConnaughay, Henderson, Hawkins, Giffin, Schelling, McCollum, Phelan, Fly, Stiles, McCoy, Roseborough, Pace, Keister, Boettcher, Walker, Welte, Winter.





Pace

took a jaunt up to Peekskill, N. Y. to fire against the famed Seventh Regiment. The Peekskill range is so unusual that nearsighted Henderson thought he was ready for St. Elizabeth's when he saw the range flags blowing in opposite directions. They do that at Peekskill. Sanders made his bid for fame by firing five on the wrong target.

To conclude the trip, the boys relaxed at a dinner dance at the Seventh Regiment Armory. Outside of Roseborough deciding to see New York from the top of the Empire State Building and not checking the time that the last elevator went down and Pace, Cease, and little Hiram also having elevator trouble at the Pennsylvania the trip was a complete success.

The last match for the team was with the 71st Regiment of New York National Guard. This match occurred the beginning of June Week, and was marked by an admiring audience of drags as spectators. There is a trophy connected with this match with the 71st, known as "Little David." Competition has always been a bit the keener between the teams for the possession of this trophy. This time, notwithstanding the fine performance of Jim McConnaughay, the boys had an off day, and "Little David" went to the National Guardsmen.

Great credit for the successes of the team must be given to Lieutenant Anderson and Lieutenant Hood, the coaches, who give their time and knowledge toward the development

of a fine bunch of shots. Both of them had never before been placed in the position of coach, and the fact that the season wasn't a hundred per cent successful did not in any way lessen the appreciation given them by the team.

The season was laid to rest, so to speak, by an election for manager and captain for the next year. The matter of manager was easily settled, as Chilton was elected without a dissenting vote. There was no one to oppose him. The matter of captain was a difficult task for all the men in '39 who were eligible were good shots and equally popular with all hands. Willy Pace was shown by vote to have a slight edge, however, and was made captain with the approval of all.

So with a word of farewell to the departing first class and coaches, the remainder of the team began looking forward to a new season, yet with a certain regret at the passing of such enjoyable months as the end of the year had proved to be. The pleasures were many and the regrets few.

In the final counting, the Navy team can be justly proud of the victories obtained in riflery, having defeated the Essex Troop of the National Guard, and the Philadelphia Marines, while dropping matches only to the best ranking professionals in the country, and those all by very close scores. Prospects for the next year are splendid with such men as Pace, McCoy, Henderson, Stiles, and McConnaughay anxious to come over to the range once again and ring up a few bulls for Navy.

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Joe took the pictures. He was always willing to do anything we asked of him. Could more be said?

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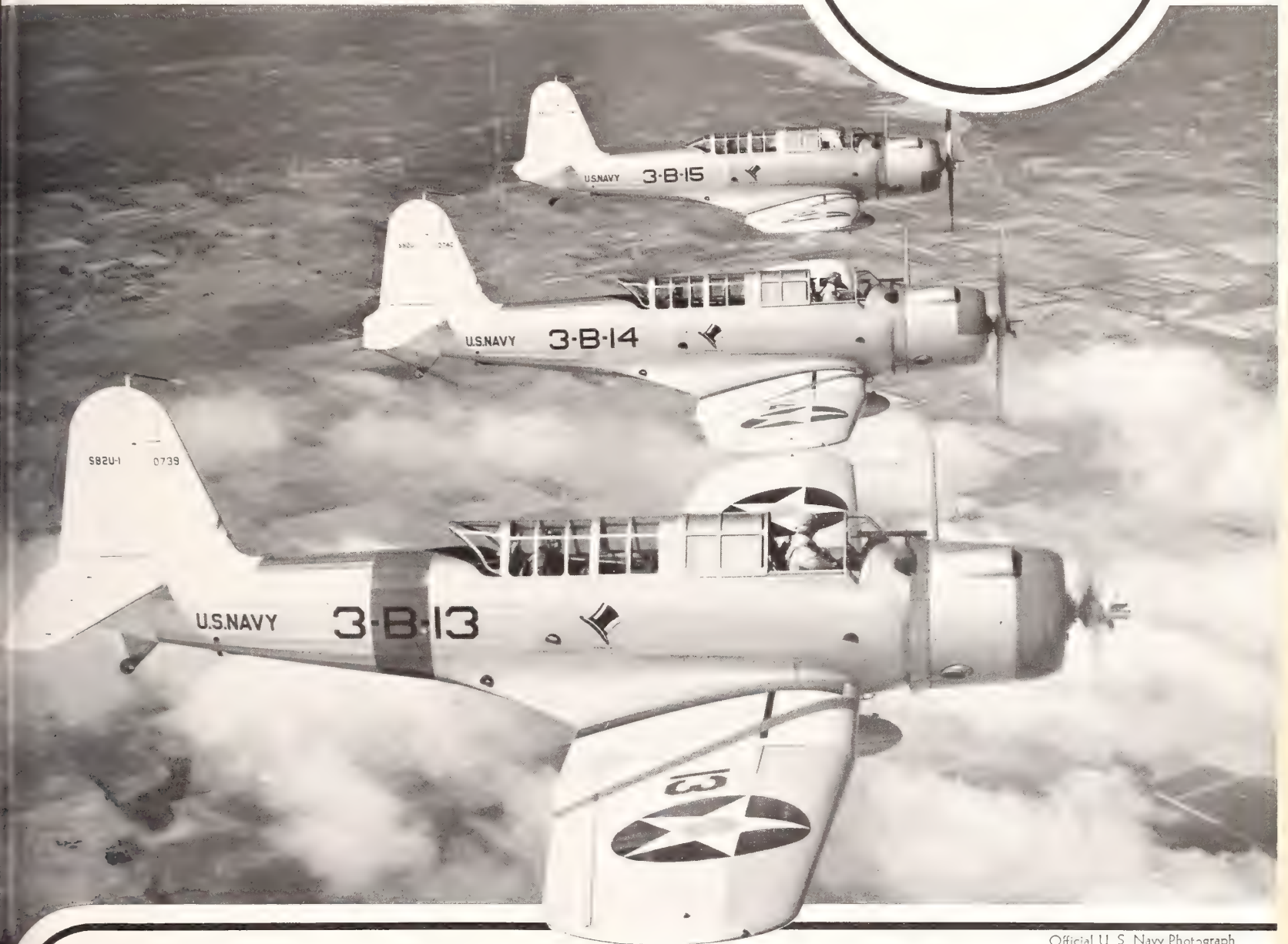
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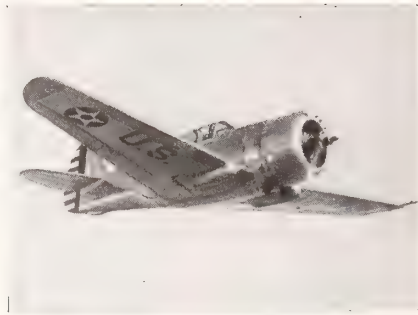
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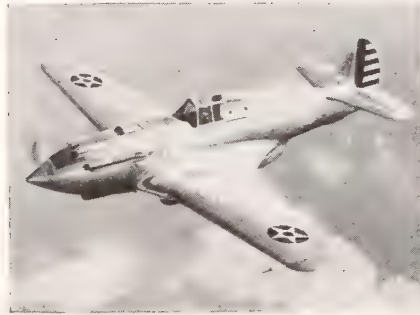
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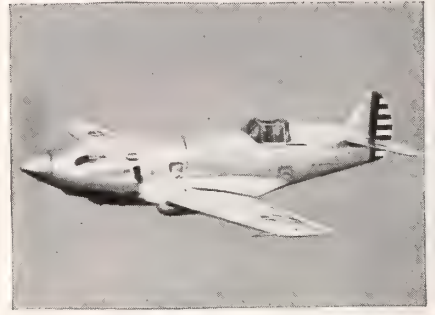
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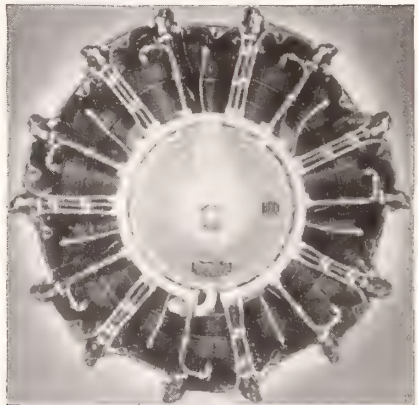
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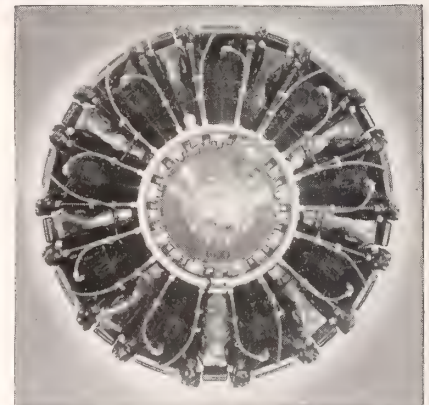
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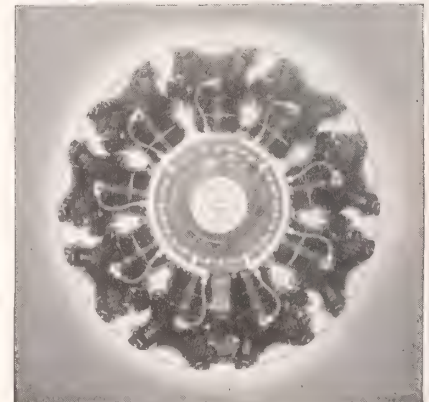


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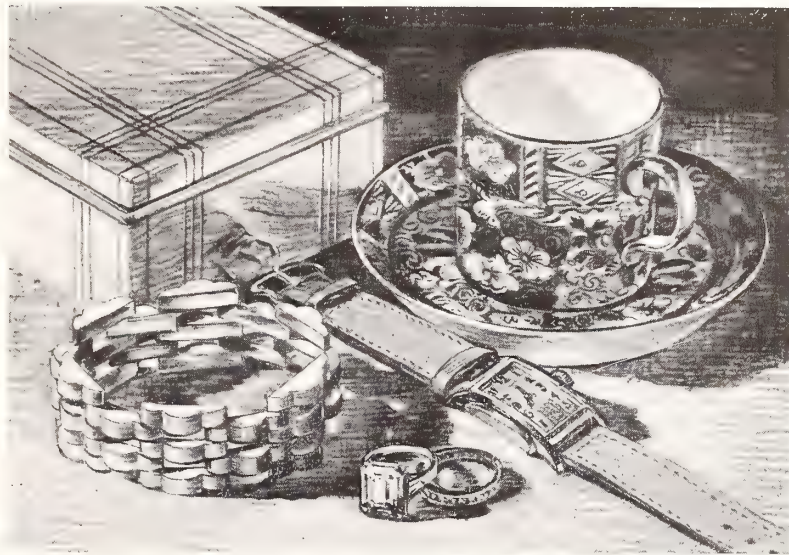
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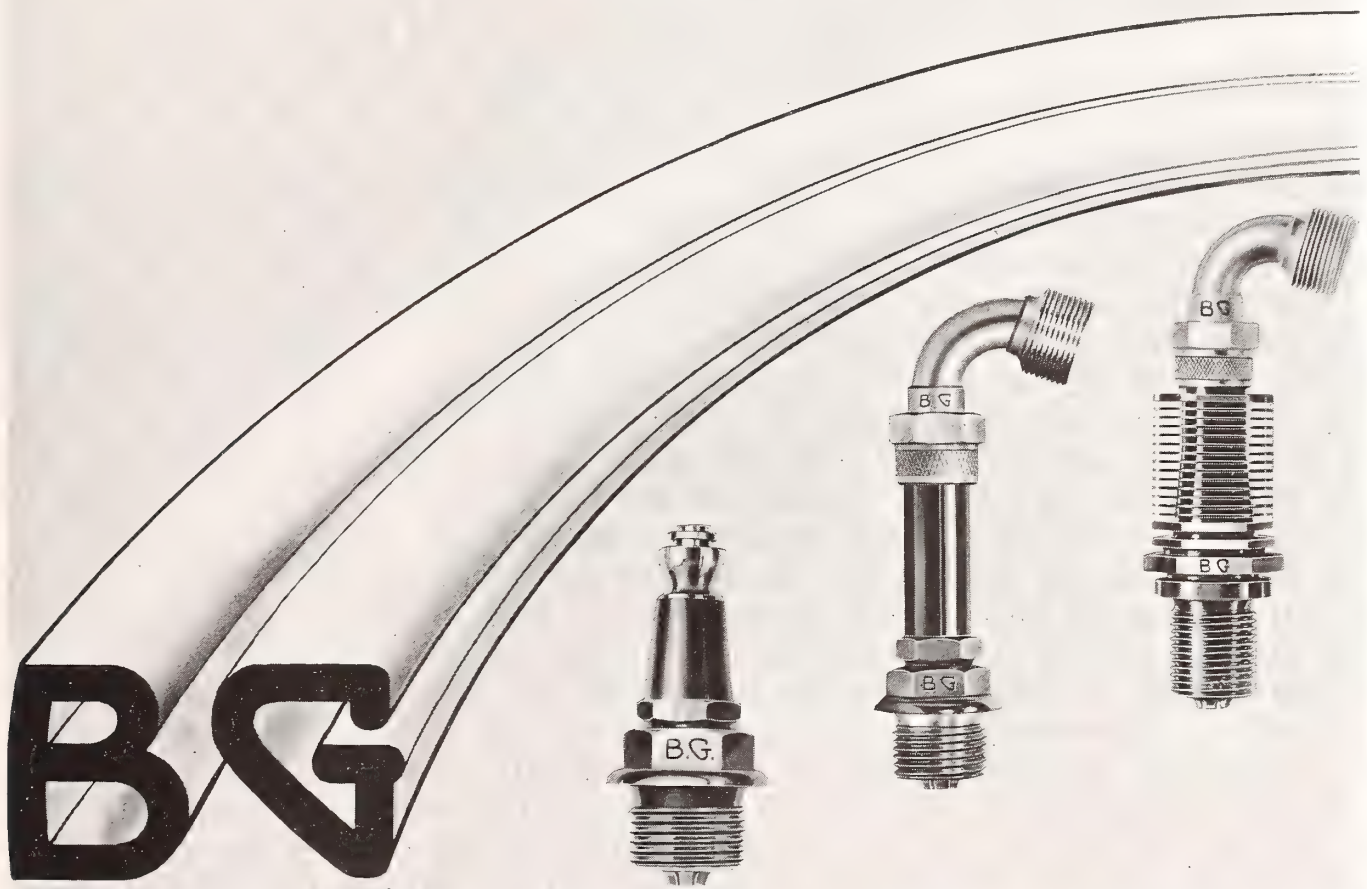


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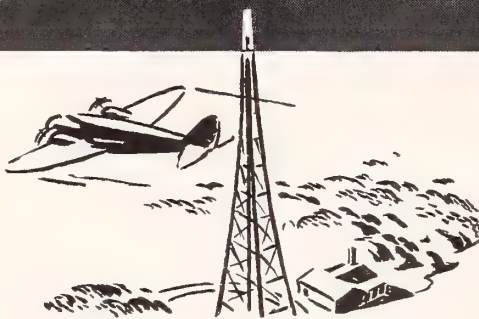
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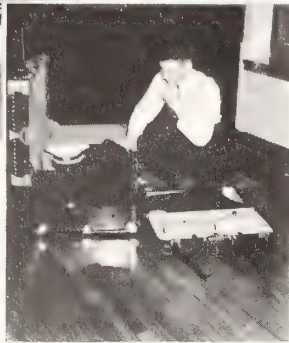
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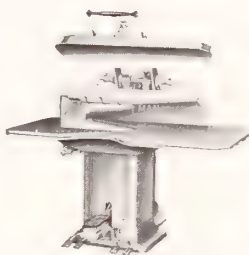
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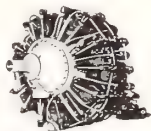


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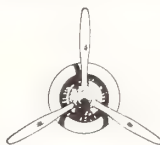
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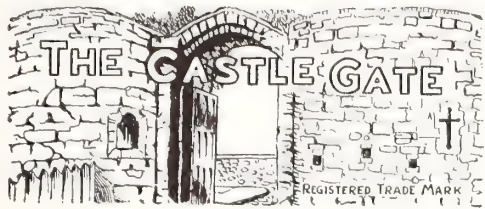
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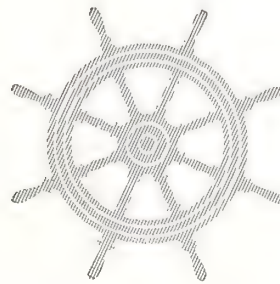
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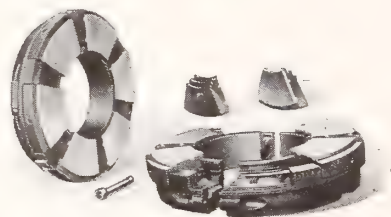
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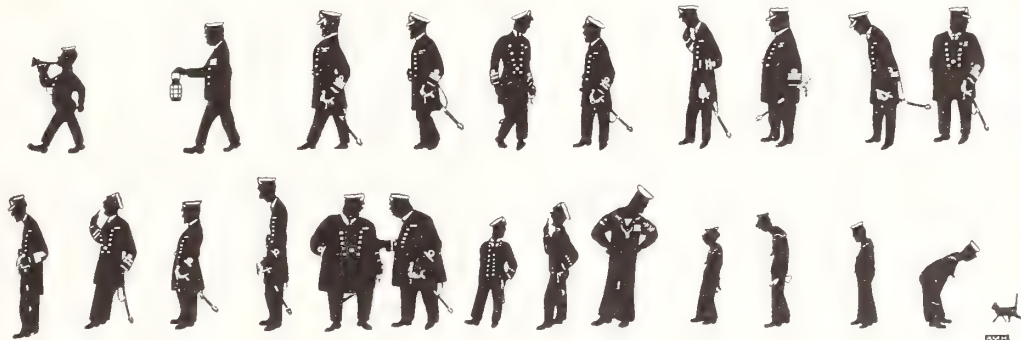
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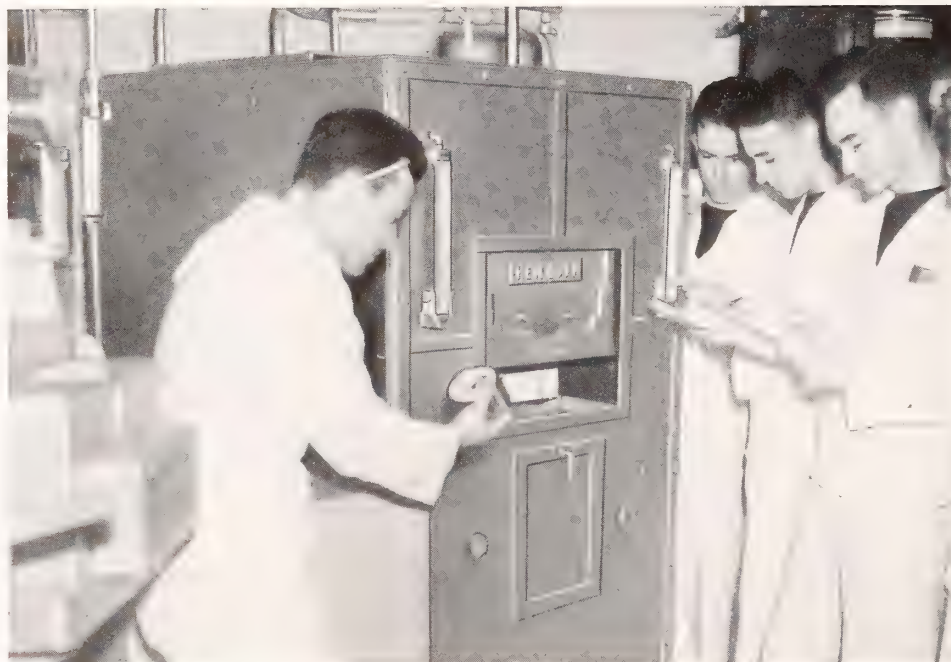
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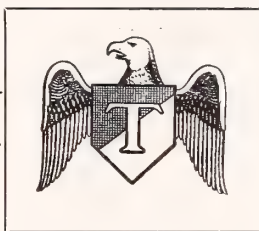
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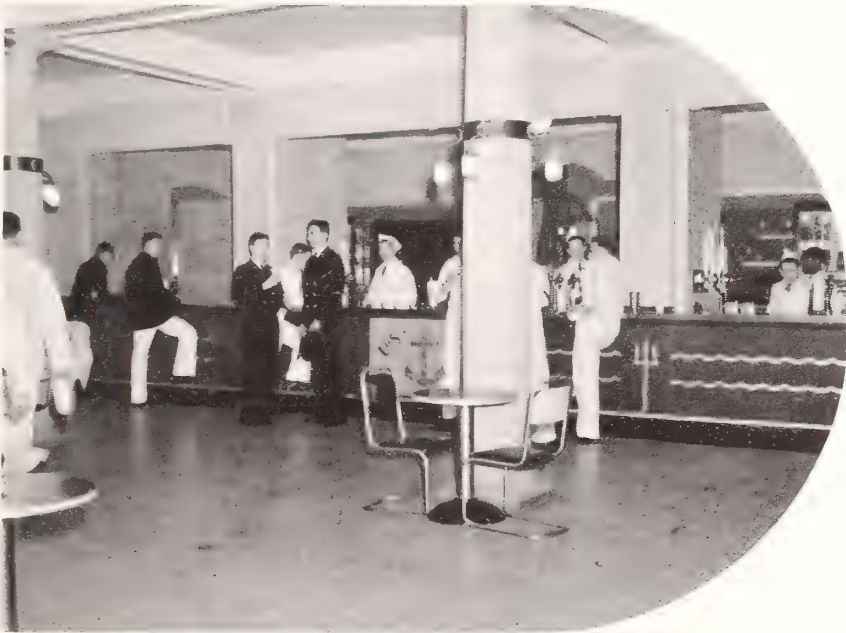
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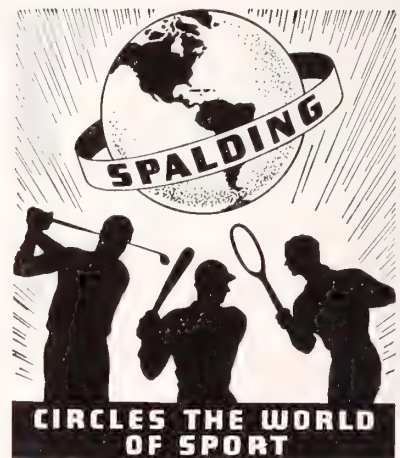


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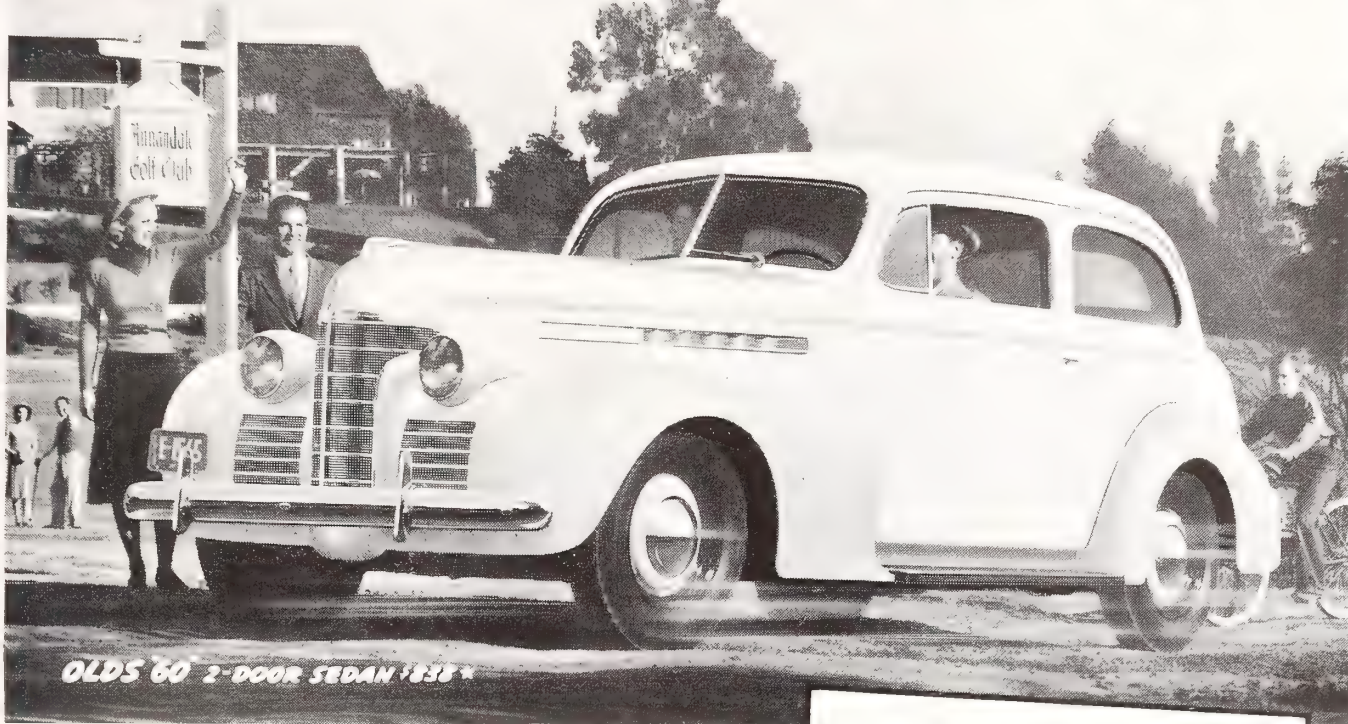


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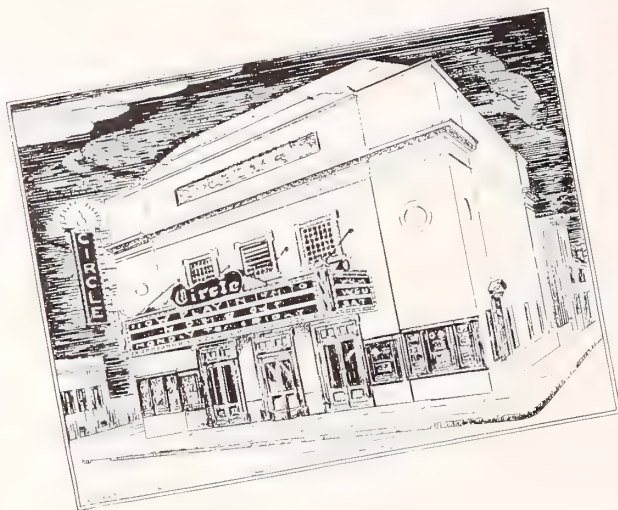
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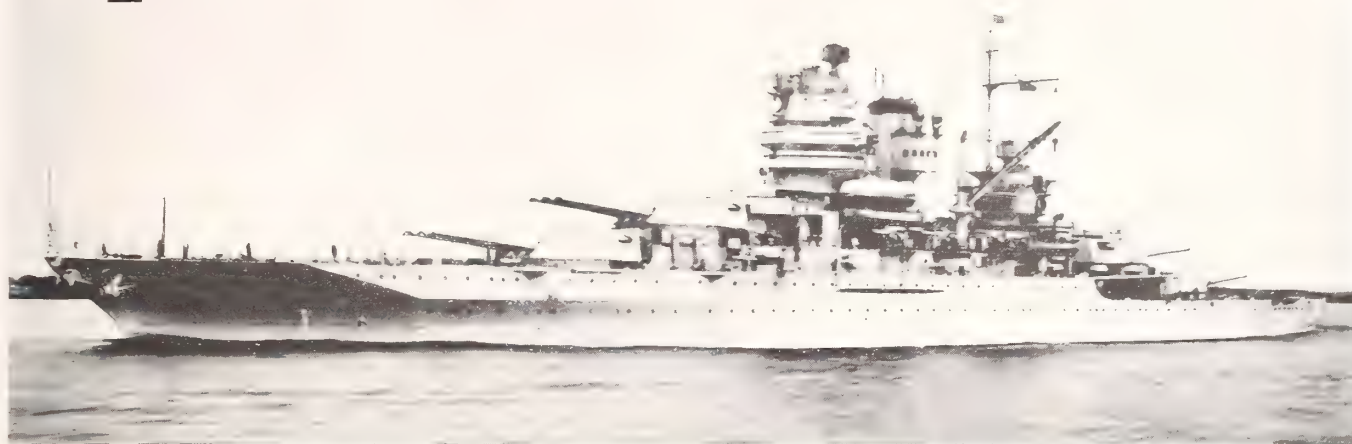
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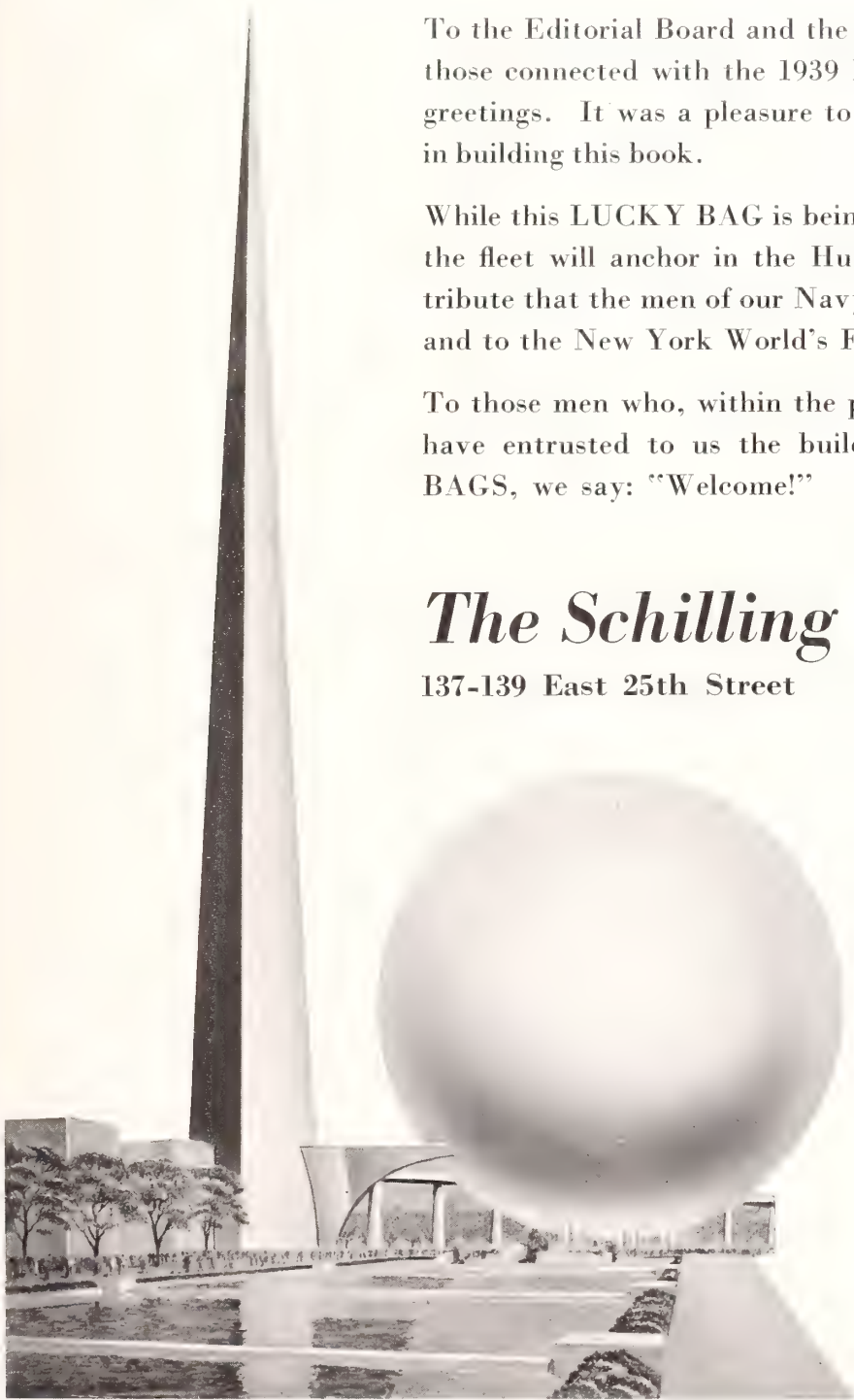
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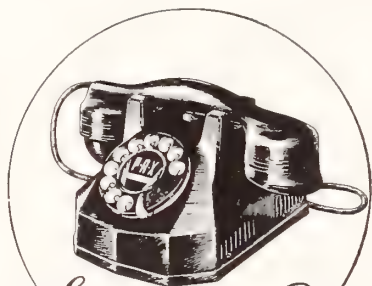
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LUCKY BAG

1939

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HAVING BEEN APPOINTED

Em

I, *Thir Lee Pine*, DO SOLEMNLY SW

(NAME IN FULL)

WILL SUPPORT AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE

ENEMIES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC; THAT I WILL BEAR

TO THE SAME; THAT I TAKE THIS OBLIGATION FREELY; WITH

WITHOUT INTENTION OR PURPOSE OF EVASION; AND THAT I WILL WELL

PERFORM THE DUTIES OF THE OFFICE ON WHICH I AM ABOUT TO

1 JUNE, 1939



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____ IN THE U. S. NAVY,
____ (OR AFFIRM) THAT I
UNITED STATES AGAINST ALL
THE FAITH AND ALLEGIANCE
WITHOUT ANY MENTAL RESERVA-
TION AND FAITHFULLY DISCHARGE
MY DUTY: SO HELP ME GOD.

John Lee Nune

